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SOUTHERN Historical Society Papers.

VOLUME XXXI.



EDITED BY
R. A. BROCK,
SECRETARY OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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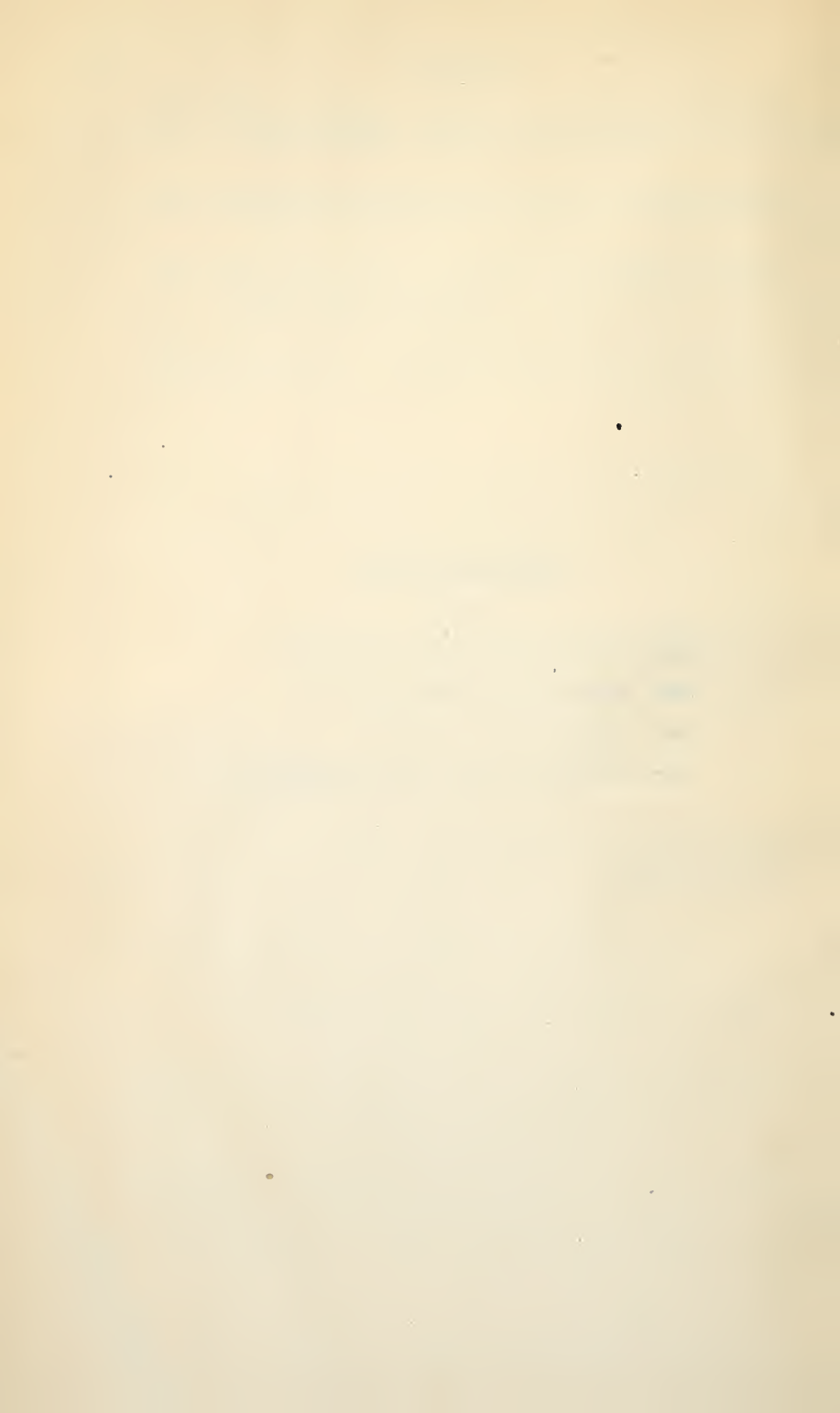
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Southern Historical Society Papers.

VOL. XXXI. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1903.

THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY, 1807-1861.

“The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless.”

A PERMANENT CONFEDERATE BENEFACTION.

“And we can only dimly guess
What worlds of all this world’s distress,
What utter woe, despair and death,
Their fate has brought to many a hearth.”

THIS TOO BRIEF NARRATIVE

IS DEDICATED TO

THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY,

of Charleston, S. C., now nearing the close of a century of company life; with the fervent hope that the young men who now fill its ranks may emulate its past honorable and dutiful achievements, and maintain and transmit its name and fame to the generations yet to succeed them.

WM. A. COURTENAY,
Captain W. L. I. 1872-'74; 1877-'79.

Innisfallen, 22d February, 1903.

[This chaste memorial, of a historical corps, at the hand of an honored ex-commander, can but be inspirative to exalted patriotism.

The exemplification of Captain Courtenay, as soldier and citizen, commends itself to the emulation of all.

His career of comprehensive usefulness, has been most admirably progressive and providential, in the interest alike of general enlightenment and material prosperity.—EDITOR.]

THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY, 1807-1861.

The ante-bellum history of "old Charleston's loyal sons" was so continuously prominent in the annals of Charleston, for more than half a century, that it is only in order to refer very briefly to it here.

Founded by William Lownes in 1807, upon receiving the news of the "Leopard and Chesapeake" affair, its roll of thirteen commanders down to 1861, reveals the character of its membership—Lowndes, Cross, Crafts, Simons, Miller, Gilchrist, Ravenel, Lee, Jervey, Porter, Walker, Hatch, Simonton.

The public observance of Washington's birthday, by an oration and social functions, on 22d February, was an annual feature of W. L. I. life, and the annual response from the community indicated the highest public favor. This observance was continued up to and in the war period, the last celebration taking place in Fort Sumter while the command was part of the garrison of the gateway of Charleston, on the 22d of February, 1862.

Referring to earlier annals, the W. L. I. was designated, with the "Fusileer Francaise," as the special guard of honor to Lafayette, upon his entrance in the city in 1825. Captain W. H. Miller, commanding the Escort Battalion, announced all his orders in French!

On the 19th April, 1827, the venerable widow of Colonel William Washington, of the Revolution, delivered to Captain R. B. Gilchrist in front of her residence, at South Bay and Church streets, her husband's crimson battle-flag, which had been identified with the battles of Cowpens, Guilford Court House, Hobkirk's Hill and Eutaw Springs, in 1781. This great distinction has ever since had a marked influence on the life of the corps.

In the ante-bellum career of the corps there was maintained an *esprit de corps*, watchful and virile. "Success" was the rallying cry, and without a single failure, uniformly crowned all company efforts. Witness the great parade of 4th July, 1846, under Captain W. D. Porter, with one hundred and forty-six members in line; and, fourteen years later, on 4th July, 1860, under Captain C. H. Simonton, with one hundred and forty-four members in line; both parades decisive tests of company pride and strength. Further mention of notable events is not possible in this necessarily brief narrative.

The recognized eminence, military and social, of the W. L. I., was shown at the opening of the great struggle of 1860-65. The first military order issued in all the Southland, in anticipation of that

momentous struggle, was to the W. L. I. to take possession and guard the United States arsenal, in Cannonsboro, a few days after the Presidential election, 6th November, 1860, and the service was continuous thereafter, first under authority of the State, and then, "for the war," in the Confederate army; "one company in peace, three full companies in war; one hundred and fourteen dead," and so the W. L. I., of Charleston, has the longest war-service record of any company in the South.

THE WASHINGTON LIGHT INFANTRY CHARITABLE ASSOCIATION,
1866.

"The affair of the 'Leopard and Chesapeake' involved no desecrated homes, no abandoned altars, no social insults, no unspeakable injuries—what wrongs perpetrated by England, can compare in results, with the storm of fiery desolation, that swept over our country, and left us, in 1865, from the seaboard to the mountains, in fettered destitution, without a home, without a country, and almost without a hope. The question of duty in 1860 repeated the demand of 1807; that of 1865 combined them both! What do my people need? Arms and a life! Let them be given! This was the question of 1807 and 1860—what do my people need? Bread and hope! This was the great question of 1865. Bread and hope were given, and something more was added. The bivouac of the dead was marked with a shaft of honor, that the stranger might know that the men who slept there died for their country! What heart and hand could do for the widow and orphan, was done; and in the charter of the 'Charitable Association,' was laid the corner-stone of this 'Reorganization of the old corps of 1807.'"*

The war ended in the spring of 1865, and Generals Lee and Johnston, in final orders, so announced to their respective armies, and advised the soldiers to return to their homes and resume their citizenship.

Charleston had kept a protracted and successful defense, had "been kept virgin to the last," but at untold cost and sacrifice. With most of the city for many months within reach of hostile guns, and shot and shell, a large part of the population had become refugees in the interior of the State. From Appomattox to Greensboro, from prison camps and hospitals, the Confederate soldiers from Charleston slowly made their way homeward during the sum-

* General F. W. Capers' address before W. L. I., 1874.

mer and fall of 1865. Many found their families elsewhere, and did not return to the city. Those who finally did so, saw it desolate and uninviting, grass growing in its deserted streets; conflagrations had destroyed large sections of the city; shot and shell had done much damage to property. To many it seemed that—

“ On the tomb of Hope interred,
Stood the spectre of Despair.”

These were the conditions which the W. L. I. survivors had to face in their former happy and well-appointed homes; poverty was on every hand; the currency of the country had dropped out of sight and use. Of course no military organization was permissible. The first thought was an organization of W. L. I. survivors to help the destitute families of the “unreturning brave.”

With the coming in of the new year, on January 11, 1866, a meeting of W. L. I. survivors was held in the parlors of the Charleston Hotel. Captain James M. Carson presided, and Sergeant W. M. Muckinuss acted as secretary. The object of the meeting was announced by Captain Carson to be the organization of the “W. L. I. Charitable Association,” to assist the families of those W. L. I.’s who had fallen or were disabled in the late struggle. This was voted unanimously, and the following committee elected to prepare the necessary papers, draft of constitution, &c.: Captain J. M. Carson, Colonel C. H. Simonton, Lieutenant H. B. Olney, William E. Holmes and William E. Proctor.

This committee reported to a meeting held at the Masonic Hall on 22d February, 1866, and proceeded to organize “The W. L. I. Charitable Association,” and elected the following officers:

OFFICERS.

1866—J. M. Carson, President; C. H. Simonton, Senior Warden, H. B. Olney, Junior Warden; J. L. Honour, Secretary and Treasurer.

In the subsequent years the following officers were annually elected:

1867—J. M. Carson, President; H. B. Olney, Senior Warden; Samuel J. Burger, Junior Warden; J. L. Honour, Secretary and Treasurer.

1868—J. M. Carson, President; H. B. Olney, Senior Warden; H. I. Greer, Junior Warden; J. L. Honour, Secretary and Treasurer.

1869—C. H. Simonton, President; H. B. Olney, Senior Warden; T. G. Barker, Junior Warden; J. L. Honour, Secretary and Treasurer.

1870—C. H. Simonton, President; H. B. Olney, Senior Warden; T. G. Barker, Junior Warden; J. L. Honour, Secretary and Treasurer.

1871—H. B. Olney, President; J. L. Honour, Senior Warden; F. L. Parker, M. D., Junior Warden; D. B. Gilliland, Secretary and Treasurer.

1872—J. L. Honour, President; F. L. Parker, M. D., Senior Warden; A. W. Taft, Junior Warden; D. B. Gilliland, Secretary and Treasurer.

1873—J. L. Honour, President; F. L. Parker, M. D., Senior Warden; A. W. Taft, Junior Warden; D. B. Gilliland, Secretary and Treasurer.

There are now few who can recall those nine years—1866-'74—with the privations, humiliations and poverty, incident to those deplorable times of carpet-bag and ignorant rule, and, in stating what was done in those years, those conditions must be kept in view.

The money help disbursed to those who needed assistance was as follows: 1866-'67, \$152.00; 1868, \$201.50; 1869, \$118.70; 1870, \$187.00; 1871, \$224.50; 1872, \$190.50; 1873, \$229.00; 1874, \$169.00—a total of \$1,472.20, or an average annually of \$163.58!

Considering all the circumstances—the universal impoverishment of the community, and, of course, the very limited means of survivors—it is a unique, a marvelous exhibit, and is entitled to this permanent record; all being the contributions of members, except a gift of \$150.00 from the late James T. Welsman, which, with some other surplus funds, was invested, to start a permanent Charity Fund. This amounted, in certain securities at par, to \$744.00, and was transferred, at the consolidation of the "Charitable Association" and "W. L. I. Rifle Club" in 1875; this, then, is really the cornerstone of the present "Annuitants' Fund" of the Washington Light Infantry of \$17,000, now held by the trustees of that fund, of which reference will be made hereafter.

The political condition of South Carolina, then called "The Prostrate State," was so deplorable, the inability to have regular military commands, and the need of an organization of armed men, led to the forming of "Rifle Clubs," mostly on the basis of old military commands. The W. L. I. took part in this movement, and the first large turn-out of armed men seen in Charleston since

the war, was in the celebration of Washington's Birthday in 1873, when, upon the invitation of the W. L. I., all the "Rifle Clubs" paraded together, and about one thousand men, with arms in their hands, marched through the streets of Charleston.

The writer had been called to the command of the Rifle Club in May, 1872, with the promise of a short two-year service, to secure a permanent life to the organization. Withdrawing from the command on 22d May, 1874, this extract is made from his letter of resignation: "While attention to military studies and exactness in drill should mark your future, be ever mindful of those in whose homes are the vacant chairs; whose young lives have been darkened by broad shadows from recent battle-fields—the widow and the fatherless! Let us illustrate our times with deeds of charity and of kindness, and if incentive is wanting for renewed exertion in this direction, refer to the records of our own "Charitable Association" for reminder of what earnest men can do. * * *. Under their auspices, they also erected the first memorial shaft raised in South Carolina in honor of the dead of the war."

Within one year the "Easter Fair" was held, the most brilliant public entertainment ever seen in Charleston, made so largely by the taste, talent and energy of the late Major R. C. Gilchrist, and the effective work of the members of the Rifle Club. The net proceeds were over \$8,000. In dealing with this handsome result, the Rifle Club created a trust (of five members), separate from the general Treasury of the command. The trustees have, in twenty-eight years, by judicious investments, doubled the original amount of 1875, and as far as is known, this is to-day the only Permanent Confederate Benefaction in the South. The management of this fund has been conducted throughout, without one cent of cost for administration—a labor of love by the trustees!

COMPLETE ROSTER OF TRUSTEES, 1875-1903.

The five original trustees were elected 22d May, 1875—General James Conner, Captain Wm. A. Courtenay, Lieutenant Oct. Wilkie, Lieutenant Henry I. Greer, F. L. Parker, M. D. General Conner was elected Chairman; Lieutenant Wilkie, Treasurer; Lieutenant Greer, Secretary. On 20th March, 1883, General Conner resigned on account of ill health; died in Richmond, Va., 27th June, 1883. Major R. C. Gilchrist was elected by the company a trustee in his place.

Captain Courtenay was elected Chairman of the Trustees 20th March, 1883.

Lieutenant Wilkie died 27th September, 1889. Mr. John L. Sheppard was elected a trustee November 12th, 1889.

Major Gilchrist resigned on account of ill health March 2d, 1900, and Major W. M. Muckenfuss was elected a trustee in his place March 2d, 1900.

Major Muckenfuss died in November, 1901, and Lieutenant H. B. Olney was elected a trustee in his place January 4th, 1902.

There are two trustees *ex-officio*—the President, W. L. I. Veteran Association, of date 1883, Colonel C. H. Simonton, and the commanding officer of the Corps—of the latter, in succession, there have been Major A. W. Marshall, 1883; Captain Julius E. Cogswell, 1890; Captain Frank Robson, 1902.

Details of these annual benefactions during nearly three decades are not needed, but the aggregate result will show how large a work has been quietly done. Every New Year's Day the permanent annuity of \$30 is issued, with four coupons, payable quarterly. These sums, and the current calls for temporary assistance—sickness, funeral expenses, &c., &c.—foot up, since 1875, including this fiscal year of 1903, \$26,521.00. The principal of the fund is now \$17,000, in 5 per cent substantial securities, yielding \$850 annually for twenty years to come. The previous investments had yielded 6 per cent. and 7 per cent. interest on less capital.

I append a full roll of membership in the Charitable Association, 1866-'74:

ROSTER OF MEMBERS FROM THE THREE COMPANIES OF THE WAR, 1860-1865.

Adger, J. E.	Atkinson, J. A.
Burger, S. J.	Burnham, E. S.
Blackwood, G. G.	Bomar, R. H.
Bomar, G. W.	Barbot, Julian.
Brown, S. N.	Carson, J. M.
Cowperthwait, W. B.	Caldwell, J. S.
Cantwell, P. H.	Cross, E. F.
Cohrs, C. H.	Calder, E. E.
Carter, J. W.	Cudworth, A.
Douglas, Campbell.	Devoe, J. H.
Edgerton, E. C.	Enslow, J. A., Jr.
Greer, H. I.	Greer, W. R.

Gilliland, D. B.	Graham, S. G.
Grice, G. D.	Honour, J. L.
Honour, F. H.	Honour, T. A.
Honour, G. McD.	Holmes, Wm. E.
Hanahan, J. S.	Houston, J. H.
Jamison, W. H.	Jones, D. H.
Johnson, C. H.	Lloyd, E. W.
Lovegreen, L. B.	Lanneau, W. S.
Lanneau, J. B.	Lebby, T. D.
Locke, P. P.	Muckenfuss, W. G.
Muckenfuss, W. M.	Marsh, D. C.
Martin, J. C.	Mulkai, T. D.
Malloy, L. E.	Moffett, G. H.
McDowell, R. H.	Olney, H. B.
O'Sullivan, T. F.	Porter, Rev. A. T.
Parker, Dr. F. L.	Prevost, Clarence.
Pennal, R. E.	Parry, R. E.
Phelps, J. B.	Proctor, W. E.
Robb, James.	Reneker, J. H., Jr.
Reneker, F. W.	Riecke, Gerhard.
Roy, Robert.	Robertson, D. P.
Simonton, C. H.	Simons, T. G., Jr.
Simons, W. Lucas,	Sheppard, J. L.
Seyle, S. H.	Stewart, R.
Stocker, J. D.	Steinmyer, W. H.
Schulte, J. H.	Schreiner, J. H., Jr.
Taylor, F. E.	Taft, A. W.
Trumbo, A. S.	Woodbury, S. B.
Warren, B. W.	Williams, H. H.
Welch, S. E.	

ROSTER OF MEMBERS

who served with other commands in "the war between the States, 1860-65," who united with the W. L. I. Charitable Association, it being the only post-bellum Confederate organization then existing—

Aimar, G. W.	Allison, T.
Averill, J. H.	Breeze, W. E.
Beckman, C. J.	Bird, C. H.
Barker, T. G.	Bryan, G. D.
Burns, John,	Bilton, J. J.

Campbell, W. L.	Calder, Alex'r.
Dukes, T. C. H.	Deweese, J.
Dunsby, G. W.	Fisher, S. W.
Foster, H. P.	Francis, G. M.
Ford, B.	Frost, H. W.
Fisher, W. E.	Gilliland, A.
Gale, R. W.	Howell, S. S.
Hughes, E. T.	Hughes, T. S.
Hyde, J. B.	Honour, W. E.
Hammett, A. C.	Harper, F. M.
Klinck, G. W.	Kingman, J. W.
Lanneau, C. B.	Logan, S., M. D.
LeBleaux, L. F.	Lea, A. C.
Lawton, P. T.	Lee, J. Moultrie
Lynah, E., Jr.	Marion, John
Martin, H. O.	Morris, W. R.
Mintzing, J. F.	Mikell, W. E.
Matthews, Chris'r	McQueen, D.
McCabe, B. F.	Olney, C. C.
O'Brien, A. F.	Porter, W. H.
Porter, J. H.	Pringle, W. A., Jr.
Pemberton, G. W.	Prince, A.
Ravenel, Dr. W. C.	Robertson, J. L.
Richards, F., Jr.,	Robertson, D. C.
Simons, T. G., Sr.	Smythe, A. T.
Salas, F. P.	Sanders, L. N.
Sanders, J. O'H.	Small, Jno. J.
Snowden, W. E.	Snowden, W. H.
Smythe, E. A.	Seigling, R.
Stocker, J. B.	Tennant, Wm.
Torley, J. E.	Trim, W. J.
Walker, Joseph	Wilkie, Oct.
Walker, C. I.	Willis, Ed.
Willis, J. L. E.	Walpole, J. L.
Webb, W. T. L.	Yates, C. H.

NEWRY, S. C., July 1st, 1902.

To the Trustees of the W. L. I. Annuitants' Fund:

DEAR FRIENDS,—As duly advised, from time to time, during the negotiation, I now report officially that the settlement author-

ized by you, with the city of Anderson, for the exchange of our 7 per cent. bonds, not yet due, for a new issue of 5 per cent. twenty-year bonds, has been fully completed.

The difference of interest, to the maturities of the bonds, amounted to \$1,420, and the total sum of principal and interest was \$16,420.

Sixteen bonds, numbered from 1 to 16, of \$1,000 each, and four hundred and twenty dollars in cash, were duly received and turned over to the Treasurer.

This cash, and the surplus cash on hand, authorized a deposit of \$1,000, with the Chicora Bank, at Pelzer, S. C., interest at 5 per cent, semi-annually.

The total fund now stands at \$17,000, and the annual income, \$850. It is the only permanent Confederate benefaction in all the Southland!

As in all human probability this is the last service of moment I can expect to render to the corps, I enclose the letters and papers in my hands, to be in the hands of the Secretary; and with every good wish for the future of the W. L. I., and the expression of my high regards for each of you personally, I remain,

Your very obedient servant,

WM. A. COURTENAY, *Chairman.*

THE GREY GRANITE OBELISK,

in honor of the dead of the W. L. I., stands in Washington Square, is 45 feet high, and bears, in a bronze panel, this pathetic inscription—

“At every board a vacant chair,
Fills with quick tears some tender eye,
And at our maddest sports appears
A well loved form that will not die.
We lift the glass, our hand is stayed;
We jest, a spectre rises up;
And, weeping, though no word is said,
We kiss and pass the silent cup.”

This shaft commemorates
The patience, fortitude, heroism,
unswerving fidelity to South Carolina,
and the sacrifices of

The Washington Light Infantry
In the war between the States, 1860-65.
One company in peace; three full companies
For the War.
Besides the maimed, wounded and capured,
one hundred and fourteen died in battle,
in hospital or on the weary wayside.
In obedience
To a sentiment of honour and the call of duty
and in pledge of their sincerity they made
The last sacrifice, they laid down their lives
Officers and men,
They were of the very flower of this
ancient city, her young hope and fair renown.
"Fortuna non mutat genus."
Erected 1891.

[From the *Baltimore Sunday Sun*, August 30, 1903.]

IMBODEN'S DASH INTO CHARLESTOWN.

A War Incident in Which the Ninth Maryland Federal Regiment Figured—An Act of Kindness that was Remembered.

About the 15th of October, 1863, General Imboden's Brigade was encamped in Rockingham county, Virginia, when he received an order from General Lee to proceed to Berryville, meet General Stuart there and in conjunction with him make an attack on Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, and, if possible, capture both.

General Sullivan's (Federal) Brigade was at the Ferry, and the Ninth Maryland (Federal) Regiment of Infantry and a squadron of cavalry at Charlestown, which is eight miles from the Ferry.

Imboden had to guard all the gaps in the mountains from Beverley to Harper's Ferry, and consequently never had his full brigade in camp together at one time. At this time he had less than 1,000 men with him.

General John D. Imboden raised the Staunton Artillery before the war, and it was the first battery that took the field in Virginia. It

took a very conspicuous part in the first battle of Manassas, and on account of the skillful way his guns were handled that day Imboden was promoted from captain to brigadier-general. Both Johnston and Beauregard complimented him in their official reports of that battle.

Imboden's Brigade, at the time of the order mentioned above, was composed of the Sixty-second Virginia Mounted Infantry, commanded by that distinguished officer, Colonel George W. Smith, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute; the Eighteenth Virginia Cavalry, by the General's brother, Colonel George W. Imboden, now a prominent lawyer in West Virginia; White's Battalion, by Major Robert White, late Attorney-General of West Virginia; the Maryland Battalion, by Major Sturgis Davis, of Maryland, who had won his laurels under Turner Ashby; Gilmor's Battalion of Rangers, by Harry Gilmor, of Baltimore, who was as rough and daring a rider as ever drew a saber; McNeil's Rangers, of Hardy and Hampshire counties, West Virginia, commanded by Captain John H. McNeil. This was the company that later in the war, under the immediate command of Jesse McNeil, son of Captain J. H. McNeil, first lieutenant of Company D, rode into Cumberland, Md., and brought out two major-generals, Crook and Kelly, from the very midst of their commands. Finally, McClanahan's Battery, commanded by Captain John H. McClanahan, a Texan, who had served under Ben McCullough in Texas until it got too peaceable there for him.

So, as may be seen, our General had in his brigade a lot of choice spirits, and was well equipped to make a daring raid into the enemy's lines.

The writer had the honor to command a section of McClanahan's Battery.

Some years ago a Yankee major, giving an account of the capture of Charleston, said:

"The Johnnies had some pretty darned smart officers during the war, and some of them that did the most effective work were the least heard of. Imboden was one of them. He was a smashing good soldier, had the true instincts of a cavalryman, and was as much at home in the saddle for a three days' ride to raid an outpost, as he would have been playing bean poker for apple brandy in a crossroads grocery in the Shenandoah mountains."

Now, nothing delighted a Confederate soldier's heart more than

to be ordered to the lower valley of Virginia. They used to speak of it as the "land where the flowers always bloomed and the birds always sung." They never failed to meet a warm and cordial welcome there from the noble women who were so devoted to the cause we were fighting for. Every man from that section able to carry arms was in the Confederate army. Some belonged to the Stone-Brigade, some to Stuart's Cavalry, and some to Chew's celebrated Battery of Horse Artillery. There were two companies of cavalry—the Clark Cavalry, Company D, 6th Virginia, and Baylor's Company, Company B, 12th Virginia. Most of the men in these two companies were from the counties of Clark and Jefferson, sons of well-to-do farmers, who from early boyhood were accustomed to riding and handling the fine horses for which that section was celebrated. On one occasion I heard a distinguished Confederate officer say of them that he did not believe there were ever two finer bodies of mounted men on earth.

Our advance arrived in Berryville late in the evening of the 17th of October, and drove a scouting party of the enemy out of town. We did not find Stuart there, as we expected, our scouts reporting that he could not cross the Shenandoah river on account of high water. The General decided to attack Charlestown alone, if he could find out what was there. A council of war was held and Major Davis volunteered to go to the vicinity of Charlestown and find out. To this the General agreed, and went into camp to take a short rest before his return. The Major knew two renegade Southerners who lived within a mile of the place, and he aroused one of them about midnight and demanded the information he desired. The man told him that his brother (who held a position under the bogus Yankee Virginia Government), was in the town and that the (loyal) people there were very much incensed against him and that he was afraid he would be handled roughly if he was captured. But he said that if the Major would allow him to get his brother out he would give him the information he desired. This was agreed to, and the Major obtained the necessary information, and returned to camp in time for us to get to Charlestown by daybreak.

The rays of light from the approaching day began to peep over the Blue Ridge and a long stretch of fog hung over the Shenandoah like a lake reaching toward the ferry. The landscape around the town was dotted with handsome country residences, for Charlestown is in the midst of a rich farming country. The town lay sleeping before us, the inhabitants little dreaming that their friends and deliv-

ers were so close around them, or that they would soon be awakened by the boom of Confederate guns, and hear the joyful sound of Confederate horsemen dashing over their streets. I was with my section on the Berryville pike, and my orders from the General were that as soon as the pickets were driven in we should make a dash for the courthouse, where he said the enemy was quartered, and open on it promptly, as there was no time to lose.

My boys were enthusiastic when they heard the order and were eager for the command to move. The General sent Captain McNeil and his adjutant, Captain F. B. Berkeley, in with a flag of truce to demand an immediate and unconditional surrender. Colonel Simpson, the officer in command, gallantly replied: "Come and take us if you can." We met them just before we got to the courthouse and they said: "Hurry up, Lieutenant, they have refused to surrender. The building is loopholed and you will have to be quick or they will kill your men before you can unlimber."

As we entered the town a small boy came out of a house and I called him to show me the way to the courthouse. His eyes sparkled with excitement and he said: "Take me up behind you, and I will show you." When we got near the courthouse he said: "As soon as you turn that corner you can see it." I said to the youngster: "Now, you get off, for they will fire on us as soon as they see us and you might be killed." He replied: "Oh! please let me go along with you; I am not afraid." I had to pull him off my horse and, as he struck the ground, he called after me: "I am going, anyhow." And he did, sure enough.

As we turned the corner I saw the Yankees standing at the big windows with their guns in their hands. The courtroom was in the second floor. Just as we got unlimbered I heard the Yankee officer give the command to fire, and as I gave the same command, they poured a volley into us, but, strange to say, did not kill a single man. We fired several times rapidly, and soon the courthouse was obscured by the smoke. I discovered that they had stopped firing and gave the command to my men to cease firing. When the smoke cleared away I saw that the enemy had gone. We were so close and the room was so high that our shots had gone under them and I found that we had only wounded one man, a field officer. Poor fellow! he was lying, horribly wounded, on the courthouse steps. He had on a beautiful sword, which he said had been presented to him, and which he asked to be allowed to retain. We fixed him as comfortably as we could and laid the sword by his side. The enemy

had gone out of town by the Harper's Ferry road, but were almost immediately charged by the 18th Regiment, and threw down their arms. Captain Julian Pratt made a dash for the color bearer and secured the colors. Colonel Simpson broke through our lines and struck out for the ferry with Harry Gilmor in hot pursuit, but reached the troops coming to his relief before Harry overtook him. A lucky man!

As soon as I saw that the Yankees were out of the courthouse I sent two men with a wagon and four horses, which we discovered hitched up near the courthouse, to go in and load up with plunder, for the Yankees had left everything behind in their flight. I especially gave orders to get all the knapsacks and blankets possible. I did not see my captain any more until the next day at Front Royal. We were looking forward to having a supply of blankets and clothing to last the company through the winter, but to our bitter disappointment the men had loaded the wagon with drums—thirteen drums—drums of all sorts and sizes. I turned them over to Colonel Smith, of the 62d, and he organized a fine drum corps.

The General came along and said: "Hurry up and get out of town, for the enemy are coming in heavy force from Harper's Ferry." Captain M. Frank Imboden was put in charge of the prisoners and he took them through the town at a double quick, followed by the small boys, black and white, yelling and jeering at them. We followed and found the streets full of girls, waving their handkerchiefs and cheering with wild delight, but they soon changed their tunes when they found that we were going to leave them again in the hands of the hated enemy. They begged and entreated us to stay, and although we hated to do it we had to go, and go fast, for a much larger force than we had came into one end of the town as we went out of the other.

I tried to get the girls to leave the streets so that I could rake it with a parting load of canister, but they were too enthusiastic to do so and we would not have risked a hair of their dear heads to kill a thousand Yankees. The enemy followed us as far as Berryville and made several desperate and gallant efforts to recapture their friends, making it warm for us and giving us a running fight all the way. We fired our guns *en echelon*, some firing and some retreating. Several times they came near capturing them. At one place, I remember especially, they got on our right flank and within a few feet of us before we could turn our guns about, when Major Gilmor charged them and saved us. Just as he made the dash at them his

horse was killed, but in a second he was on another horse and right after the man who had shot his horse. In the charge he recaptured two of our men that the enemy had taken.

The Yankee Major in his account says: "Imboden, with half a dozen shells and a volley or two of carbine and pistol shots and considerable dash, had scooped in pretty nearly as many as his own force numbered. Our folks were never very proud of that day's work. The whole day was a stern chase, but occasionally, when Imboden was pressed too closely and was in need of time to keep the prisoners plunder ahead out of the way, he stopped long enough to give us a sharp taste of fighting that showed the metal that was in him."

In another page of the Major's story he says: "Our guns were well at work and as Minor was short of officers I was directing one of his sections, when, with a whoop and a yell, out of a thick undergrowth a little to our rear, came a couple of Harry Gilmor's squadrons, with that dare-devil sabreur leading them, not more than fifty yards away, and, of course, it did not take long for them to 'git there.' The rush was so sudden and unlooked for that our support gave way and Gilmor made straight for our guns, rode right over and past them, sabers slashing and pistols firing as they went. I had been tugging like blazes at my revolver, but could not get the blamed thing out, and as they rode over us a long-legged, red-headed fellow made a vicious slash at me over the wheel. I promptly dodged under the muzzle of the gun and he did not reach me. 'Fours left wheel' rang out and back they came before you could draw your breath. I laid for the son of saber that had reached for me before, for I had got my gun out by this time. I did not see my read-headed friend, but a handsome, dark-mustached youngster, a boy in looks, was making a point to run me through. Durn my buttons, gentlemen, if that sabre did not look as long as a fence rail. I dropped flat under the gun's axle and the boy swept past. As far as my experience goes that dash of Gilmor's was one of the handsomest things of the kind that occurred during the war."

The Major is mistaken about the two squadrons. Harry hardly had one with him at that time.

The poor prisoners were on foot and we were mounted, so they had a hard time of it, but as soon as their friends stopped the pursuit we gave them a good rest. We got safely back to our camp in Rockingham. Our loss of killed and wounded was not great.

An interesting incident in this connection is that these prisoners

got to the Valley pike at Newmarket (I think it was) where their officers were paroled and put in charge of Major Houston Hall, of the 62d Virginia (Mounted) Infantry. The gallant and amiable Major hired conveyances for the whole party at Newmarket, and, a sufficient store of old apple brandy having been laid in, the journey to Staunton was made very pleasant for all hands.

The truth of the proverb that "Kindness is never thrown away" has seldom been better illustrated than in this case. Some time during the winter of 1864-65 Major Hall had the misfortune to be captured, and was sent to Fort Delaware for safe keeping. I was there at the same time and recollect very well when the news was brought into our barracks that a new regiment had come to release the one that had for some time been doing guard duty on the island. In a little while word of inquiry for Major Hall of the 62d Virginia, was passed through the barracks. The Major answered the call and went off with the orderly, wondering what was wanted with him, and so did we who waited for his return. This return took place just after the tattoo was beaten on the garrison drums, when Major Hall came into his division of barracks under the friendly escort of a couple of officers of the newly arrived guard regiment. It did not take long for the Major to explain that this regiment was the Eleventh Maryland and that he had been out to dinner with their mess. That he had been well dined by somebody was evident to the meanest capacity. The Eleventh remained on guard over us for several weeks, and Major Hall spent most of his time, during the days, in the quarters of its officers, returning at night to barracks.

The beautiful Valley of Virginia was overrun and its people robbed and plundered many times. At the close of the war there was scarcely a barn or mill standing from Harper's Ferry to Staunton, and the renegade Hunter destroyed many of its beautiful country residences. The returning survivors of the great struggle found only ruin and desolation, but with the same heroic spirit that inspired them through the bloody struggle they went to work and in a few years the valley bloomed like a rose garden, barns, mills, residences, fences were built, and now everything looks lovely. But they haven't forgotten the cause they fought for nor the heroes who fell in its defense. Go into their cemeteries and you will find beautiful monuments erected to the memory of the noble dead; go into their homes and you will find matrons with silvered heads, who can tell you of scenes of horror that they have witnessed, and their eyes will grow

bright again when they tell you of the deeds of daring and gallantry of the men who wore the gray.

Comments on the preceding, by "Sentinel," of Baltimore.

The Federal officer so badly wounded, as related by Lieutenant Berkeley, was not a field officer. He was Lieutenant Charles H. Richardson, of Baltimore, adjutant of the 9th Maryland Federal Regiment. His hip-bone was shattered, but he recovered, though left very lame, and died some years after the war. It was said that he was one of the worst wounded men in the war to recover. The affair at Charlestown was probably the only fight in which he participated. The regiment was organized in response to Lincoln's proclamation of June 15, 1863, calling for additional troops to repel the Confederate invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, and the expectation was that it would be employed only in home defense and not sent outside of Maryland.

Richardson's kinspeople, in Baltimore, were divided on the questions involved in the war. His father had gone from the Whig party into the Know Nothing, the Native American, and, finally, the Black Republican party—as it was then styled. But a brother of his father, a staunch, influential Democrat, had edited a daily newspaper in Baltimore, and—counting the courage of convictions rather than experience—had printed, right along, news from the South very distasteful to the Federal authorities. The newspaper (*Republican and Argus*), had an enormous sale, and was the delight of the Southern element, which all the more offended and exasperated the other side, and the authorities. Finally, one afternoon, as the paper was about to go to press, a detachment of soldiers, under an officer, with orders, arrested the editor and his two partners, destroyed or appropriated the newspaper property, and on that same day hurried the three prisoners, via the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, to Charlestown, Va., whence they were sent into the Confederate lines and warned not to return, under pain of being treated as spies. This outrage occurred in September, 1863, one month before Lieutenant Richardson was so terribly wounded.

Editor Richardson returned to Baltimore at the close of the war and lived to a ripe old age, greatly respected, and honored with public office; indeed, was a distinguished citizen, always.

Many there are who see in all this something like retributive fate.

And observing minds have noted coincidences during and since that hateful war, indicating retribution following dark deeds done.

Majors Harry Gilmor and T. Sturgis Davis were Baltimore county men, and Colonel B. L. Simpson—whom Gilmor defeated and chased—was from Baltimore city. Many Marylanders, too, were under Gilmor and Davis, and were scattered through General Imboden's command.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, October 25, 1903.]

GORDON'S ASSAULT ON FORT STEDMAN,

March 25th, 1865—A Brilliant Achievement.

By General JAMES A. WALKER.

Fort Stedman was a Federal redoubt, and occupied a spot near what was once the residence of Mr. Otway P. Hare, a man widely known in Eastern Virginia in antebellum days. Its site was locally known as "Hare's Hill."

I was then in command of a division in the corps commanded by General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, and my division occupied that portion of the trenches around Petersburg from the Appomattox river on the left, and extended, on the right, to a point beyond Hare's Hill.

The enemy's lines in our front extended to the Appomattox river, thence down the river on its south bank, crossing the stream several miles lower down, and stretching out to and across the James river; thus leaving the Richmond and Petersburg railroad in possession of the Confederates.

The hostile lines were very near each other at several points, but at no other place so close together as at Hare's Hill or Fort Stedman, where they were only seventy-five yards apart.

The Confederate entrenchments on that part of the field consisted of a single line of breastworks.

Their location was not altogether the result of engineering skill, or of military choice, but was in part fixed by the accidental position of the Confederate troops, where the advance of the Federals was checked in the summer of 1864 at the time they came so near capturing Petersburg.

The position thus established, and the works destined to be held for more than six months against every odd, had their beginning in the slight and temporary obstructions thrown up by the Confederate soldiers in a night to enable a feeble force to resist the expected assault of a superior force the next morning.

These slight obstructions were strengthened from day to day and the advance on Petersburg degenerated into the slow and tedious process called the siege of Petersburg.

The Federal works consisted of a front line of earth redoubts or forts at short intervals connected by a chain of earthen breastworks.

One of these forts was located on the right bank of the Appomattox river, and another between the river and the City Point railroad, called "Fort McGilvery," one in the "New Market" race-field, just south of that railroad and of the Prince George Courthouse road, which runs for a few hundred yards alongside the railroad, called "Battery No. 9," one at Hare's Hill called "Fort Stedman," one further south called "Fort Haskell," and one opposite the Crater called "Fort Morton." Further south was "Fort Meikel," and next to Fort Meikel immediately upon the Jerusalem plank road was "Fort Sedgwick."

These forts, or redoubts, were much stronger and more formidable than the lines of breastworks which connected them, and were so constructed as to present a hostile front on all sides. At intervals along these breastworks were smaller (unenclosed) fortifications, lunettes. Three of these lunettes were very near Fort Stedman—Battery No. 10, immediately to the north, Batteries Nos. 11 and 12 just south of it.

These forts were filled with artillery and infantry, and so arranged that the fire from the guns of one would sweep not only over the ground in its immediate front, but in front of the breastworks and the neighboring forts to the right and to the left; so that an attacking force would have to face not only a direct fire from infantry and artillery, but the concentrated fire from the artillery of at least three forts.

In the rear of this first line, on the hills beyond Harrison's creek, the Federals had a second line, very much like the first, and so constructed that the forts in this line commanded the forts and breastworks composing the first line. This was the original line of the Confederates, east of Petersburg, that captured by the Eighteenth Corps under General W. F. Smith on the evening of June 15, 1864. Among the forts on this line was Battery 4, formerly Confederate

Battery 5, and Fort Friend, the latter about three-quarters of a mile northeast of Fort Stedman.

The second line was not occupied by infantry all the while, but the troops were encamped behind these lines, and near enough to be thrown into them in a very short time if occasion required.

The Federal troops in the front line were relieved by fresh troops every few days, so that they were not subjected to the wear and tear of constant harassing duty and danger all the time, both day and night, as were the Confederates, who had only enough men to thinly occupy their one line of works.

A very short distance in front of the first line of works, each side had placed a heavy line of *chevaux de frise*, with an occasional opening sufficient to allow a man to pass through.

This *chevaux de frise*, it may be well to explain to the unmilitary reader, consisted of square pieces of timber of convenient length, bored through at short intervals alternately from either side of the square, and wooden spikes eight or ten feet long, sharpened at both ends, and driven halfway through these holes, so that when placed in position the ends of two rows of spikes would rest on the ground while the ends of the other two presented their sharp points to the front and rear at the height of a man's breast.

These pieces of scantling are fastened together at the ends with short iron chains a few inches long, so that a connected and continuous obstruction is presented along the whole line, which cannot be crossed, and can only be passed by clearing it away with axes.

The close proximity of the hostile lines made it almost certain death for a man to show his head above the works on the front line, and indeed it was dangerous to expose one's person to the view of the enemy for several hundred yards in the rear of the first line, since by doing so he would expose himself to the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, lying secure behind their breastworks. The only time when the works could be approached above ground from the rear was after dark.

There were a number of covered ways constructed by digging trenches running to the rear until out of musket range, and deep enough to conceal a man. In some instances these trenches were covered over with timber, overlaid with earth, so as to form a tunnel.

As has been before said the Confederate soldiers had to remain in the trenches all the time, without being relieved, because there were no reserves to relieve them with.

They hollowed out the ground just in rear of the trenches, and made cellars or caves under the earth in which they slept, ate and lived for five months.

One-third of the men were kept standing on guard along the breastworks day and night to give warning of an attack in time to enable their comrades to spring to their feet and seize their muskets. As the pickets could not look over the works without exposing themselves to certain destruction, small loopholes were provided at intervals of fifteen or twenty feet, large enough to admit the barrel of a musket and enable the owner of the weapon to see the enemy's works over its sights. From these little openings on either side a desultory fire was kept up, each side firing at the only vulnerable spots, which were these loopholes. They were easily located by the smoke from the muskets, and their exact situation became known to all. So accurate was the marksmanship that the wood around the openings was worn away by the bullets, and in many places was replaced by iron rails from the railroad track. Once in a while a man would be killed by a musket ball coming through these openings.

To prevent surprise in the night-time, a number of pits large enough to allow a single soldier to hide in were sunk a few yards in front of the *chevaux de frise*, and after dark, pickets were sent out to occupy these pits, and keep watch for any suspicious movements. To enable them to pass in and out a few gaps were left in the *chevaux de frise*. These pickets were relieved every four hours, and in front of Fort Stedman the hostile sentinels were not more than fifty yards apart, but they kept a sort of truce between themselves, never tried to harm one another, and beguiled the weary hours chaffing each other.

The Federal soldiers always accosted the Confederates as "Johnny," and the Confederates the Federal as "Yank." During the night the musketry firing ceased and quiet reigned, unless the mortar batteries took a notion to take a hand and treat us to displays of fireworks, such as can never be forgotten by those who witnessed them.

The mortars sent their shells up into the air, leaving a trail of light behind like a rocket, and the shell descended like the stick of a rocket.

The soldiers became accustomed to this display, and would watch the descending shells, and, when they saw they were likely to fall

dangerously near, would dodge into their caves and await the harmless explosion in safety.

One morning in March, 1865, General Jonn B. Gordon, my corps commander, requested me to ride with him, and we crossed the Pocahontas bridge, and rode to a point on the hills on the left bank of the Appomattox river opposite the enemy's second line of fortifications on the right bank of the river in front of Hare's Hill or Fort Stedman. We spent an hour or more examining the enemy's position through our field glasses, when General Gordon turned to me and very carelessly inquired what I thought of the position occupied by my division, and whether I thought I could hold it against an assault by the enemy in force.

I replied that I did not think I could hold my position against an assault because the enemy's lines were so close they could dash over our works any night before we were aware of their coming, and I added: "I can take their front line any morning before breakfast."

General Gordon smiled and remarked: "Don't you forget what you have said; I may call on you to make your words good." He then told me that he had suggested to General Lee the idea of making an assault upon the enemy's works in his front and would know in a few days whether it would be adopted. A few days later Gordon sent for his three division commanders and informed us that the attack would be made; and the time and manner of the assault were then determined on. My division was to attack Fort Stedman and the other two designated points on the right of the fort.

The attacks were to be made simultaneously by each division, the signal for the assault to be three musket or pistol shots fired in quick succession.

Each division was to be preceded by a storming party consisting of fifty picked men carrying axes to clear away the *chevaux de frise*, and one hundred picked infantry men armed with muskets, commanded by a captain and one lieutenant, on whose courage and coolness we could confidently rely; each division to follow closely behind the storming party, marching by the right flank.

The preparations for the movement were simple, but required some little time. In the first place, rations for three days had to be issued, cooked, brought up, and distributed. The cartridge boxes had to be examined and filled up with cartridges; muskets had to be inspected; the sick and disabled sent to hospitals; the storming party selected, and instructed as to what was required of them.

After all these things were looked after, we had to wait for night to begin the movement. The entire corps, three divisions, had to be marched out of the trenches so as to give room to form their separate columns, and then to march back to the breastworks so as to bring the head of the columns to the spot where our works were to be crossed.

This was done quietly and with the least possible noise. No commands were given, but the words were passed in low tones from man to man. About an hour before daylight my storming party pressed cautiously and silently one by one over the breastworks, and crept up close to one of our solitary pickets in his pit and lay down on the ground.

The ground at this point was a cornfield, but the farmer who had planted it had not seen fit to gather his crop, and as the storming party moved out they made more noise among the cornstalks than the "Yank" on picket was accustomed to hear, and he sang out to our picket: "I say, Johnny, what are you doing in that corn?" To this Johnny very innocently replied. "All right, Yank, I am just gathering me a little corn to parch!" "Yank" answered: "All right Johnny, I won't shoot!" After a short pause the "Yank" again addressed his neighbor, "I say, Johnny, isn't it almost daylight? I think it is time they were relieving us." Johnny sang out in a cheery voice: "Keep cool, Yank; you'll be relieved in a few minutes." It was a clear, crisp March morning, the stars were shining overhead, and save for the colloquy between the two pickets, all was as quiet as the grave.

There was no evidence that, within a few hundred yards of the spot where we stood, ten thousand armed men were crouching low, anxiously watching for the appointed signal which was to hurl them upon the enemy and sound the death knell of hundreds of brave men.

All our movements had been conducted so quietly that not a suspicion had been aroused, not even among the enemy's pickets, some of whom were not over fifty yards distant from our men.

I had selected to lead the storming party, Captain Anderson, of the 49th Virginia, and Lieutenant Hugh P. Powell, of Company A, of the 13th Virginia, officers belonging to my old brigade, who were personally known to me to be the bravest of the brave, and in whom the men had confidence. The men under them were selected from a much larger number, who in response to a call for volunteers promptly offered their services.

When all was ready, we awaited the signal in breathless suspense, but the suspense was relieved when General Gordon came down the line to where the head of my column rested, and, finding my command ready to move, stepped to one side and fired three pistol shots in rapid succession. The last report was scarcely heard before the recumbent figures sprang to their feet and Captain Anderson commanded, "Forward! Double-quick!" and his men moved off at a trail arms, and not a word was spoken or a sound heard except the regular beat of their feet as they stepped out at a double-quick.

I have read many accounts, both in history and fiction, of such attacks, and my blood has been stirred in reading them; but I never read an account of one so dashing, so orderly, and so quiet as this. The cool, frosty morning made every sound distinct and clear, and the only sound heard was the tramp! tramp! of the men as they kept step as regularly as if on drill, and the cries of the Federal picket as he ran with all speed into the fort, shouting: "The Rebels are coming! The Rebels are coming!" Our men were instructed not to try to capture or harm the "Yank," but to follow the path he took, and it would carry us to the opening in the enemy's *chevaux de frise*, and not to cheer until they were on the enemy's breastworks; and then to cheer as loudly as possible as a signal for the division to follow, and to fire as rapidly as they could reload, in every direction, through the fort, to confuse the Federals and prevent them from rallying and forming before our main body should come up.

The gallant little band came to a halt as they reached the obstructions, and a galling fire from muskets inside the fort met them at that point, and a number of them were killed and wounded during the pause.

The halt was a short one, for sharp axes wielded by strong arms were at work, and the heavy blows rang out on the frosty air like the blows of giants, and in a few seconds more the "Rebel yell" made the welkin ring, announcing to our expectant ears that Fort Stedman was carried, and that our boys were inside the enemy's works.

They proceeded at once to make it lively by firing promiscuously in every direction wherever they could see a blue coat to fire at.

The enemy were taken entirely by surprise and all were asleep except the thin line which guarded the side of the redoubt which faced our lines.

In the fort were a number of little huts, with comfortable bunks,

in which the officers slept, and several of them were surprised in their *robes de nuit*, and made prisoners. The officers and men in the fort acted gallantly and tried to form and make resistance, but to form men in the dark just out of sleep, cooped up in a small fort, with a hundred muskets in the hands of an organized body of trained and daring men, pouring forth their deadly contents on every side and making a mark of every head that showed itself, is next to an impossibility.

Captain Anderson and Lieutenant Powell both fell on the breastworks, the first mortally wounded, and the latter killed outright.

The storming party was thus left without a commissioned officer, but that circumstance made but little difference with those men, for every one of them was fit to be a captain, and most of them to wear the uniform of much higher officers.

But to return to the division. As soon as the wild cheering of our boys gave the signal, the head of the column was put in motion, and crossing our breastworks, moved rapidly across the intervening space and into the captured fort.

When the head of the column reached the enemy's works, and the first files were on them, I found that the leading files were lying down behind the breastworks at the point where those before them had crossed. I inquired for the officer in command, but, getting no answer, ordered the men to move forward, which they did. We had just crossed over, when a soldier sprang in front and said: "These are my men and they shall not go." I demanded who he was, and he replied that he was captain of that company, and that his men should not be slaughtered. He was ordered to lead his men forward, but positively refused, and when he did so, I made a blow at his head with my sabre, which he dodged, and then rushed at me with the point of his infantry sword. I stepped aside, and drawing my pistol from my belt, with the muzzle almost touching his head, pulled the trigger. The cap did not explode, and then his men ran between us, as I was about to make a second attempt to shoot, saying: "Don't shoot, General! He is our captain, and a brave man." The captain then said he was ready to go forward, and tried to excuse his conduct by pretending that he did not know me by the starlight, and that, if he had recognized me, he would have obeyed my orders; but I refused to accept his explanation, and told him that I would have him court-martialed and shot if we both came out of the battle alive. We double-quickened side by side to join the

companies of the division already in Fort Stedman, and the whole division followed rapidly.

As to the captain, I never saw him again, as he did not return to the Confederate lines. What his fate was I do not know. He may have been killed that morning, but it is most likely that he suffered himself to be captured rather than return and be shot by a sentence of court-martial.

I have always declined to give the name or regiment of this man. If he or his descendants are alive, I would not give them pain by publishing him. He had a good record as a soldier, and was unquestionably a brave man. Why he acted as he did on that occasion can be readily accounted for. He saw, as nearly all the men in the ranks saw, that the Confederate cause was hopeless, and that they were shedding their blood in vain, and that valor and patriotism must inevitably yield to the overwhelming numbers and resources.

It was rumored that in the winter of 1864-'5 an organization had crept into some regiments of the Army of Northern Virginia, called "Red Strings" from its badge, which was a red string, displayed conspicuously on the person. The object of this order was to bring an end to the war by refusing to fight and by laying down their arms and surrendering to the enemy when brought face to face with the foe. I have always believed my captain was a member of this order. I am glad to say that the order had but few members in General Lee's army, and its influence was never felt. The soldiers of that army fought to the last, and remained true to their chieftain until the white flag was run up at Appomattox. The remarkable part of this starlight encounter with the Captain is that his men did not take sides with him and shoot me down with their muskets or run me through with their bayonets. Had they done so, no one could have known the manner of my taking off, but it would have been credited to a Federal blow, and my epitaph would have been "Killed in battle."

As the head of the column entered Fort Stedman the resistance wholly ceased, and in the dim light of the coming dawn the fleeing enemy could be seen on every side, hastening to the protection of the second line of forts.

Our being in possession of Fort Stedman made the enemy's breastworks on either side and as far as the neighboring forts untenable and they were rapidly abandoned.

A strong skirmish line of Confederates was at once thrown forward towards the second line of the enemy's works, and got within

easy musket range, but though they were guarded by a small force it was too large to be dislodged by skirmishers.

It required more than an hour for the entire division to come up and form into line; and it was sunrise before we were ready to advance.

The attacks by the other Confederate columns were either not made, or if made, were unsuccessful, and these troops came to my aid in the neighborhood of Fort Stedman. By the time the sun was above the horizon the enemy had poured forth from their camps in rear, and filled the forts and breastworks of the second line with troops, both infantry and artillery. They sent out a heavy skirmish line which engaged ours and a brisk and angry skirmish fire was kept up until our troops were withdrawn.

Their artillery, too, came into play, and the guns of their forts in the second line and on our right and left concentrated their fire on Fort Stedman, and such a storm of shot and shell as fell into and around the old fort has seldom been seen. We had failed to carry the second line by surprise; it was manned by four times our numbers, and our task was hopeless. Nothing remained but to withdraw to our breastworks.

General Gordon seemed loth to give up his cherished plans, and waited to communicate with General Lee, and for an hour or two longer we held our captured fort and breastworks.

At last the command came to fall back to our lines, and the troops commenced the retrograde movement, which was a thousand times more hazardous than the advance because it was now in the full blaze of daylight, and the seventy-five yards that lay between Fort Stedman and our shelter was swept by the direct and cross fire of many pieces of artillery posted in both the first and second lines of the enemy's works.

The enemy's missiles seemed to fall on every square yard of ground, and to sweep over the open space like the breath of the simoon.

They screeched and screamed like fiends, plowing up the ground on all sides, exploding with a sound like thunder claps, sending their fragments on errand of death and destruction in every direction.

When the order was given to withdraw, I sent one of my staff out to the skirmish line to tell the officer in charge that we were retreating and to fall back slowly, skirmishing as he returned.

This order was obeyed too well, for he fell back slowly, fighting stubbornly all the way.

I remained in Fort Stedman after the main body of the division had left it; watching and admiring the gallant fight the skirmish line was making, and until there was no one in the fort except an occasional Confederate passing through.

Suddenly I heard a shout, and looking in the direction of the sound, I saw a body of Federal infantry coming over the wall of the fort on the opposite side. A few jumps on a double-quick put the wall of the fort between the enemy and myself, and then with a few other belated stragglers I found myself crossing the stormswept space between us and our works. At first I made progress at a tolerably lively gait, but I wore heavy cavalry boots, the ground was thawing under the warm rays of the sun, and great cakes of mud stuck to my boots; my speed slackened into a slow trot, then into a slow walk, and it seemed as if I were an hour making that seventy-five yards.

Not only the artillery now, but the enemy's infantry had remanned the front wall of Fort Stedman, and the deadly minie balls were whistling and hurling as thick as hail.

Every time I lifted my foot with its heavy weight of mud and boot, I thought my last step was taken. Out of the ten or a dozen men who started across that field with me, I saw at least half of them fall, and I do not believe more than one or two got over safely.

When I reached our works and clambered up to the top, I was so exhausted that I rolled down among the men, and one of them expressed surprise at seeing me by remarking: "Here is General Walker; I thought he was killed!"

In this affair the Confederates lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners. Nearly all my gallant skirmish line was captured, for when they fell back to Fort Stedman they found it occupied by the enemy, and there was no alternative left them but to surrender as prisoners of war.

There are many minor incidents and details of this bold attack, which I would like to weave into this narrative, but it has already grown too long.

The reader may ask what was the object of this rash sally, this seemingly hopeless attack on overwhelming numbers, strongly entrenched and supplied with every appliance known to modern warfare? I can answer the question. The situation of the Confederate Army around Richmond and Petersburg was fast becoming desperate, and unless something could be done, and done quickly, the fall

of Richmond was inevitable; and desperate diseases require desperate remedies. General Gordon conceived the bold and hazardous plan of surprising the enemy, piercing their lines in front of Hare's Hill, cutting off the troops between Fort Stedman and the Appomattox river, and by thus getting in their rear, to compel them to cross over to the left bank of that river or be captured. Thus having opened the way to City Point, the Confederate cavalry, which had been brought up and held in readiness to act, was to dash upon City Point, capture General Grant, destroy the immense supplies stored there for the use of the army, and make a raid around the rear of the Federal army. If the way was opened for the cavalry, the enemy in their line between Fort Stedman and the extreme left was to be assailed at various points by the Confederate troops in front of them. General Gordon was to attack them on the exposed right, flank and rear, with the hope of compelling them to abandon the siege of Petersburg and withdraw to the north side of James river.

The conception was worthy of Stonewall Jackson and reflects the highest credit on General Gordon, and, if his force had been sufficient to carry the enemy's second line, would have proved a grand success.

This was the last charge made by Confederate soldiers on an entrenched position of the enemy, and while the results expected were not realized, it showed that the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia still had plenty of fight in them and could be relied on to do all that mortal men could do.

After the failure of Gordon's movement we all felt that our cause was hopeless, and within ten days thereafter we marched out of the earthworks we had held so long against such overwhelming odds, and a few days after laid down our arms at Appomattox.

The storming of Fort Stedman was a mere episode in the siege of Petersburg and is scarcely mentioned in history, or only spoken of in official reports as an "unsuccessful attempt to carry the Federal lines near Fort Stedman, which was repulsed with great loss."

It was, in fact, one of the boldest movements made during the war; and for coolness and gallantry on the part of the soldiers engaged in it was not surpassed by any affair of the war between the States.

Very truly yours,

JAMES A. WALKER.

On the 25th day of March, 1865, from the Appomattox around to Fort Howard, which was on the Federal lines at a point about due south from the Customhouse in Petersburg, these lines were occupied by the troops of the 9th Corps, then commanded by General John G. Parke. In his report of the operations of his command on that day, he says:

“The line held by this corps extended from the Appomattox on the right, with pickets stretching some three miles down the river, to Fort Howard on the left, a distance of about seven miles. The line was occupied by the First Division, Brevet Major-General O. B. Wilcox, commanding, extending from the Appomattox to Fort Meikel, and the Second Division, Brevet Major-General R. B. Potter, commanding, extending from Fort Meikel to Fort Howard. The Third Division, Brigadier-General J. F. Hartranft, commanding, was held in reserve, its right regiment being posted near the Dunn House Battery, and its left regiment between Forts Hays and Howard. The entrenchment held by Wilcox's Division and the First Brigade of Potter's, were very nearly placed when the positions were originally gained by our troops, under fire, and in so close proximity to the enemy that the work was necessarily very effective. This was especially the case with Fort Stedman, where our line crossed the Prince George Courthouse road. This is a small work without bastions, with Battery No. 10 immediately adjoining, the battery open in the rear, and the ground in the rear of the fort nearly as high as its parapet. The opposing lines are here about 150 yards apart. the picket lines about fifty yards. This portion of the line was held by the Third Brigade. First Division, Brevet Brigadier-General M. B. McLaughlen, commanding.

G. S. B.

[From the Baltimore, Md., *Sun*, September 16–October 18, 1903.]

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM OR SHARPSBURG.

Reminiscences of Jackson's Old Division by Captain
James M. Garnett and Alexander Hunter, with
Comments by Alex. Robert Chisholm.

**Numbers Against General Lee—An Estimate that He Had but 35,000
or 36,000 in the Conflict—Hungry Men Fought Bravely.**

The approaching anniversary of the battle of Sharpsburg, or Antietam creek, recalls vividly to mind the incidents of that battle. It may be remembered by old soldiers that Jackson's Corps, consisting of his own division, commanded by General J. R. Jones; Ewell's Division, commanded by General A. R. Lawton, and A. P. Hill's Division, commanded by General A. P. Hill, had been detached to capture Harper's Ferry, whose garrison consisted of 11,000 men under Colonel D. S. Miles.

Jackson was assisted by General J. G. Walker's Division, which occupied Loudon Heights, and General McLaws' Division, which occupied Maryland Heights. There was some delay on the part of these troops in getting into position, but all was ready by the afternoon of September 14. Jackson moved forward, his command extending from the Shenandoah to the Potomac, in the following order from right to left, A. P. Hill, Lawton and Jones.

The attack began early on the morning of Monday, the 15th, and after brisk firing for an hour or more the white flag was displayed, and the place, being completely surrounded, was surrendered by General Julius White, who had returned from Winchester and joined Colonel Miles a few days before, Colonel Miles having been killed by one of the last shots and General White having succeeded to the command.

BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Meantime General McClellan, having come into possession of a copy of General Lee's order of march, found at or near General D. H. Hill's headquarters at Frederick, on September 13 (the responsibility for the loss of which has not been settled to this day), had pressed forward much more rapidly than usual and brought on (Sun-

day, September 14) the battle of South Mountain, or Boonsboro, fought by General Lee to protect his trains and to enable General Jackson to rejoin him.

The Federals carried the passes of South Mountain at Crampton's and Turner's Gaps, and General Lee drew up his army on the west side of Antietam creek, north and south of the village of Sharpsburg, and in easy communication with General Jackson by Boteler's ford, on the Potomac, near Shepherdstown.

As soon as the necessary arrangements for the surrender of Harper's Ferry could be made on the 15th, General Jackson, leaving General A. P. Hill at Harper's Ferry to complete these arrangements, marched that afternoon for Shepherdstown with his own corps (Jones' and Lawton's Divisions) and Walker's Division, and crossed the Potomac at Boteler's ford on the morning of the 16th. McLaws' Division, with which R. H. Anderson's was serving, did not reach Sharpsburg until the morning of the 17th, and A. P. Hill's Division, with the exception of one brigade left at Harper's Ferry, not until the afternoon of the 17th, after a march of seventeen miles, but just in time to save the day against Burnside's attack.

General McClellan had placed his army in position on the east side of Antietam creek by the night of September 15, and his failure to attack on the 16th, when General Lee's army was still divided, was fatal to his success.

This article must be limited to the operations of Jackson's old division (J. R. Jones') on the extreme left, as the writer was a staff officer of the "Stonewall Brigade" (Winder's), commanded by Colonel Andrew J. Grigsby, of the 27th Virginia Regiment, and later in the day of the division, as Colonel Grigsby succeeded to the command of the division after the stunning of General Jones by a shell and the death of General Starke, commanding the Louisiana brigade.

TAKING POST NEAR SHARPSBURG.

After crossing the Potomac at Boteler's ford, on the afternoon of September 16, Tuesday, this division was marched to the extreme left, through Sharpsburg and the woods around the Dunkard Church on the Hagerstown turnpike, and took position in an open field to the left of the turnpike and in front of these woods; that is, the "Stonewall" Brigade, or First Brigade, as it was also known, commanded by Colonel Grigsby, in the open field, right resting on the Hagerstown turnpike, the Second Brigade (Jones') prolonging the

line to the left; the Fourth Brigade (Stark's) at the edge of the woods, a short distance to the rear of the First Brigade, right also resting on the turnpike, and the Third Brigade (Taliaferro's) prolonging this line to the left.

The division fronted north and was subjected to a cross-fire from the batteries in its front and from the heavy guns beyond the Antietam on its right rear, which firing was kept up until late at night, but it did not do much damage and served only as a fine display of pyrotechnics. The troops were wearied out with their long march and were soon unconscious in profound slumber, notwithstanding the cannon-firing. Colonel Grigsby and his staff secured a comfortable fence panel and were soon imitating the men around them.

Their slumbers, however, were rudely broken about daylight of the 17th by the renewal of the cannon-firing and the sound of musketry, showing that the enemy were driving in our pickets, and leading to the correct inference that the main attack was to be on our left.

FURIOUS ATTACK BEGINS.

It came at once and raged furiously both on the right and left of the Hagerstown turnpike. Being on the left of that turnpike I can speak personally only of what occurred on that side. Our two little brigades in the front line, about 400 men, resisted as long as it was possible—I cannot remember just how long—but presently Colonel Grigsby said to me: "Go to General Starke and tell him that unless I receive reinforcements I cannot hold this line much longer." I hurried back to the edge of the woods, found General Starke (General J. R. Jones having been stunned by the explosion of a shell very early in the morning and carried off the field), and delivered the message.

The words had barely escaped my lips when I saw the front line falling back and said to General Starke: "There they are, coming back now, General." He immediately ordered the Louisiana Brigade and Taliaferro's Brigade to rise and move forward, which they did in gallant style at a right oblique, and he himself led them, but he had not more than reached the fence along the Hagerstown road when he fell, "pierced by three musket balls and survived but an hour." Colonel William Allan rightly says: "He was greatly beloved by his men as a brave and chivalrous leader." (*Allan's Army of Northern Virginia in 1862*, page 386, note.)

RALLIED BY COLONEL GRIGSBY 1192363

Colonel Grigsby rallied the men of the front line at the edge of the woods, where they resisted a while longer, those on the left shooting from a ledge of rocks and some straw stacks in rear of a farmhouse. But increasing numbers forced them from this position and all of the men that could be rallied withdrew across a small stream and took position about half-way up the hill beyond, in front of another farmhouse—Hauser's, I think it must have been—where they stayed.

The enemy came into the woods and even to the ledge of rocks and straw stacks above mentioned, but did not venture across the little stream.

About this time there was a lull in the fighting on this part of the field, thus characterized by Colonel Allan (page 396): "A comparative lull now succeeded the furious storm of the morning, while the exhausted troops of both sides awaited the arrival of approaching reinforcements."

Meanwhile General Early's brigade had been withdrawn from the support of the cavalry, which had been formed on a hill to the extreme left-front of the infantry, and General McLaws' Division had reached the field on the extreme right. Soon two of his brigades, Semmes' and Barksdale's, with G. T. Anderson's, of D. R. Jones' Division, were seen marching by the flank in our front and in speaking distance—for some of us hailed them and inquired what troops they were—and as soon as they had cleared our line they faced to the right, were joined by Grigsby's remnants and by General Early, who commanded his division after General Lawton was wounded, and the enemy was driven out of the woods on that part of the field and across the Hagerstown turnpike. I judge from accounts of the battle that these men were Sedgwick's Division, both Hooker's and Mansfield's attacks having been repulsed, but I do not pretend to know who the Federal troops were, as I am merely giving personal reminiscences of what took place under my own eye.

WITHOUT FOOD TWO DAYS.

Soon after the woods were cleared and our lines re-established, Colonel Grigsby was ordered by General Jackson to take the division to the rear to recruit, as it had been much cut up and thrown into disorder, to replenish their ammunition, to get something to

eat, of which the men stood much in need, for they had had nothing to eat since we left Harper's Ferry, two days before. I remember distinctly that we retired to a farmhouse in the rear, where some salt bacon was issued to us. In default of cooking utensils we cooked it before the fire on forked sticks, and I never knew bacon to taste sweeter in my life; "hunger is the best condiment," says the proverb.

After resting and collecting our men, we returned to the field and were posted in support of the Rockbridge Artillery—old friends, as it was attached to the "Stonewall Brigade," and the present writer had formerly been a member of it. This battery was stationed on top of the hill from which we had advanced to the last attack, and just above the farmhouse (Hauser's), in front of which we had lain.

We remained here during the afternoon, when we were moved to a piece of woods a short distance to our left and front, where we remained all the next day (18th). We were expecting another attack all that morning until truces were made for the burial of the dead, whether officially or informally I do not know, but the burial of the dead by both sides went on in our front all that day. That night General Lee withdrew his whole army quietly without loss, and even without attack, to the south side of the Potomac, which was reached soon after sunrise the next morning (19th).

NUMBERS OF MEN ENGAGED.

For an account of the battle on other parts of the field the reader is referred to Colonel Allan's *The Army of Northern Virginia in 1862*, and to General Palfrey's *The Antietam and Fredericksburg*, the best accounts that this writer has ever read. The defect of General Palfrey's otherwise fair book is that it seems impossible for him, as for other Federal writers, to realize the small number of troops, compared to the number of General McClellan's army, with which General Lee fought this battle. Colonel Allan says (page 380): "Lee's entire infantry force was under 30,000, to which should be added his cavalry and artillery, commonly estimated at 8,000. The battle was thus fought by the Confederates 'with less than 40,000 men,' " quoting from General Lee's report. Even this allowance is an overestimate. The present writer investigated this subject a few years ago in a controversy with a reviewer in *The Nation* (Nos. 1538 and 1543), and came to the conclusion that the Confederate force in the battle of Sharpsburg numbered 35,000 or 36,000. *The Nation*

declined to publish his letters, but they were published in the *Richmond Times* of February 10, 1895. The reports of this battle are given in *War Records*, Vol. XIX, Part 1. The reader may examine them for himself.

The map in the *War Records* (plate No. xxix), which is followed by General Palfrey, is erroneous in giving the Confederate second position too far to the rear on the left. The line should be drawn about half-way between the first position and that there given as the second position. (The map in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Volume II, page 636, is more accurate.) None of the enemy ever came beyond the straw-stacks mentioned above, on the left, and very few of them came even so far. Moreover, they were all driven from this position and beyond the turnpike in the attack of McLaws' brigades, Early and Grigsby on Sedgwick, after whose defeat, I might say rout, there was no more fighting on that portion of the line. Grigsby's handful of men—men of Jackson's old division, who had been through the Valley campaign, the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, Cedar Mountain and Second Manassas, and had suffered severely in all, and who had already fought for several hours that morning, would never have been sent to the rear to recruit if there had been further need for them in front, but, as General Gordon said of his corps at Appomattox, they had been "fought to a frazzle."

General J. R. Jones, commanding Jackson's old division on the morning of September 17, reports this division of four brigades as "not numbering over 1,600 men at the beginning of the fight," and its casualties as "about 700 killed and wounded" (*War Records*, Volume XIX, Part 1, page 1008). This is a very heavy loss—nearly 50 per cent., of which Taliaferro's and Starke's brigades suffered most when Starke led them forward to his death and they were exposed to both a front and a flank fire. Dr. Guild, chief surgeon of the army, reports "the killed and wounded of the whole army at 10,291" (*War Records*, Volume XIX, Part 1, page 813), or almost 30 per cent. This was one of the greatest battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and there was glory enough for all.

JAMES M. GARNETT.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

The recent discussions of the battle of Antietam, Sharpsburg, as we call it, in the columns of *The Sun*, have been of great interest to

the participants in the battle. The incidents of the campaign of '62 are as fresh in my memory as if they happened yesterday instead of forty-one years ago.

General Lee was asked after Appomattox by a prominent lady in Alexandria which battle he felt most proud of, and he answered: "Sharpsburg, for I fought against greater odds then than in any battle of the war."

I doubt if any army on earth ever endured greater hardships or went through more than Lee's army in the late summer and early fall of 1862.

On August 18 of that year our brigade, composed of the First, Seventh, Eleventh and Seventeenth Virginia Infantry, set its faces northward from Gordonsville. Every knapsack and all camp equipment were left behind, and in light marching order, with 60 rounds of ammunition, a blanket over our shoulders and five days' rations in our haversacks, we headed for the Rapidan river. Those five days' rations, which lasted us two days, were the last we drew until September 21.

The forced marches of August 28 and 29 to aid Jackson were a fearful ordeal, made as they were in the intense heat, with the roads deep in dust, but we reached Thoroughfare Gap in time, and the next day we fought the second battle of Manassas. Our men were so hungry that they gathered the crackers and meat from the haversacks of the dead Federals and ate as they fought. The next day we kept on to Chantilly and fought there; then, swinging to Leesburg, we struck for the Potomac. In all these weeks we had no change of clothing and we were literally devoured by vermin. We had no tents and slept on the ground, and slept soundly even though the rain was pouring in torrents. A prize fighter trains about two months to get himself in perfect condition, but we had been training in a more vigorous manner for nearly two years, and the men were skin, bone and muscle.

We lived on apples and green corn all of the time, and the soldiers began to drop out of the ranks at every halt. Then an order came for the barefooted men to remain behind and report in Winchester, and some thousands threw away their shoes. Every step our army made northward it became weaker. At last we stood on the long-dreamed-of banks of the Potomac. It was near Shepherdstown, and Maryland, my Maryland, met our gaze at last, which shone—

Fair as the gardens of the Lord
To the famished eyes of the rebel horde.

With a rush and a swing we passed through the "royal" city of Frederick, where we got scant welcome, up the dusty broad pike northward to Hagerstown, where the people received the ragged "Rebs" as if they were belted knights, with victory on their plumes. Here every soldier got as much as he could eat. Then there came the long roll and we fell into ranks and sorrowfully turned our faces southward, and went with a swinging gait toward the mountains to help D. H. Hill. We reached Crampton's Gap after the fight was over, then retraced our steps, and on the morning of the 14th of September halted on the fields of Boonsboro, tired—and oh, so hungry. Apples and corn, corn and apples, were our only fare; eating them raw, roasted, boiled together and fried, they served to sustain life, and that was all.

That evening the battle of Boonsboro was fought. Our position was in a cornfield, and we held our line intact after repeated assaults. The next day we rested and gathered more corn and apples, and that night we marched until the Great Bear had reached its zenith in the heavens, and at dawn on the fateful morning of September 17th we reached the little village of Sharpsburg, and, forming in line of battle just on the right of where the National Cemetery is now located, we lay down and slept like logs, though the fight at the Dunkard Church on our left was raging in all its fury.

We moved several times in the course of the day, but at noon the final position was selected behind a post-and-rail fence near where we first stopped. The order to halt was given, the line formed, and the command to stack arms rang out. I was the only private left of Company A, Seventeenth Virginia, and, having no comrade to lock bayonets with, I ran mine into the ground. The only officer left in my command was Lieutenant Tom Perry. A mild-mannered, slow-speaking man was Tom, but he was a soldier, every inch of him. He never made a boast in his life, but in every battle in which the Seventeenth was engaged, there, in front of his company, stood Tom, calm and serene, as if waiting for the dinner-horn to blow.

Longstreet's old First Brigade—that which charged through the abattis at Seven Pines, 2,800 strong—mustered only 320 men. The Seventeenth Virginia, the pride of Alexandria, Prince William, Fairfax, Fauquier and Warren counties, which at Blackburn's Ford had 860 men in ranks, now stood in their tracks with 41 muskets

and 7 officers. My! my! What a set of ragamuffins they looked! It seemed as if every cornfield in Maryland had been robbed of its scarecrows and propped up against that fence. None had any underclothing. My costume consisted of a ragged pair of trousers, a stained, dirty jacket; an old slouch hat, the brim pinned up with a thorn; a begrimed blanket over my shoulder, a grease-smeared cotton haversack full of apples and corn, a cartridge box full and a musket. I was barefooted and had a stonebruise on each foot. Some of my comrades were a little better dressed, some were worse. I was the average, but there was no one there who would not have been "run in" by the police had he appeared on the streets of any populous city, and would have been fined next day for undue exposure. Yet those grimy, sweaty, lean, ragged men were the flower of Lee's army. Those tattered, starving, unkempt fellows were the pride of their sections—

Whose ancestors followed
Smith along the sands,
And Raleigh around the seas.

About noon we were ordered to fall in, and in a few moments Toombs' skeleton brigade took position on the left overlooking Antietam bridge. Burnside had commenced his attack. Just at this moment a battery dashed by us—the Rockbridge Artillery—and I had only time to wave my hand at my old school-fellow, Bob Lee, a private in the battery, the son of our Commander-in-Chief, when it disappeared down the hill.

And then Toombs got to work in earnest. No words can describe the gallant fight he made to keep Burnside from crossing the bridge. Again and again he drove back the blue columns, and with nothing behind him for support. Those Georgians fought on until their gun barrels were too hot for the naked hands.

On our left it seemed as if Hades had broken loose. The volumes of musketry and noise of the artillery were mingled in one vast roar that shook the earth, and this kept up for nearly two hours. The whole of our front and left was wrapped in an impenetrable cloud of smoke. Then came a lull, and I was sent to the village with canteens to get water. I had a clear view from the steeple of a church which I climbed, and then hurried back and said to Colonel Corse, of my regiment: "We are lost, Colonel; we haven't a single reserve."

"Is it possible?" he said.

I told him it was a fact; there was not a solitary Confederate soldier in sight. He clenched his teeth like a bulldog, and as the news ran along the line each man knew we had to stay there and, if needs be, die there.

As we lay there waiting for the attack that all knew must come, every man in the ranks wondered why it was delayed; I had seen from my perch in the town, that there was a great force of Federals near Burnside bridge, and that our thin line could not stand long against a determined attack. Our attention was given to the fighting on our left, which had broken out with redoubled fury. About 3 P. M. we received a shock, for the remains of Toombs' Georgians came tearing down the hill, and then all the batteries across the bridge opened and swept the hill where we were lying. Every one of our batteries limbered up and returned, leaving the single line of infantry to brave the storm.

In about half an hour it came. Then the artillery was silent, and the infantrymen, who had lain there face downward, exposed to the iron hail, now arose, placed their cartridge boxes in position, rested their muskets on the lower rail, and with clenched teeth, fast beating hearts and hurried breath, braced themselves for the shock. The fence was not built on the top of the hill, but some fifty feet from the crest; consequently we could not see the attacking force until they were within pistol shot of us. We could hear the rat-a-plan of their drums, the stern commands of their officers, the muffled sound of marching feet.

Colonel Corse gave but one order—"Don't fire, men, until I give the word." As we lay there with our eyes ranging along the musket barrels, our fingers on the triggers, we saw the gilt eagles of the flagpoles emerge above the top of the hill, followed by the flags drooping on the staffs, then the tops of the blue caps appeared, and next a line of the fiercest eyes man ever looked upon. The shouts of their officers were heard, urging their men forward. Less brave, less seasoned troops would have faltered before the array of deadly tubes leveled at them, and at the recumbent line, silent, motionless and terrible, but if there was any giving away we did not see it. They fired at us before we pulled trigger and came on with vibrant shouts. Not until they were well up in view did Colonel Corse break the silence, and his voice was a shriek as he ordered:

"Fire!"

All the guns went off at once, and the whole brigade fire seemed to follow our volley, and the enemy's line, sadly thinned, broke and

went over the hill. Every man in our line began to load his musket with frenzied haste. Only three or four of the Seventeenth were shot, the fire of the enemy being too high.

We had barely loaded and capped the muskets when the blue line came with a rush and we fired now without orders. Before we could load a third time the two lines of battle of the Federals, now commingled as one solid bank of men, poured a volley into us that settled the matter. It killed or wounded every officer and man in the regiment except five, of whom I was fortunate enough to be one.

Just as the bluecoats were climbing the fence I threw down my musket and raised my hand in token of surrender. Two or three stopped to carry me back to the rear. The rest kept on, urged by their officers, in the direction of the village of Sharpsburg.

Major Herbert and Lieutenant Perry made a dash for the rear and escaped. I and a private named Gunnell, of the Fairfax Rifles, were the only prisoners; the rest of the regiment lay there motionless in their positions. The men were either lying down or kneeling—the wounds were dangerous or deadly. But for the protection afforded by the fence I do not believe that a single man of the regiment would have escaped alive.

In conversation with Doctor Macgill, of Hagerstown, Md., shortly after the war, he told me that two days after the battle he visited the spot, having had some friends in the Alexandria regiment of Kemper's brigade, and that the fence was literally a thing of shreds and patches.

Our captors hurried us off. When we reached a hill in the rear we stopped to rest. My guard said to me:

"It's all up with you, Johnnie; look there." I turned and gazed on the scene. Long lines of blue were coming like the surging billows of the ocean. The bluecoats were wild with excitement, and their measured hurrah, so different from our piercing yell, rose above the thunder of their batteries beyond the bridge. I thought the guard was right, that it was all up with us, and our whole army would be captured. We, Yank and Reb, were sitting down taking a sociable smoke when all at once we were startled as if touched by an electric shock. The air was filled with bursting shells, as if a dozen batteries had opened at once from the direction of Sharpsburg, and while we stood gazing we saw emerging from a cornfield a long line of gray, musket barrels scintillating in the rays of the declining sun and the Southern battle flags gleaming redly against the dark background. They seemed to have struck the Federal advance on

the flank. From the long line of gray a purplish mist broke, pierced by a bright gleam here and there, and the noise of the volley sounded like the whirr of machinery.

In an instant the whole scene was changed. The triumphant advance, the jubilant shouts, the stirring beat of the drums, the mad, eager rush of the forces in blue were stayed, and back they came, without order or formation, and we joined the hurrying throng, not stopping until we reached the valley near the bridge.

The attacking force was that of General A. P. Hill. It was Stonewall Jackson who saved the Army of Northern Virginia from disastrous defeat, as he had done at the first Manassas, at the seven days' battle at Richmond and later on at Chancellorsville.

McClellan's dispatch to Burnside early on the morning of the 17th to hold the bridge, "If the bridge is lost all is lost," made General Burnside overcautious. When he received orders to attack at noon he allowed Toombs, with less than 400 men, to delay the crossing of the Ninth Corps for three hours. Had Burnside followed Napoleon's tactics at Arcola, and rushed his men across the bridge, he would have ended the war then and there, and been hailed by the North as the greatest general of the New World.

I asked my captors what command our regiment was engaged with. He answered Fairchild's New York Brigade. General Fairchild's report of the battle shows what a fight that frazzle of the old First Brigade put up.

I have often been asked about the rebel yell. I have always answered that we Rebs were savage with hunger, and men always "holler" when hungry.

ALEXANDER HUNTER.

Washington, D. C., September, 1903.

Comments by Alexander Robert Chisholm.

The New York *Herald*, September 26, 1903, prints the following letter:

In your issue of September 21, appears a letter from General Alexander Hamilton, in which he makes some very inaccurate statements in praising the distinguished soldier, General George B. McClellan, who was so suddenly replaced in command of a lately defeated army, which had confidence in him, thus enabling him to fight what all fair minded writers have described as a great drawn battle with the victorious army of General Robert E. Lee.

Hamilton states that "the great battle was won in one day's fight, routing the late victorious enemy."

Brigadier-General Francis Winthrop Palfrey, United States army, a friend of McClellan, writes in the *Scribner Series Campaigns of the Civil War*, page 64:

"General Lee reported his forces as less than 40,000, while his adjutant-general, Colonel Taylor, gives the exact number as 35,255;" and on page 65: "McClellan states in his official report that he had 87,164 men. Fourteen thousand of these, making a charge, were repulsed, staggered, reeled and recoiled in great disorder."

On page 83, General Sumner writes:

"Hooker's Corps was not only repulsed, but gone, routed, dispersed. General Ricketts, the only officer we could find, said that he could not raise 300 men of the corps. Hooker had been wounded."

On page 69:

"There were six corps and the cavalry division of 4,320 men, in all 87,164 men. The First, Second, Ninth and Twelfth Corps did most of the fighting. The Fifth and Sixth (page 120) lost less than 600 men, while the total (page 117) loss in killed, wounded and missing was 12,469, which, with the exception of the 600, fell upon the First, Second, Ninth and Twelfth Corps (page 69), which had engaged a total of 56,614 men, McClellan reporting their loss as being 20 per cent."

General Hamilton states that "the Confederate loss was more than 18,000 men (an absurd estimate), with great loss of cannon, ammunition and colors; that they were routed at the bridge, which was held by Burnside."

On page 116, Palfrey states:

"The truth is that the Confederate batteries were extremely well taken care of by their infantry; as a rule they seldom lost a gun."

Colonel Long's *Life of General Lee* states:

"About 1 o'clock the battle on the left ceased. The Federals had been repulsed at every point. Then Burnside with 20,000 fresh troops forced the passage at the bridge and at the ford below. A. P. Hill, arriving with 4,500 men, delivered such destructive volleys that the Federals were forced to retire as suddenly as they appeared, recrossing the Antietam. Thus closed the battle. General Lee remained in position during the 18th prepared for battle."

Finally, Palfrey writes, page 119:

"Tactically the battle of the Antietam was a drawn battle, with the advantage inclining slightly to the side of the Federals, who gained some ground and took more trophies than they lost. The Confederates, however, held most of the ground on which they fought, and held it not only to the close of the battle, but for more than twenty-four hours after, and then retired unmolested and in good order."

Whether intentionally or not, the omission of all mention of General McClellan in the recent event at Antietam was most impolitic from a military, political or social standpoint. He was the general in command. It was his battle, and history will never permit a subordinate commander or any one else to steal the glory. He acted wisely in not attacking Lee on the 18th, for his defeat would have been certain. The position held was a strong one.

ALEXANDER ROBERT CHISHOLM,
Formerly Aid to General Beauregard.

[From the *Baltimore Sun*, January 11, 1904.]

McCLELLAN FOR PEACE.

**For the Restoration of the Union Against the Political
Horde at Washington.**

[The following is of interest in connection with the preceding articles.—ED.]

The following communication addressed to a gentleman in Baltimore, makes a very interesting contribution to the political history of the Civil War, to the effect that General McClellan in 1862 sought an interview with General Lee with the supposed purpose of making peace over the heads of the governments at Washington and Richmond:

BISHOP'S HOUSE, 222 EAST HARRIS STREET,
SAVANNAH, GA., January 3, 1904.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter of the 1st instant to hand. My recollection of the conversation to which you refer is clear.

General Longstreet told me more than once that immediately after the battle at Sharpsburg, or Antietam, while he was in General Lee's tent, the General handed him a letter which he had just received from General McClellan, the commander of the Federal armies. General Lee gave General Longstreet a copy of the letter and asked him to give it his serious attention, and on the following morning advise him (General Lee) what he ought to do in the matter. The letter from General McClellan proposed an interview between himself and General Lee. General Longstreet said to me: "I told General Lee that in my judgment there was no other construction to be placed on it save one, and that was that General McClellan wanted to end the war then and there."

General Lee said: "That idea occurs to me also, but President Davis, and not General Lee, is the one to whom such a message must be sent."

General Longstreet took the letter to his own quarters, where he found General T. R. R. Cobb, of this State. He gave it to General Cobb, pledging him to observe secrecy with regard to it, but not saying a word as to the construction he placed on it.

After reading the letter attentively General Cobb said there was no doubt in his mind that General McClellan wanted General Lee to help in the restoration of the Union by marching to Washington with the combined forces. General Longstreet told me of the circumstances more than once, and always added that he thoroughly coincided in General Cobb's views, but that General Lee, for the reason stated, declined to meet General McClellan.

The copy which General Lee gave General Longstreet was sent, after the war, to Colonel Marshall. I tried to get it from Colonel Marshall, who told me he had mislaid it and could never find it. I do not know, of course, what became of the original letter.

I forgot to say that General Longstreet strongly advised General Lee to meet General McClellan in order that he might know definitely what McClellan wanted.

I have this moment heard of Longstreet's death Saturday at Gainesville. He often came to visit me when I lived in Atlanta, and we often talked of the war and its sequel.

I recall very distinctly a reply he made to me one day when I asked: "Well, General, you and I are both glad to-day that we have a united country, and perhaps in God's providence it is well that we were defeated, even though we were clearly in the right."

"I do not believe in placing the blame on the Lord," said Long-

street. "We ought to have whipped the Yankees, restored the Union and settled the negro question ourselves, but we are a big load to carry in some of our own leaders."

Very sincerely, your friend,

BENJAMIN J. KEILEY,
Bishop of Savannah, Ga.

[The conjecture to which the receipt of a letter by General Lee from General McClellan gave rise—that it was desired by the latter to end the war by forcible means, ousting the politicians in control at Washington—is a very suggestive one. It is well-known that General McClellan distrusted the patriotism and good faith of the administration. He had not been supported with reinforcements at the critical moment in the operations in front of Richmond, and the failure of his peninsula campaign was due, in his opinion, to the unwillingness of the designing politicians at Washington to see a Democrat gain the prestige and political influence that a decisive victory at Richmond would have given him. His army had been virtually taken away from him after the "change of base" to James river, and given to Pope, with the result that it was badly beaten in the second battle of Manassas. Only when General Lee crossed the Potomac into Maryland and his advance upon Washington was feared, was General McClellan again placed in command to save the situation—which he did at Antietam by causing General Lee to recross the Potomac. Soon after that action General McClellan was again deprived of his command, for the reason, it was believed in 1862, that a general was wanted who preferred the success of the Republican party to the restoration of the Union. Whether this belief was or was not correct it is unnecessary to consider, but it is undeniable that in the presidential campaign of 1864 General McClellan was prevented by force and fraud from receiving the votes cast for him. In the earlier elections of 1862 on the "stop-the-war" issue a number of the leading Northern States gave large Democratic majorities. It was, therefore, not difficult for General Cobb and General Longstreet in 1862 to believe that in proposing an interview after the battle of Antietam General McClellan had it in mind to restore the Union by united action of the two chief armies, in defiance of politicians who were supposed to have only party interests in view.]

General Lee, it will be noted, is said to have declined to meet General McClellan, so that it was not definitely ascertained what the

latter meant to discuss. The Confederate general was averse to dealing with political topics. General Sherman is said to have similarly declined an offer of a Governor of Georgia to initiate negotiations for the restoration of peace.—ED. *Sun.*]

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, November 15, 1903.]

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

Written by Lieutenant-General Richard Taylor, a Short
Time Before His Death.

HIS MEETING WITH GENERAL CANBY.

To write an impartial and unprejudiced account of exciting contemporary events has always been a difficult task. More especially is this true of civil strife, which, like family jars, evokes a peculiar flavor of bitterness.

But slight sketches of minor incidents, by actors and eye-witnesses, may prove of service to the future writer, who undertakes the more ambitious and severe duty of historian.

The following *memoir pour servir* has this object.

In the summer of 1864, after the close of the Red river campaign, I was ordered to cross the Mississippi and report my arrival on the east bank by telegraph to Richmond.

All the fortified forts on the river were held by the Federals, and the intermediate portions of the stream closely guarded by gunboats to impede and, if possible, prevent passage. This delayed the transmission of the order above mentioned until August, when I crossed at a point just above the mouth of the Red river.

On a dark night, in a small canoe, with horses swimming alongside, I got over without attracting the attention of a gunboat anchored a short distance below.

Woodville, Wilkinson county, Miss., was the nearest place in telegraphic communication with Richmond. Here, in reply to a dispatch to Richmond, I was directed to assume command of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi, etc., with headquarters at

Meridian, Miss., and was informed that President Davis would, at an early day, meet me at Montgomery, Ala.

The military situation was as follows:

Sherman occupied Atlanta, Hood lying some distance to the southwest; Farragut had forced the defenses of Mobile bay, capturing Fort Morgan, etc., and the Federals held Pensacola, but had made no movement into the interior.

THE CLOSING SCENES.

Major-General Maury commanded the Confederate forces garrisoning Mobile and adjacent works, with Commodore Farrand, Confederate Navy, in charge of several armed vessels.

Small bodies of troops were stationed at different points through the Department, and Major-General Forrest, with his division of cavalry, was in Northeast Mississippi. Directing this latter officer to move his command across the Tennessee river, and use every effort to intercept Sherman's communications south of Nashville, I proceeded to Mobile to inspect the fortifications; thence to Montgomery, to meet President Davis.

The interview extended over many hours, and the military situation was freely discussed. Our next meeting was at Fortress Monroe, where, during his confinement, I obtained permission to visit him.

The closing scenes of the great drama succeeded each other with startling rapidity. Sherman marched, unopposed, to the sea, Hood was driven from Nashville across the Tennessee river, and asked to be relieved.

Assigned to this duty I met him near Tupelo, North Mississippi, and witnessed the melancholy spectacle presented by a retreating army. Guns, small arms and accoutrements lost, men without shoes or blankets, and this in a winter of unusual severity in that latitude. Making every effort to re-equip his force, I suggested to General Lee, then commanding all the armies of the Confederacy, that it should be moved to the Carolinas, to interpose between Sherman's advance and his (Lee's) lines of supply, and, in the last necessity, of retreat.

The suggestion was adopted, and this force so moved.

General Wilson, with a well-appointed and ably-led command of Federal cavalry, moved rapidly through North Alabama, seized Selma, and turning east to Montgomery, continued into Georgia.

General Canby, commanding the Union armies in the Southwest, advanced up the eastern shore of Mobile bay, and invested Spanish Fort and Blakely, important Confederate works in that quarter. After repulsing an assault, General Maury, in accordance with instructions, withdrew his garrison in the night to Mobile, and then evacuated the city, falling back to Meridian, on the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railway. General Forrest was drawn to the same point, and the little army, less than eight thousand of all arms, was held in readiness to discharge such duties as the waning fortunes of the "cause" and the honor of its arms might demand.

SOLDIERLY COURTESY.

Intelligence of Lee's surrender reached us. Staff officers from Johnston and Sherman came across the country to inform Canby and myself of their "Convention." Whereupon an interview was arranged between us to determine a course of action, and a place selected ten miles north of Mobile, near the railway. Accompanied by a staff officer, Colonel Wm. M. Levy (afterwards a member of Congress from Louisiana), and making use of a hand-car, I reached the appointed spot, and found General Canby, with a large escort and many staff and other officers. Among these I recognized some old friends, notably General Canby, himself, and General James Palmer. All extended cordial greeting.

A few moments of private conversation with Canby led to the establishment of a truce, to await further intelligence from the North.

Forty-eight hours' notice was to be given by the party desiring to terminate the truce. We then joined the throng of officers, and although every one present felt a deep conviction that the last hour of the sad struggle approached, no allusion was made to it. Subjects awakening memories of the past, when all were sons of a loved, united country, were as by the natural selection of good breeding, chosen.

A bountiful luncheon was soon spread, and I was invited to partake of pates, champagne frappe, and other "delights," which, to me, had long been as lost arts. As we took our seats at table, a military band in attendance commenced playing "Hail, Columbia." Excusing himself, General Canby walked to the door. The music ceased for a moment, and then the strains of "Dixie" were heard.

Old Froissart records no gentler act of "courtesie." Warmly thanking General Canby for his delicate consideration, I asked for

"Hail, Columbia," and proposed we should unite in the hope that our Columbia would soon be, once more, a happy land.

This and other kindred sentiments were duly honored in "frappe," and, after much pleasant intercourse, the party separated.

THE SURRENDER.

The succeeding hours were filled with a grave responsibility, which could not be evaded or shared. Circumstances had appointed me to watch the dying agonies of a cause that had fixed the attention of the world. To my camps, as the last refuge in the storm, came many members of the Confederate Congress. These gentlemen were urged to go, at once, to their respective homes, and by precept and example teach the people to submit to the inevitable, obey the laws, and resume the peaceful occupations on which society depends. This advice was followed, and with excellent effect on public tranquility.

General Canby dispatched that his government disavowed the Johnston-Sherman Convention, and it would be his duty to resume hostilities. Almost at the same instant came the news of Johnston's surrender.

There was no more room for hesitancy. Folly and madness combined would not have justified an attempt to prolong a hopeless contest.

General Canby was informed that I desired to meet him for the purpose of negotiating a surrender of my forces, and that Commodore Farrand, commanding the armed vessels in the Alabama river, desired to meet Rear Admiral Thatcher for a similar purpose. Citronville, some forty miles north of Mobile, was the appointed place, and there, in the early days of May, 1865, the great war virtually ended.

After this no hostile gun was fired, and the authority of the United States was supreme in the land.

Conditions of surrender were speedily determined, and of a character to soothe the pride of the vanquished: Officers to retain side-arms, troops to turn in arms and equipments to their own ordnance officers, so of the quartermaster and commissary stores; the Confederate cotton agent for Alabama and Mississippi to settle his accounts with the Treasury Agent of the United States; muster rolls to be prepared, etc., transportation to be provided for the men. All this under my control and supervision.

Here a curious incident may be mentioned. At an early period

of the war, when Colonel Sidney Johnston retired to the south of the Tennessee river, Isham G. Harris, Governor of Tennessee, accompanied him, taking at the same time the coin from the vaults of the State Bank of Tennessee, at Nashville. This coin, in the immediate charge of a bonded officer of the bank, had occasioned much solicitude to the Governor in his many wanderings. He appealed to me to assist in the restoration of the coin to the bank. At my request General Canby detailed an officer and escort, and the money reached the bank intact. This is the Governor Harris who was afterwards elected to the United States Senate.

AFTER THE WAR.

The condition of the people of Alabama and Mississippi was at this time deplorable. The waste of war had stripped large areas of the necessities of life. In view of this I suggested to General Canby that his troops, sent to the interior, should be limited to the number required for the preservation of order, and be stationed at points where supplies were more abundant. That trade would soon be established between soldiers and people—furnishing the latter with currency, of which they were destitute—and friendly relations promoted.

These suggestions were adopted, and a day or two thereafter, at Meridian, a note was received from General Canby, inclosing copies of orders to Generals Granger and Steele, commanding army corps, by which it appeared these officers were directed to call on me for, and conform to, advice relative to the movement of their troops. Strange, indeed, must such confidence appear to statesmen of the "bloody-shirt" persuasion.

In due time Federal staff officers reached my camp. The men were paroled and sent home. Public property was turned over and receipted for, and this as orderly and gently as in time of peace between officers of the same service.

What years of discord, bitterness, injustice and loss would not our country have been spared had the wounds of war healed "by first intentions," under the tender ministrations of the hands that fought the battles?

But the task was allotted to ambitious partisans, most of whom had not heard the sound of a gun.

As of old, the lion and the bear fight openly and sturdily; the stealthy fox carries off the prize.

[From the Savannah News, December 1, 1903.]

JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRIVATEER.

Thrilling Story of the Exploits of a Confederate Privateer.

SHE PERFORMED SERVICES INVALUABLE TO THE SOUTH AT A CRITICAL PART OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The Confederate privateer, *Jefferson Davis*, previously the condemned slave brig *Echo*, and which is said to have been owned at one time by J. R. Gilmore, better known as "Edmund Kirke," whose death recently occurred in New York, has a history which inspires younger generations, who know of the chivalric deeds of the Southerner in the 60's only through listening to the war tales told by the gray-haired around the fireside, or through the reading of a few disconnected portions of the inside history of the hosts who saw their last banner furled at Appomattox, and wended their ways homeward to begin life over again after having revolutionized the wars of the world.

On bloody battlefields and on the high seas the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy covered themselves with glory, their fighting qualities giving to the world a story of selfsacrificing greatness unprecedented in the history of nations, to marvel at and to hand down to oncoming generations, but few of the adventures of the warrior of the South, which were not buried with the gray-clad hero, are more thrilling than those of the crew of the privateer named after the President of the Confederacy.

The *Jefferson Davis* was 230 tons register and rated at 1½, was a full-rigged brig, and carried four waist-guns, two eighteen-pounders and two twelve-pounders, and one long eighteen-pounder of old English make, amidships. Starting out upon a privateering expedition in 1861, she was in command of Captain Lewis M. Coxeter, who will be remembered by the older citizens of Savannah as the commander of steam-packets plying between Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville.

Soon after leaving Charleston the *Davis* reaped a rich harvest in capturing Federal vessels with an estimated value of over \$225,000. When the *Davis* captured the *John Welsh*, off Hatteras, Captain

Coxeter, after the work of transferring the stores had been completed, mustered all hands aft, and said to them:

"Boys, if you molest the crew of that brig or their things to the value of a rope yarn, I will punish you to the utmost of my power." Turning to his officers, he said: "Gentlemen, I desire that you do everything in your power to make the stay of these gentlemen as agreeable as possible," concluding with an invitation to the captured officers to dine with him in his cabin.

A prize crew in charge of Prize Master Stevens was then put in charge of the captured vessel and ordered to put in at the nearest Southern port. On the same day the schooner *Enchantress*, from Boston, was captured off Montauk, and placed in charge of a former Savannah pilot, Wallace Smith. She was ordered South. On the following Sunday the *Jefferson Davis* captured the schooner *S. J. Waring*, of Brookhaven, L. I., with a valuable cargo. Montague Amiel, a Charleston pilot, was placed in charge, with a mate, second mate and two men. William Tillman, a negro cook, two seamen and a passenger, Bryce McKinnon, were left aboard, and late in the afternoon the captured prize was headed south.

On the night of July 16, 1861, when the *S. J. Waring* was fifty miles south of Charleston, and when the prize captain and mate were asleep in their berths, the second mate at the wheel and the others dozing or asleep, William Tillman, the negro cook, carried out a preconcerted plan, killing the three with a hatchet and throwing their bodies overboard. After retaking the vessel, the steward was in command, and shortly afterwards the *S. J. Waring* was carried up to the Battery in New York harbor by the pilot-boat *Jane*.

After having captured a good number of Federal ships and retained their crews as prisoners of war, the *Davis*, on July 9, took the ship *Mary Goodell*, bound for Buenos Ayres, and on account of the fact that the ship was useless to them, and not desiring to destroy life and property as a ruthless conqueror, Captain Coxeter placed his prisoners aboard and allowed the *Mary Goodell* to go free.

The havoc made by the *Jefferson Davis* on the Atlantic coast, the privateer having captured prizes which amounted to over \$200,000, caused the greatest consternation and excitement in Northern ports. Immediately upon learning of her career, the government at Washington ordered a fleet composed of the *Jackson*, *Crawford* and *Varina*, in command of Captain Howard, to search for the *Davis* and destroy her, and it is a fact that the *Davis* turned the tables in

capturing the ship *Crawford* and burning her, after having taken aboard the crew of twenty-two persons.

The career of the *Davis* was ended off the coast of Florida on August 16, when, as the ship was making an effort to sail into the port of St. Augustine, she struck. A small boat was sent ashore for help and the prisoners were landed, and the Confederate officers were greeted by the citizens of St. Augustine with the most enthusiastic demonstrations, the ladies throwing open their houses and giving them reception after reception, sumptuously providing for them and affording them every comfort possible.

During the voyage of the *Davis* a conspiracy existed among the prisoners and a portion of the crew to kill the commander and to take the vessel into New York. After the return of the privateer to Confederate shores, the conspiracy was disclosed, and, upon the arrival at Charleston, the suspected ones were arrested and given a trial, only one of the men proving to be guilty of the charge.

Wallace Smith, and three others of the crew of the *Davis*, who were captured by the Federals, were convicted in the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia upon an indictment of piracy. A message was then sent to the government at Washington by the Confederate government that if the seamen were executed, the Confederate authorities would likewise execute several prominent prisoners of war then in the hands of the Confederates, and the lives of the seamen were thus saved.

The career of the *Jefferson Davis* reads like romance when the very interesting details of captures are told by those who remember when the *Davis* was as much feared along the Atlantic coast as the *Alabama* was a terror in other waters. Captain Coxeter, of the *Jefferson Davis*, after the wreck of his vessel, went into the blockade-running service and commanded the steamers *Autonica* and *Beauregard*. In his last trip to Charleston, in command of the *Beauregard*, he was fired at fifteen times by the Federal blockaders. He was very successful in the service, but, owing to ill-health, was compelled to resign.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, December 13, 1903.]

THE BATTLE OF FORT GREGG.

By Captain A. K. JONES, of Port Gibson, Miss.

(See *Ante* Vol. XXIII, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, p. 74.)

It may be justly said there was no defense in any war, at any time, which crowned the defenders with more luster than that of Fort Gregg.

The story of the two hundred Mississippians who defied, and held at bay for two hours, five divisions of the enemy, will forever be recalled with the proudest satisfaction.

There has never been a more determined assault, and there will never be a more determined defense.

Those men were as valiant and strong of soul as the Christian martyrs of old.

Nothing in the annals of war excels their conduct, and their names should be inscribed on the new Capitol walls at Jackson, Miss.

Captain Jones has recorded a great event, which the people of the South cannot too highly appreciate.—EDITOR *Picayune*.

All who are familiar with the history of the Army of Northern Virginia know that but for the stubborn defense, unparalleled, at Fort Gregg, made by the 12th and 16th Mississippi Regiments, on Sunday, the 2d day of April, 1865, checking the advance of the Army of the Potomac, flushed and jubilant over the defeat and capture of the whole right wing of our army, and now pressing forward upon Petersburg, General Lee would have been compelled to surrender in his trenches; for it was a physical impossibility to have withdrawn his army across the Appomattox except under cover of night.

General Lee, in his dispatch of that day to the Secretary of War, said:

“It is absolutely necessary that we should abandon our position to-night. It will be a difficult operation, but I hope not impracticable.”

The battle of Fort Gregg was the last great battle between the two armies, and was decidedly the bloodiest of them all. On the

1st of April, 1865, our brigade (Harris'), composed of the 12th, 16th, 19th and 48th Mississippi Regiments, was doing service in the trenches on the north side of James river.

About dark we got orders to cook all the rations we had on hand, and to be ready to march at a moment's notice. The orders came at midnight to leave the pickets on duty and to move out quietly to the rear, and to leave everything but canteens and cartridge boxes.

We moved on the road to Richmond, conjecturing that we were going to intercept a raiding party; but after crossing the James the column was headed toward Petersburg, and soon was double-quick-ing.

We crossed the Appomattox on a pontoon bridge about four miles above Petersburg, at a little factory village, Matoaca; and when we lined up on the south bank of the Appomattox, the sun was ushering in a beautiful and charming holy day, and little did we reckon what would happen to us before it went down. All kinds of rumors were flying, some that our right, composed of Johnson's, Pender's and Picket's Divisions, had the day before turned the enemy's left, and won a great victory; others that we had at first driven the enemy, and then had been driven by them, sustaining a great loss. After waiting an hour or so, we were moved about four miles to the trenches, about one mile west of Fort Gregg. Here we were fronted at right angles to the line of trenches; our left on the trenches, and our right thrown back toward the river. We were the only organized forces in sight.

Then it was evident to all that a great disaster had overtaken General Lee's right, for men came running back, singly and in squads, most of them demoralized, and reported that the enemy had, by a daylight attack, succeeded in breaking through our lines, and had captured the whole right wing of the army, and that General A. P. Hill, our corps commander, was among the killed. In the course of a few hours the enemy came in sight, directly in our front, their battle line more than a mile long; the glint and glimmer of their guns shone like a wave of silver.

When they got within the range of our rifles, they halted and began a desultory firing, and ten or twelve pieces of artillery came in a gallop to the front. Then the command was given to fall back to the two forts, and for the 12th and 16th Mississippi Regiments to occupy Gregg, and the 19th and 48th to occupy Baldwin.

When we reached Fort Gregg we found there two pieces of field artillery, manned by twelve or fifteen men, and about one hundred

infantry, who had made their escape from the right. They begged to go to the rear, and we hesitated whether to let them go or make them stay and help to defend the fort; but concluded that in their demoralized condition it was better to let them go, provided they left their guns with us, which they readily consented to do.

While we were getting into position, "on the right by file into line," beginning with company A, of the 16th, which arrangement placed my company on the opposite side of the driveway from company A, and its duty to protect the entrance, I was told that General Wilcox wanted me. When I got to him he had dismounted, and was standing in the entrance way. He asked me if I was the commanding officer. I replied that Colonel Duncan was. He said: "Send for him."

Before Duncan arrived he got on his horse so that he could be better heard, and then in loud, exciting voice, said:

"Men, the salvation of Lee's army is in your keeping; you must realize the responsibility, and your duty; don't surrender this fort; if you can hold the enemy in check for two hours, Longstreet, who is making a forced march, will be here, and the danger to the army in the trenches will be averted."

The artillery of the Federals cut short his speech. The response was: "Tell General Lee that Fort Gregg will never be surrendered."

The cannonading lasted about thirty minutes. Our two pieces did not fire more than two shots before both guns were dismounted, and the gunners took shelter in the bomb-proof.

When the cannonading ceased, the infantry advanced in beautiful order until they got in range of our rifles, when we pelted them right merrily, and so effectively that they retired out of range; but soon their lines were reformed, and then they came in a run. Their battle lines were three-fourths of a mile long, but before getting to the fort they were solid masses of men.

In these charges there was no shooting but by us, and we did cruel and savage work with them. When they got in twenty-five or thirty yards of the fort they were safe, for we could not see them again until they appeared upon the parapet.

Those that first reached the fort were content to lie quietly in the ditch, which was about fourteen feet wide and about eight feet deep, and about eleven feet to the top of the parapet.

When General Gibbon saw that the fort was not captured, he

started his second column of a thousand or fifteen hundred men, and we gave them the same warm welcome that we gave the first, and more of it.

As soon as this column reached shelter and recovered breath they attempted to climb over the parapet, but no sooner was a head seen than it was withdrawn with a minnie ball in it. When it was realized that nothing more could be expected from the men in the trenches around the fort, then the third and stronger column started, and we had harder work to keep them out. When these several charges were made the troops in the rear cheered most lustily. There were six of these assaulting columns, and they followed each other about every thirty minutes, and each successive one was harder to drive off the parapet, and when the fort was finally captured, the parapet was covered with dead men in blue.

I am satisfied that the last assaulting column walked on the heads of the other columns, who were packed in the ditch like sardines in a box, for they made no halt at all, but rushed right on over the parapet into the fort.

Before the last assault was made the battle flags of the enemy made almost a solid line of bunting around the fort. The noise outside was fearful, frightful and indescribable, the curses and groaning of frenzied men could be heard over and above the din of our musketry. Savage men, ravenous beasts!

We felt that there was no hope for us unless we could keep them at bay. We were prepared for the worst, and expected no quarter.

Many of our captors were under the influence of whisky, and all were exasperated that we should have made such a stubborn fight, entailing on them a bloody massacre, when resistance was useless and vain.

So the cry was to kill, and but for their officers, who with cocked pistols made the men desist, all of us would have been murdered, and then too the jam of men in the fort gave us some protection, for it was impossible almost to shoot a Confederate without hitting a Federal. We lost about forty men killed in the fort after its capture, and fully that many Federals were killed by their own men.

It was ten minutes before the shooting could be suppressed.

I have been often asked how many men we had in the fort, and what was our loss, and what was that of the enemy. I am sure that we did not have exceeding two hundred men in both regiments. If all the twenty companies in the fort were equally as strong as Com-

panies G and K, which together had nineteen men, and which I think were fair averages, there were 190 men, including officers, in the fort. We lost in the two regiments about forty men, nearly all of them killed after the capture of the fort.

The records show that the whole of Gibbon's Corps and two divisions of another corps were in the fight of Fort Gregg.

The dead of the enemy lay literally in heaps, much thicker than they were in front of the stone fence at Fredericksburg, or in the angle at Spotsylvania Courthouse. I think I am conservative in saying that General Gibbon lost 1,200 men killed outright around Fort Gregg.

The following named members of the Claiborne Guards, Company K, 12th Mississippi Regiment, were in Fort Gregg, and assisted in its defense: Captain A. K. Jones, Corporal H. K. Fuller, H. M. Colson, W. W. Coutch, H. W. Porter, J. H. Roberts, A. J. Sevier, G. W. H. Shaifer, J. H. Simms, W. R. Thompson, and Pearson Wells.

W. D. Brown was wounded before we got into the fort, and did not enter, but went on to the rear.

John H. Roberts was shot some minutes after the capture of the fort, as many of our men were.

For some time the Natchez Fencibles, Company G, were attached to Company K, and both regarded as one company.

There were of the Natchez Fencibles present in Fort Gregg: Lieutenant Glasscock, Sergeant Barlow, Sergeant Lecand, Corporal Murray, Naftel Underwood, Joseph Vandyke, and West.

O'Brien and Podesta were wounded in front of the fort, and did not enter it. James Vandyke was wounded in the fort, and got out and went to the rear before the assault was made.

King was on the front line. If he was in the fort he was killed. He was not with us a prisoner.

[From the Baltimore, Md., *Sun*, September 26, 1903.]

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

By JAMES M. GARNETT,

**Formerly Captain Confederate States Army and Ordnance Officer of
General Rodes' Division, Army of Northern Virginia.**

The battle of Winchester, fought on Monday, September 19, 1864, between General Sheridan, with over 45,000 men, and General Early, with less than 15,000 men of all arms, made General Sheridan a brigadier-general in the regular army and commander of the Middle Military Division, was hailed with salvos of 100 guns from each of General Grant's armies, and caused unspeakable rejoicing throughout the North. General Early has said (Early's *Memoir*, page 91, note): "I have always thought that, instead of being promoted, Sheridan ought to have been cashiered for this battle." Any military man, dispassionately reading an account of this battle, and rightly regarding the extreme disparity of force with which the battle was fought, will see what reason General Early had for making this remark, for expressing an opinion so contrary to that entertained by many.

Ten days after the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, General Lee detached General Early, commanding the Second Corps (Ewell's), to overtake General Hunter, who had marched up the Valley through Staunton and Lexington and Lynchburg. Early reached Lynchburg in time to prevent an attack on that city, and was about to attack Hunter the next morning, when he retreated during the night and was pursued for three days to Salem, from which point he was compelled to retreat through the mountains of West Virginia to the Ohio river. General Early moved down the Valley, across the Potomac, fought the battle of Monocacy, in which he defeated General Lew Wallace, and threatened Washington. The troops of Early were too much fatigued with their long and hot march to attack on the day of their arrival before Washington, and the next day there were two corps in the fortifications—the 6th, under General Wright, having been detached by General Grant from his own army, and the 19th, under General Emory, having been sent up the Poto-

mac from Fort Monroe, where it had arrived in the nick of time from New Orleans, and was still on its transports. Thus Washington was saved from capture by the opportune arrival of these two corps, for Early would have made little account of the heavy artillery and local troops then in the fortifications of that city.

Early withdrew to the lower Valley, followed by Wright and Emory, who were soon joined by General Crook, who had superseded Hunter after his disastrous return to Harper's Ferry from the Ohio river. This formed the Eighth Corps in the Army of the Shenandoah Valley. Soon Wright and Emory started back to Washington to reinforce Grant, when Early at once turned upon Crook, defeated him at Kernstown, July 24, and drove him through Winchester and across the Potomac at Harper's Ferry. This caused the return of the troops of Wright and Emory, and the whole force was concentrated at and near Harper's Ferry.

In casting around for a commander for this army General Grant fixed upon his cavalry commander, General Sheridan, recently defeated by General Hampton, at Trevillian's Station, in his effort to join General Hunter, and compelled to return. Sheridan, in addition to his three corps of infantry, was supplied with three divisions of cavalry—Averill's, Merritt's and Wilson's—all under command of General Torbert, and numbering 11,000 men, as was shown by the rolls of the cavalry which were captured by the Confederates in this campaign.

The Second Corps of the Confederate Army consisted of the divisions of Rodes, Ramseur and Gordon, to which was added, after reaching Lynchburg, the small division of Breckinridge, commanded by General Wharton. Later, General Early was joined by General R. H. Anderson, with General Kershaw's division of infantry, and General Fitz. Lee's division of cavalry from General Lee's army.

There was much marching up and down the Valley and manoeuvring for position on the part of Generals Early and Sheridan. Notwithstanding his immense superiority of force, General Sheridan would not join battle. At last General Grant paid General Sheridan a visit, with a plan of battle in his pocket, and with the intention of urging him to fight, when he ascertained that Sheridan had just been informed by a female spy in Winchester that General Anderson, with Kershaw's Division, had been recalled to General Lee's army—such was the pressing need for reinforcements there—and Sheridan had already determined to attack, so Grant did not divulge his plan. The withdrawal of Kershaw's Division from General Early's

army was most unfortunate for the Confederates. Notwithstanding the presence of Sheridan's immense force at Berryville, ten miles from Winchester, General Early boldly, or rashly, marched to Martinsburg, twenty-two miles from Winchester, to put a stop to the relaying of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with one division (Gordon's), leaving another (Rodes') at Bunker Hill (twelve miles), a third (Wharton's) near Stephenson's (six miles) and only Ramseur's Division near Winchester, on the Berryville road, to watch Sheridan. This was tempting Providence, and on that very day (Sunday, September 18), Grant was holding his interview with Sheridan at Charlestown.

At last Sheridan determined to attack at daylight next morning, thinking to defeat Early's divisions in detail. This he might have done if he had moved more promptly, although Rodes had returned to Stephenson's and Gordon to Bunker Hill the night before. Ramseur, however, fought Wilson's cavalry division and Wright's leading infantry division with great persistency, retiring very slowly, and thus giving time for Gordon and Rodes to join him, Wharton having moved from Stephenson's out on the Brucetown road as far as the Opequon, to resist the advance of Merritt's Cavalry Division. At this point I may insert some extracts from a diary kept during a part of this campaign, which gives a more vivid account than reminiscences of nearly forty years' standing:

"Wednesday, September 21, 1864.

"After leaving camp day before yesterday I joined General Rodes, whose division was then on the march, following General Gordon's, and received some orders about the brigade ordnance wagons. [My division ordnance train had already been sent through Winchester and halted on the south side of the town to await events.] The troops moved on up to the support of General Ramseur, who was being heavily pressed by the enemy near Winchester on the Berryville pike. Gordon's Division formed and went in to the left of Ramseur's, and ours, three brigades—Cook's, Cox's and Grimes'—between the two, but before ours got fairly engaged Gordon's left, being outflanked, gave way, and we were only saved from great disaster by Battle's Brigade of our division, which the General (Rodes) had directed me to order to be held in reserve, being ordered straight forward at a charge, which was handsomely executed, carrying everything before it. As soon as I had delivered the order to General Battle, hearing that the rest of our division had become engaged,

in obedience to previous orders from General Rodes, I immediately went after the brigade ordnance wagons, and ordered up one from each brigade with Lieutenant Partridge. On reaching the field again I was informed by Major Peyton, Adjutant-General of Rodes' Division, that General Rodes had been killed soon after the division became engaged. He was struck on the head by a piece of shell, it is thought, and lived but a short while, totally unconscious. This is an irreparable loss to our division, and, indeed, to our army, for he was General Early's right arm. We succeeded in handsomely repulsing this attack, and several succeeding ones, our artillery being very effective, doing good execution. Ramseur was pressed back on the right, but succeeded finally in re-establishing his line, which was very long and thin. Fearing the enemy might attack there again and, if the line gave way, get into Winchester, in our rear, General Early ordered up Wharton's (Breckinridge's) Division, which was engaged with the Yankee cavalry (Merritt's Division) near Brucetown. To the withdrawal of this division, though necessary, perhaps, may be attributed the loss of the day, for now our disasters commenced. Wharton's Division had barely reached Ramseur's line [if, indeed, it reached there] when a heavy force of Yankee cavalry (Averill's and Merritt's Divisions, the former coming up from Martinsburg and the latter from Brucetown, had joined near Stephenson's) dashed up the Martinsburg pike, driving back our cavalry, two very small brigades, and penetrating to our rear. Wharton's Division was immediately withdrawn and sent to the left and rear to check them, which it succeeded in doing; but the enemy, seeing the success of their cavalry, sent a body of infantry, Crook's Corps, to connect with it, which turned our left flank, forcing Gordon's and Rodes' Divisions to fall back and form perpendicular to their original line; and in this position the fight raged for an hour or more. * * * When Wharton's Division became engaged with the cavalry, * * * ammunition being inquired for, I started after my brigade ordnance wagons, which had gotten out of the way when the Yankee cavalry advanced. I missed their track and rode around the east side of the town to the Staunton pike without finding them, but succeeded in finding others, which I sent forward. Riding through town on my way back I found everything coming through town in the greatest confusion, Market street being filled with medical and ordnance wagons and ambulances three deep. I met the ambulance with General Rodes' body, in charge of Captain M. Lewis Randolph [signal officer of General Rodes' Division], and

afterward my brigade ordnance wagons in charge of Lieutenants Cabaniss and Partridge. * * * On Main street I met the troops coming through in much confusion. The Yankee cavalry had charged again and captured most of Wharton's Division, and the overwhelming numbers of their infantry, after our left was thus broken, had forced the remainder of the line to retire. The troops, however, were formed beyond the town, and the retreat continued in good order. After bidding some friends good-bye, I rode over to Market street again, when Major Henry Kyd Douglas and others just before me were shot at near the corner beyond. I then retired up Market street, stopping near the Methodist Church and witnessing the Yankees coming in near the Union Hotel, flags flying, drums beating and men shouting. I have retired through Winchester many a time before, but never did I witness the Yankees come in in that manner, though I have often seen them in the same predicament that we were in. Douglas was a square nearer the Yankees and I called to him to come on, but he amused himself bowing to them while they were shooting at us. After viewing them long enough on Market street, I rode over to Main street and looked at them a while there. A dozen or so of our men were on Main street, and the enemy fired several shots at us. I rode out of town and stopped at our skirmish line until after the Yankee skirmishers appeared on this side (south) of the town, and then came on to the division, which stopped a while in the woods beyond Kernstown, then moved about a mile this side of Newtown and camped for the night in line of battle. * * * If we had only had some good cavalry to resist that of the enemy our infantry could have maintained its position, but our cavalry did not behave well, even if there were superior numbers against them. If Wharton's Division had been up early in the morning when we repulsed the first attack, we might have followed it up, but its withdrawal from below let in the whole Yankee cavalry upon us, for McCausland's and Imboden's Brigades could not resist them, even when reinforced by Wickham's and Payne's Brigades. I have just issued this morning the last of the arms, accoutrements and ammunition that I had, and the division still lacks arms and accoutrements, though it is pretty well supplied with ammunition, for it has lost, I suppose, about 1,000 men all together. General Ramseur has been assigned to the command of the division. * * * We sent a large ordnance train to Staunton this morning for stores. May we have more success with them than with those expended day before yesterday, though up to 3 o'clock

we had whipped the enemy well, and but for that cavalry we might have held our own against succeeding attacks. It is the first time that I have ever seen cavalry very effective in a general engagement. Would that Rosser's Brigade had been with us, and on the left! The day might have been different. It was 5.07 o'clock when I looked at my watch as the Yankees came into Winchester, and we had been fighting from 10 or 11 until 2, when there was a cessation until the cavalry attack, about 3, which resulted so disastrously."

It will be seen from this account, written two days after the battle, that there has been much exaggeration in Federal accounts of this battle. The actual facts were bad enough, and there was no need to make them worse. Ramseur retreated on the east side of Winchester, and so preserved his organization better than the troops that passed through the town, but these were re-formed on the south side. It was some time after the posting of our skirmish line, with artillery, on the south side of Winchester, before the enemy showed themselves, and our artillery fired until it was too dark to see anything but the flashes of the guns. I remained near this piece of artillery for some time and watched Ramseur's Division passing, and Lomax's Cavalry beyond, which had kept in check Wilson's Cavalry Division all day on our right, and was only forced to retire after the general retreat. Wilson should have burst through this handful of men and seized the Staunton pike long before. Even so intelligent a writer as General Merritt says (*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Volume IV, page 510): "At the time of this last charge the Union infantry advanced along the entire line, and the enemy fled in disorder from the field, and night alone (for it was now dark) saved Early's army from capture." It was not dark, not even 5 o'clock, as I have shown above from my exact record of the time (5.07) when the Federal troops entered Winchester. Again he says (same page): "Early had not stopped on the night of the battle until he reached the shelter of Fisher's Hill." Now, I myself, with troops all around me in line of battle, spent the night at the headquarters of Rodes' Division, one mile south of Newtown, which is eight miles south of Winchester and twelve miles north of Fisher's Hill, to which place we did not retire until next morning. General Merritt did not come far enough to see for himself. No wonder General Early says in his "Memoir:" "When I look back to this battle, I can but attribute my escape from utter annihilation to the incapacity of my opponent."

Moreover, General Sheridan, in his telegram to General Grant on the evening of the battle, "September 19, 1864, 7.30 P. M." (*War*

Records, Volume XLVII, Part I, page 25), says: "The enemies were strong in number and very obstinate in their fighting," and (page 26) he gives Early's strength as "28,000 infantry!"

The obstinacy of their fighting was all right, but the strength of their numbers was all wrong. He attributes to Early in infantry alone at least double the number that he had of all arms—infantry, cavalry and artillery.

Let us see about this for a moment. In *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (Volume IV, page 524) there is given from a field return of General Early's army, August 31, 1864, excluding Kershaw's Division, as "present for duty, 1,076 officers, 9,570 men," an aggregate of 10,646. Early's *Memoir* gives Fitz Lee's Cavalry as "about 1,200," and Lomax's Cavalry as "about 1,700," or 2,900 all together, and the artillery as 39 officers, 818 men, 857 together. This would give an aggregate of a little more than 14,000; but in a note to the editors General Early states that at the time of the battle his force was reduced to 8,500 muskets, which would reduce this aggregate to 13,000. Rodes' Division was the largest in the corps, and a short time before the battle I reported between 2,600 and 2,700 muskets in the division. I remember distinctly that Colonel Allan, the chief of ordnance of the army, told me that there were then about 9,500 muskets in the army. Perhaps this was the return of August 31, noted above, for I do not remember that we made any return of September 10, it being customary to make returns every ten days, when we were in camp.

Now, let us look at Sheridan's force. His field return for September 10, 1864, gives as "present for duty 43,284 men, 2,225 officers, a total of 45,509. To this we must add Averill's Cavalry Division, 2,500, not included in the above, and we have a grand total of 48,000 troops of all arms. This gives to Sheridan *three and two-thirds* times as many men as Early had.

The Confederate losses were in round numbers about 4,000 men, of whom one-half were prisoners and missing; the Federal losses were about 5,000 men, of whom 600 were prisoners and missing. It is not surprising that General Early was defeated, but it is surprising that he should have risked a battle against such odds, and that he should have maintained his position as long as he did.

General Early has never received the credit that he deserves for his Valley campaign. With Kershaw's Division, which should never have been recalled in view of Sheridan's immense force, it is highly

probable that he would have gained the battle of Winchester even against such odds.

Wright and Emory had been fought out, and it was only with Crook's fresh corps and the two cavalry divisions of Merritt and Averill, which, with Wilson's, were equal in numbers to Early's Infantry, that Sheridan was enabled to gain the victory.

We may now see some ground for Early's opinion that, "instead of being promoted, Sheridan ought to have been cashiered for this battle."

It was my intention to add some account of the battle of Fisher's Hill, which has been called "the aftermath" of Winchester, but this article has already extended to too great length, and that battle, if noticed at all, must be reserved for some future occasion. Besides the references given above, the reader should add Pond's *The Shenandoah Valley of 1864*, an interesting book, but one containing the usual exaggerations of Confederate numbers, and Senator Daniel's address in Richmond, December 13, 1894, on General Early's Valley campaign.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES' FLAG.

Its Evolution.

HOW THE FLAG WAS MADE.

[See also *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXVIII (1900), page 89, *et seq.*]

A Richmond (Va.) special to the New York *Herald*, of December 15, 1903, says:

General W. L. Cabell, formerly of the Confederate Army, has contributed an article to the official organ of his old comrades, giving a history of the battle-flag of the Confederacy, about which there has been more or less controversy. The General says:

When the Confederate Army, commanded by General Beauregard, and the Federal Army confronted each other at Manassas, it was seen that the Confederate flag and the Stars and Stripes looked at a distance so much alike that it was hard to distinguish one from the other. General Beauregard, thinking that serious mistakes might be made in recognizing our troops, ordered, after the battle of July 18, at Blackburn Ford, that a small red badge should be worn on the left shoulder by our troops, and, as I was chief quartermaster, ordered me to purchase a large quantity of red flannel and distribute it to each regiment. I distributed the red flannel to several regiments, who placed badges on the left shoulders of the men. During the battle of Bull Run it was plainly to be seen that a great number of Federal soldiers wore a similar red badge. I saw these badges on a number of prisoners we captured that day.

FLAG FOR EVERY REGIMENT.

Generals Beauregard and Johnston met at Fairfax Courthouse in the latter part of August or early in September and determined to have a battle-flag for every regiment or detached command that could easily be recognized. I was telegraphed for to come at once to Fairfax Courthouse. I found Generals Beauregard and Johnston in General Beauregard's office discussing the kind of flag that should be adopted. General Johnston's flag was in the shape of an ellipse—a red flag, with blue St. Andrew's cross and stars on the cross (white), to represent the different Southern States. No white border of any kind was attached to this cross. General Beauregard's was a rectangle, red, with blue St. Andrew's cross and white stars, similar to General Johnston's.

After we had discussed the two styles, taking into consideration the cost of material and the care of making the same, it was decided that the elliptical flag would be harder to make, that it would take more cloth and that it could not be seen so plainly at a distance; that the rectangular flag drawn and suggested by General Beauregard should be adopted.

General Johnston yielded at once when the reasons given by General Beauregard and myself were so good and substantial. No one else was present but we three until an order was issued adopting the Beauregard flag, as it was called, and directing me, as chief quartermaster, to have the flag made as soon as it could be done.

I immediately issued an address to the good ladies of the South

to give me their red and blue silk dresses and to send them to Captain Colin McRae Selph, Quartermaster, at Richmond (Captain Selph is now living in New Orleans), where he was assisted by two young ladies, Misses Hettie and Constance Cary, from Baltimore, and Mrs. General Henningsen, of Savannah, and Mrs. Judge Hopkins, of Alabama. The Misses Cary made battle-flags for Generals Beauregard and Van Dorn, and, I think, for General J. E. Johnston, and they made General Beauregard's out of their own silk dresses.

This flag is now in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, with a statement of that fact from General Beauregard. General Van Dorn's flag was made of a heavier material, but was very pretty.

MADE FROM SILK DRESSES.

Captain Selph had several of these flags made and sent them to me at Manassas. They were distributed by order of General Beauregard. One flag I had made and gave it to the Washington Artillery. They have it yet.

My wife, who was in Richmond, made a beautiful flag out of her own dresses and sent it to a cousin of hers who commanded an Arkansas regiment. This flag was lost at Elk Horn, but was recaptured by a Missouri division under General Henry Little.

It being impossible to get silk enough to make the great number of flags needed, I had several made out of blue and red cotton cloth. I then issued a circular letter to the quartermasters of every regiment and brigade in the army to make flags, and to use any red cloth suitable that they could get. Generals Beauregard and Johnston, being good draughtsmen, drew their own designs.

The statement going the rounds that this battle-flag was first designed by a Federal prisoner is false. No living soul except Generals Beauregard and Johnston and myself knew anything about the flag until the order was issued to me to have them made as soon as it could be done.

PASSING OF THE MONITOR SCORPION.

Was Built in England for the Confederate States Navy.

AFTER COMPLETION, WITH HER SISTER MONITOR, THE
WIVERN, WAS SEIZED BY ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

The following interesting account of the passing of the old monitor *Scorpion*, a relic of the Confederate navy, is taken from the *Royal Gazette*, of Hamilton, Bermuda, August 4, 1903:

“The foundering of the old monitor *Scorpion* off George’s Shoal recently while being towed from Bermuda to St. John, N. B., where she was to be broken up as old metal, marks, perhaps, the passing of the last relic of the navy of the Confederate States of America.

“The *Scorpion* and her sister monitor, the *Wivern*, were constructed by Laird Bros., of Liverpool, under the supervision of Captain James D. Bullock, of the Confederate navy, an uncle of President Roosevelt. Owing to the protest of Mr. Adams, then minister to England, acting under orders from Secretary Seward, the British government seized the two vessels and refused to allow them to be turned over to the Confederacy. It has always been asserted by Southern and naval officers that the failure of the Confederate government to secure these two monitors, which were then the most formidable war vessel afloat, went far to change the result of the war between the States.

“There are today living in Washington two or three ex-Confederate naval officers who were among those sent to England to bring the *Scorpion* and the *Wivern* to this country, and one of them furnished the following account of the *Scorpion*:

“Soon after the battle between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* in Hampton Roads in 1862 the Confederate government ordered from Laird Bros. two monitors and sent Captain Bullock to England to superintend their construction. The contract price was £93,750 or about \$468,750 apiece. One was to be completed in March, 1863, and the other in May of the same year. They were known while undergoing construction as *El Tousson* and *El Mounassir*.

“There was some delay in the work, and it was not until May 27, 1863, that the Confederate officers who were to man the new boats ran the blockade at Charleston, S. C., and started for England.

Those in the party were Matthew F. Maury, John R. Hamilton, Captain Littlepage, Dan Trigg, H. H. Marmaduke and Captain James North. Captain Bullock was to command one of monitors and Captain North the other.

"The party were beached at Eleuthera Island for two days. Then a wrecking vessel came to their relief and towed their ship to Nassau. They arrived in England in August.

"The agents of the United States government in England found out the intentions of the Confederates in regard to the Laird monitors and reported the matter to Secretary Seward. The latter filed a protest through Minister Adams, and England held up the two vessels.

"The Confederate officers then invoked the aid of Bravay Bros., French bankers, who announced that they would purchase the monitors from Laird Bros., and that they were the agents of the Khedive of Egypt in the transaction. Their real plan was to turn them over to the Confederates. The British government sent a secret messenger to the Khedive, who denied all knowledge of the matter.

"Upon this Secretary Seward notified the British and the French governments that if the Lairds were allowed to deliver the two boats to Bullock and North, the United States would consider it an act of war on the part of Great Britain, and, if Bravay Brothers bought them and delivered them, an act of war on the part of France. In December, 1864, England confiscated the two boats and reimbursed their cost to the Confederate government.

"The English papers said at the time that superiority of the *Scorpion* and the *Wivern* to the other vessels of the British navy was a disgrace to England. The two monitors had the defective armor of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* and were fitted with revolving turrets. If they could have been secured by the Confederacy the blockades might have been raised and the effect upon the result of the war might have been very great.

"In view of the fact that the *Scorpion* had been used of late years as a target for British war vessels in the West Indies, an old Confederate sailor wrote to the Association of Confederate Veterans suggesting that she be bought by the association and preserved as a relic. His letter reached New Orleans in the last week of May, two days after the convention had closed its annual session and too late, therefore, to receive attention. It was published in the New Orleans papers and a movement was started to carry out the plan."

[From the Richmond, Va., *News-Leader*, August 14, 1893.]

FIRST SHOT OF THE WAR WAS FIRED IN THE AIR.

W. H. GIBBES, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, AIDS IN ESTABLISHING THE FACT OF WHO FIRED IT.

Correspondent Seems to Show that His Father, Major Gibbes, Pulled the Lanyard—Order to Fire was Given by Captain James.

An interesting correspondence on the subject of the first gun fired on Fort Sumter has been handed to the State. Mr. W. H. Gibbes, the son of the late Major Wade Hampton Gibbes, writes Colonel Wade Hampton Manning, historian of Camp Hampton, as follows:

“Enclosed you will find letter written to Colonel J. P. Thomas by Mr. D. A. Thomas, of Gaffney, who was present during the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

“This bit of contemporaneous evidence comes from a gentleman who is now local editor of the *Gaffney Ledger* and father of the sheriff of Cherokee county.

“In reviewing the life of my father I consider the chance that led him to pull the lanyard of the first gun that blazed at Sumter one of the least noteworthy features. Every other service that he performed during the war when facing the foe, and when in danger from him, was more creditable and more honorable to him than this act of opening the bombardment upon a quiescent enemy.

“But since you want the ‘truth of history,’ accept the evidence from all sides, and be kind enough to have it published as conspicuously as that formerly adduced. Since my childhood my father has told me the facts in the case.

“Captain James himself gave Lieutenant Gibbes the order to fire the signal gun, and the captain was not even at the battery in person whence it was fired, but probably at a battery below on the beach nearer the fort. At Lieutenant Gibbes’ battery the signal gun was aimed to burst a shell high in the air; another gun was carefully aimed at the fort and the wires were laid ready to explode a mine under an old house in the way. As nearly as possible these things were done simultaneously.

“Now, which of the shots fired at the fort from the three separate

mortar batteries by Captain James, Mr. Ruffin or Lieutenant Gibbes' battery was the second shot no man may certainly say.

"The official statement of General Beauregard, as quoted by Mr. G. G. Alexander, of Camden, that 'Captain George S. James, commanding at Fort Johnson, had the honor of firing the first shell at Fort Sumter' proves so much that it completely disestablishes the position now taken by the friends of Captain James; for the first shell was not fired at Fort Sumter, but into the air.

"It seems hard even for military men to understand military language. Beauregard gave the order to James and his report means simply that Captain James was his lieutenant, and not necessarily the direct actor in effecting his purposes.

"As a matter of interest I enclose some articles from the *Providence Journal* upon the same subject, and I also invite attention to the statement of Major J. J. Lucas, who fully corroborates the signed statement of Major Gibbes that he fired the signal gun at Sumter."

The letter from Mr. D. A. Thomas to Colonel John P. Thomas follows as an enclosure:

"I have read with interest the several controversies about who fired the first gun at Fort Sumter when the Confederates, under General Beauregard, attacked it on the morning of the 12th of April, 1861, and have noted with pleasure your commendable effort to establish the fact that it was Major Wade Hampton Gibbes who fired said first shot, and to secure to him and his descendants the honor which I never doubted he was entitled to.

"At the time that shot was fired I was serving in Company E, Captain J. M. Gadberry, Colonel Maxey Gregg's First regiment, South Carolina volunteers, on Morris Island, and was on picket at Light House inlet on this island when the shot was fired. About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th of April Colonel Gregg, accompanied by Colonel A. C. Haskell, visited my post. Colonel Gregg mentioned the importance of the post and gave me some specific instructions, and turned to leave, when Colonel Haskell held back and told me that our batteries would open on Fort Sumter about 4 o'clock. I watched and saw the flash and heard the report of what many call the first gun of the war. Of course, from my position on Morris Island, and the gun being fired from James Island, I know nothing of my own knowledge as to who fired it. But I do know

that 'who fired the first gun' was the subject of much talk during the bombardment of the fort, and some days after Major Anderson surrendered. At that time and place I only heard that Lieutenant Wade Hampton Gibbes fired the first gun at Sumpter; none disputed it; all conceded it, and I have always believed, and do now believe, that he did it."

Major J. J. Lucas, of Society Hill, who commanded a battery of heavy artillery during the war between the States, writes Colonel Manning as follows:

"It was my privilege to share in the defense of Charleston during the entire war between the States, and although not a member of Camp Hampton, have thought a short paper on the beginning of the struggle for Southern independence would be of interest to my brother veterans, and herewith submit the same."

Major Lucas's paper, which is entitled "Recollections of the Beginning of the War Between the States, by Major J. J. Lucas, of Lucas's Battery Heavy Artillery (regulars)" is given:

"The prevalent opinion in South Carolina in 1860 was that war would not follow secession, and accordingly no preparation was made for it. A select militia of 10,000 men, armed and equipped for service, was recommended by Colonel L. M. Hatch, General A. M. Manigault and myself, to the legislature in 1858, but so satisfied were the political leaders that war was not probable, that the bill failed to pass. Hon. A. G. Magrath was an exception to this general view. He said at one of Governor Picken's cabinet meetings:

'This great government cannot be dissolved save by war, and we had better prepare for it.'

"On the 9th of January, 1861, the steamer *Star of the West* was sent to provision and reinforce Fort Sumter, and was forced to abandon the expedition by a battery of heavy artillery on Morris island, manned by a detachment of Citadel cadets, under the command of Major P. F. Stevens, superintendent of the military academy, and afterward colonel of the Holcombe Legion. The first gun of this engagement was fired by Cadet Haynesworth, of Sumter. Notwithstanding this conflict, South Carolina still hoped for a peaceful separation, but began preparations for war, if forced upon her.

"As aid-de-camp to Governor F. W. Pickens, I was sent to the

governor of Alabama to obtain a supply of artillery powder, and secured 40,000 pounds, which was subsequently used against Fort Sumter.

“General P. G. T. Beauregard was placed in command of the military forces in the vicinity of Charleston, and preparations were begun to reduce Fort Sumter, should peaceful measures fail. General Beauregard was without a staff, and it was my privilege to attend him as aide when locating the batteries to operate against Fort Sumter, which was done as fast as General Beauregard could walk, those on Morris island being located first, and then those on Sullivan’s island.

“When it became apparent that the government at Washington meant subjugation, the Confederate government directed General Beauregard to capture Fort Sumter. Accordingly, General Beauregard ordered Captain George S. James to fire the signal gun at 4:30 A. M., on the 12th of April, 1861. This gun was fired by Lieutenant Wade Hampton Gibbes, afterwards major of artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia.

“One of the most formidable guns used against Sumter was presented by Mr. Prioleau, of Liverpool, of the firm of John Fraser & Co., of Charleston, of which city Mr. Prioleau was native. By order of Governor Pickens I delivered this gun to the engineer officer in charge of the Morris island batteries. When mounted it was placed under the command of Captain John P. Thomas (afterwards colonel), professor at the State Military Academy.

“On Sunday, 14th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was formally surrendered and evacuated by Major Robert Anderson. Governor Pickens and General Beauregard, accompanied by their staff officers, were present. Major Anderson and his officers, save Captain Doubleday, were introduced to Governor Pickens.

“Among the officers present was Captain Hartstem, formerly of the United States navy, to whom, at his request, was presented, by Major Anderson, a piece of the garrison flag, which was shared with the writer, and which is still in his possession.

“While picking up fragments of shell near the southeast angle of Sumter, on the day of the surrender, the writer was accosted by a soldier of Major Anderson’s command, who said: ‘you can gather as many pieces as you want near this gun,’ a 10-inch Columbian, which had been dismounted by Captain Thomas with the rifle gun. The soldier added: ‘Faith, sor, the man that fired that rifle gun was a good Democrat.’ ”

In the Providence (R. I.) *Journal* appeared a statement written by Rev. Isaac Crocker, chaplain of Slocum Post, No. 10, G. A. R., and dated June 23. It follows:

To the Editor of the Sunday Journal:

The following dispatch appeared in public print the other day:

“Columbia, S. C., June 13.

“Major W. H. Gibbes, who is said to have fired the first shot of the Civil war on Fort Sumter, died here yesterday. Major Gibbes was a gunner in Captain George James’ company, to whom General Beauregard sent the order to open fire upon Major Anderson.”

This article was, no doubt, published to some extent throughout the country. But I do not think that the honor, if honor it be, belonged to the late Major Gibbes. During the war Charles Carleton Coffin was the war correspondent of the *Boston Daily Journal*, his letters appearing over the signature of Carleton. Mr. Coffin is the author of a number of patriotic and historical books. He was quite famous as a lecturer. He delivered the memorial day address at Barnstable, Mass., May 30, 1888. The address was published in the *Barnstable Patriot* of June 5, 1888, from which I copy the following extract:

“We now come to April 12, 1861. Abraham Lincoln is president. With no movement on the part of the government to resist the secessionists, they have carried out their plans in the erection of batteries on Morris Island for the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The dim gray of the morning was in the East, when a shot sped its way toward the fort. An old man, with white hair flowing upon his shoulders, had pulled the lanyard, Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia. Little does he comprehend what will come of the act. That his beautiful home on the banks of the James, before the war is over will be burned; that a great army will trample his fields, destroy his forests; that his 200 slaves will become free men and citizens of the republic; that through mortification over the downfall of the Confederacy his own hands will coil the rope around his neck, and that the ending of his life will be that of the suicide.”

Regarding the integrity and veracity of Mr. Coffin there can be no question. And I do not believe that he would make any statement in public or affix his signature to any written statement unless he had ample and positive evidence of its truthfulness.

I therefore conclude that the above question, "Who fired the first gun?" has been fully and definitely answered.

On July 6th, a card from Major S. A. Pearce, formerly of this city, appeared. Major Pearce resided in Columbia many years and is remembered as the director for South Carolina of the last census taken by order of the government. His card follows:

"To the Editor of The Sunday Journal:

"Who fired the first gun? Fort Sumter, since the close of the Civil war, has for many years been the most interesting spot to all visitors to Charleston as being the object of attack at the opening of the war.

"The story of the firing of the first gun on the fort, and of its evacuation by Major Anderson, and of its gallant defense, has been often told. A thrilling account of it was given me by Major Huguenin, one of the officers in command during the memorable siege.

"While stationed at Charleston in 1867-1869, I visited the fort several times and saw the terrible effects of the bombardment by our ships of war and monitors.

"An old sergeant, whose service stripes showed that he had served his country long and faithfully, alone 'held the fort,' and it required his pilotage and the aid of a lantern to pick the way over the shattered fortress.

"As a souvenir of my visit the sergeant gave me a cane made from a palmetto log used in repairing the damages to the fort. Palmetto logs and sand bags were carried to the fort at night to mend the breaks in the walls.

"From my office window on East Bay I could see Sumter with 'Old Glory' waving over it and the vessels again sailing past unchallenged and unmolested.

"The 'Old City by the Sea' was awakened to a new life and the thoughts of her people that had rested on Sumter for four long years were again turned to peaceful pursuits and the restoration of commerce with the world.

"With courage and perseverance and with limited means they went to work to build up the city and restore her trade.

"Through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce and leading citizens, millions of dollars were spent by the government to improve Charleston's harbor. Ships of great tonnage can now enter this

port. Fort Sumter has been rebuilt and Fort Moultrie is garrisoned with United States soldiers.

"As to whom the credit of firing the first gun on Sumter belongs there has been some discussion. 'Carleton,' the war correspondent of the *Boston Daily Journal*, said it belonged to Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia.

"A romantic story has been told in public print that the little daughter of Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, while held in the arms of General Beauregard, pulled the lanyard of the first gun fired on the fort.

"The little girl of this story, who became one of the most brilliant daughters of South Carolina, was born in St. Petersburg while her father was United States minister to the court of Russia. The Czarina was her godmother, and gave her the name of 'Douschka,' meaning "my darling."

"Her mother was a great belle when Governor Pickens sought her hand in marriage, and was a great favorite at court.

"The man who fired the first gun on Sumter was Major Wade Hampton Gibbes, of Columbia, S. C.

"While residing in Columbia I frequently met Major Gibbes and heard his account of that memorable firing, and from what I learned from other reputable men there is no doubt existing in my mind about the matter.

"It was not a subject of discussion at the clubs, but whenever there was any talk about it credit was given Major Gibbes for his performance.

"Major Gibbes graduated from West Point in 1860, and while at home his State (South Carolina) seceded and he sent his resignation to Washington. He was a lieutenant in Captain James' company when General Beauregard ordered the captain to open fire on the fort.

"When the order was given Lieutenant Gibbes took the corporal's place and fired the gun that sounded the note of war. General Beauregard in military parlance reported that Captain James had performed this act, but it was given to his lieutenant to carry out the order.

"Major Gibbes did not attain high rank in the Confederate army."

[From the New York *Herald*, November 11, 1903.]

LAST CAPITOL OF THE CONFEDERACY AT DANVILLE.

The recent serious illness of Mrs. Jefferson Davis has had the effect of creating much interest in the history of the Confederacy. Mrs. Davis is one of a very few now alive who were closely connected with the Confederate government. The history of Danville as a seat of the Confederate government, which is recalled by the mention of Mrs. Davis' name, has a unique interest. On Sunday, April 2, 1865, General Lee, in command of the forces defending Richmond, notified President Davis that the main line of his defences had been broken, that it would not be judicious for him to attempt to longer hold the fortifications guarding the city, and that it would be advisable for the government to evacuate simultaneously with him. The government, therefore, went South in the only direction open to it.

The party stopped at Danville because there were fewer Federal troops near there than any other place offering suitable accommodations that could be reached, and because President Davis thought that he could direct a military coup which he had planned to the best advantage from that point.

The president and other prominent government officials were upon their arrival at Danville carried to the residence of Major W. T. Sutherlin, commandant of the town. For a week thereafter the Sutherlin residence was the capitol of the Confederate States.

The occupancy of the capitol by the president and his cabinet members ceased even more abruptly than it began. On Monday morning, April 10, information reached Danville of the surrender of Lee on the previous day. Circumstances made the immediate evacuation of the place necessary.

It is a historic landmark, that old mansion, and its appearance is in keeping with its history. A large, square stone structure, with wings on both sides, it is set far back in grounds having a frontage the width of an entire block. It looks at the same time neat, trim and substantial. It has an almost human expression of cold, aristocratic dignity, however, that cannot fail to impress even the most casual beholder.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

THE SPEECH OF HONORABLE DON P. HALSEY

On the Bill to Provide a Statue of Robert Edward Lee to
be Placed in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Wash-
ington, Delivered in the Senate of Virginia,
February 6, 1903.

[The preservation in these pages of this just and admirable exposition will be held in satisfaction, generally in this country, as well as in the broad domain of civilization. It would seem incredible to conceive of a dissentient to the meed due an exemplar of the noblest embodiment of the patriot, citizen and soldier, of which history has cognizance.—ED.]

MR. PRESIDENT:

In presenting the Bill now under consideration, I did so from no desire to offend Northern sentiment, or to re-open old wounds now happily healed. Rather I did so from entirely opposite motives, for, believing that the feeling of good will between the sections is now greater than ever before, I considered this an opportune time for Virginia to accept the invitation so long held out to her by the Federal Government, and place in the National Valhalla, by the side of her Washington, the figure of him whom she deems to be his peer, and the fittest of all her sons for this high distinction, thereby showing her good feeling towards the reunited nation of which she is a part.

Right glad am I to feel that those who are the truest exponents of the sentiment of the North, sustain me in my belief that in this era of good feeling the statue of Lee may be thus placed without justly exciting passions of sectional animosity or tirades of bitter comment. I did not hope, of course, that the idea would meet with the approval of everybody—the man does not live who can win universal approbation, no matter how well he may deserve it, and neither can a proposition to do any act, no matter how meritorious, be made without there being some who will disapprove, and, perhaps, condemn it.

I recognize the fact that there are those in the North who are still irreconcilable as well as those in the South who are still "unreconstructed"—to use that word in the Northern sense—but I take it also that the irreconcilable of the North are no more representative of the true sentiment of that section, than the unreconstructed are representative of the true sentiment of the South, and, therefore, I believe that the great heart of the North beats in unison with that of the South in honoring the memory of the great exponent of the chivalry and the glory and the true manhood of the South, just as I know that the South delights to honor the memory of his great adversaries, Lincoln and Grant, the first of whom pursued his course from a sense of duty as he saw it, "with charity towards all, and malice towards none," and the other of whom uttered those words—"Let us have peace," which fell like a benediction upon the sore and wounded spirit of the South in the hour of her greatest tribulation and distress.

It is not as a representative of the spirit of secession that Virginia will offer the statue of Lee, nor as insisting that the right of secession now exists. Lee was never a secessionist, but, on the contrary he called secession "anarchy," and said that if he owned the four million slaves in the South he would give them all to save the Union. In a letter written to his son in January, 1861, he used these words: "I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than the dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation." Again, in a letter to his sister, he said: "We are now in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have foreborne and pleaded to the end for a redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State." After the war his whole influence was used in the direction of peace and reconciliation, and his last years were spent in teaching by precept and example the loyal acceptance of the verdict of the war, and the duty of building up the reunited country. It is not, therefore, as typifying the doctrine of secession that Virginia will offer his statue, but only as her superbest example of manhood, believing that "in perfection of character, as tested by struggle, victory and defeat, he is unequalled in history," and that, therefore, he, and no other, should be placed by the side of her

majestic Washington, that together they may stand through the centuries as chiefs of our grand army of immortals.

Neither do we offer Lee because we have no others worthy to stand in that congregation of the nation's great. It is rather from such a wealth of material that we must draw, that it constitutes an embarrassment of riches. Our Jefferson, our Mason, our Henry, our Madison, our Monroe, and our Marshall; all of these and many others are worthy of that great company, but having selected Washington for our representative of the Revolutionary time, it seems that the most fitting selection we can now make is to take the other from a later time and that the most stirring period of our history, and surely none can be found more "worthy of this national commemoration" than the stainless chieftain, Robert Edward Lee.

Of the absolute legal right of Virginia to choose whom she will to represent her in statue in this National Pantheon, there can be no doubt whatever. The law gives palpable expression to this right in terms so clear and explicit that no room is left for any possible adverse construction. It is positively and unmistakably to the effect that every State shall have the right to select such two of its illustrious dead for this purpose as "each State shall determine to be worthy of this national commemoration." It then goes on to provide that these statues when so furnished by the several States "shall be placed in the old Hall of the House of Representatives, in the Capitol of the United States, which is hereby set apart, or so much thereof as may be necessary, as a National Statuary Hall." There is no provision in the law giving the authority to the President or anyone else, to either accept or reject these statues, and passing by the question of whether Virginia was in or out of the Union at the time that the law was passed and the invitation extended, I will only say that there is no question about her being in the Union now, and having the same rights under the laws of the Union as every other State. The only people, therefore, who have the right to say anything as to whose statues Virginia shall send are the people of Virginia themselves, who speak through their representatives in the General Assembly. If Kansas were to choose the statue of John Brown to represent her, would Virginia have the right to complain? Certainly not. It is the prerogative of both Virginia and Kansas to choose whom they will to represent them, and neither has the right to interfere with the choice of the other.

These are Virginia's places that Virginia is invited to fill as she herself shall determine, and no acceptance is necessary beyond the

mere mechanical act involved. The statue of Washington is already one of the places allotted to Virginia, and as she has the right to choose another of her illustrious sons to fill the vacant niche, whom shall it be but Lee?*

Ah! but it is suggested by some that we might possibly offend Northern sentiment, we might perchance raise a sectional issue, and perhaps we had better consult the Secretary of State. Mr. President, I see no necessity for propriety in such a course. Why should Virginia consult the Secretary of State as to whether it will be agreeable to him for her to exercise a plain legal right, a right as clearly written in the law of the land as her right to choose her own representatives in Congress? It has not been her habit, nor the habit of any Southern State to consult any representative of the national government about whom they should choose to represent them in any capacity, so why should she do it now? At one time there were more ex-Confederates in the United States Senate than would have filled the Confederate Senate, and five of them were from anti-secession States. Joseph E. Johnston and John B. Gordon, generals of the Confederate army, sat in Congress without having to

*The law on the subject was passed in 1864, and was introduced by Mr. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont. To show that it was intended to apply equally to all the States and that there was no thought of excluding any or hampering any in making an absolutely free choice of representatives, may be quoted the language of Mr. Morrill himself, who said in a speech on the occasion when the statue of Lewis Cass was placed in the Hall in 1889:

"We have much reason to expect the grand old hall will ere long be adorned by such notable figures, possibly, as would be that of Benton, from Missouri, or those of Charles Carroll and William Wirt, from Maryland; Lincoln and Douglas, from Illinois; Grimes, from Iowa; Morton and Hendricks, of Indiana; Webster, from New Hampshire; Macon, once styled "the last of the Romans," from North Carolina; Clay, from Kentucky; Calhoun, from South Carolina; William H. Crawford and George M. Troup, from Georgia; Austin and Sam Houston, from Texas, and *Madison and Patrick Henry, from Virginia*, with a long illustrious list of others easily to be mentioned, sufficient to show that our materials to make the hall nationally attractive are in no danger of being exhausted, but in some States may prove embarrassing from their abundance.

"This truly representative hall, with its fraternal congress of the dead, who yet speak in marble and bronze, will tend to increase mutual respect, tend to knit us together as a homogeneous people, here united forever in a common tribute of high regard to Americans not unknown to fame, and designated and crowned by their respective States as worthy of national commemoration."

ask the Secretary of State or anybody else whether it was agreeable to them, as did also John H. Reagan, a cabinet officer, and Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, and many others distinguished in both the civil and military history of the Confederacy. Presidents Harrison and Cleveland appointed ex-Confederates to sit on the bench of the Supreme Court, one of them, Justice White, still remaining there; and not only have they time and again filled with honor and distinction the highest civil positions, as cabinet officers, ministers abroad, judges and legislators, in fact, every honor short of the presidency—but when war's loud tocsin again rang o'er the land, the sons of the South sprang as promptly to arms as did the sons of the North, and together they fought and conquered the foreign foe. In that conflict the first blood spilt upon the altar of his country was that of Worth Bagley, a Southern boy and the son of a Confederate soldier.

President McKinley, that pure-souled patriot whose memory is revered by all the nation, made Brigadier Generals of two of the Confederacy's most gallant leaders, "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, and our own Fitzhugh Lee, and President Roosevelt was proud to serve under the first of these at Santiago, when he saved the American army from an inglorious retreat, and none of these events was accompanied by the falling of any stars from either the firmament or the flag. Why then should we suppose that those who have worthily honored and applauded the living Confederates would enter any protest against due honors by his own State to the most renowned and glorious of their dead? Have we not rather far more reason to suppose that they will graciously acknowledge that the statue of Lee is in its proper place when erected by Virginia at the side of that of Washington? Says the *Boston Globe*: "If Virginia wants to put a statue of Robert E. Lee in the Capitol at Washington instead of a statue of Jefferson, why should the North object?"

President McKinley not only recognized the merit of living Confederate soldiers by giving them army commissions in the Spanish war, but he also touched the heart of the South by his suggestion that the national government should care for the graves of Confederate as well as Federal soldiers. His words have begun to bear fruit, and Senator Foraker, another Northern soldier, is even now advocating a bill in Congress, and it has already passed the Senate, making provision for headstones over the graves of Confederate soldiers buried in the North, and a bill is pending in the Pennsylvania legislature to appropriate \$20,000.00 towards a statue of General

Lee at Gettysburg. Colonel A. K. McClure, the author of the bill, and one of the broadest minded and most generous hearted of America's public men, championed it nobly in a speech of great eloquence the other day, and said he did so not to plead the cause of the Confederacy, but the cause of the Union. In a letter to me about the present bill he says: "It is certainly the right thing for Virginia to do." In New York the picture of Lee hangs on the walls of the Hall of Fame, and the statue of one ex-Confederate, that of John E. Kenna, of West Virginia, already stands in Statuary Hall. The portrait of Jefferson Davis, for a time disappearing, has reappeared in the War Department among those of the other ex-Secretaries without creating any hysterical excitement in the army, and so that of General Samuel Cooper, a New Yorker, who became adjutant-general and ranking general in the Confederate army, also hangs in the War Department.

A pretty incident showing the change of Northern feeling on this subject is related by Mr. Charles Hallock, a Brooklyn gentleman, in a recent communication to one of the Richmond papers. In 1868, he bought a portrait of Lee, by a notable Richmond artist, named Anderson, and offered it to be placed on view at the annual exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Loan Association. It was contemptuously refused, with the remark that Lee should have been hung as a traitor years before. But note the sequel, which I give in the narrator's own language:

"Now as indicating the rapid amelioration of public sentiment which soon followed, and the softening of the acerbities of 1861-'65, I will state that in 1875, only ten years after the war, I presented this picture to the Long Island Historical Society, of Brooklyn, of which the Rev. Dr. Storrs was President, and the Lows, Chittendens and Pierponts directors, and it was not only gratefully and graciously accepted, but was at once placed *vis-avis* with Gilbert's portrait of Washington, in its most conspicuous corridor, and it remains in that position to this day. Hence if this honor was accorded 'in the green tree,' what disposition or decision shall obtain at the present time, a full third of a century later, when we all exult in a unified American history, and wear one common chaplet for bravery and heroism? Are we not brothers? It seems to me that there should be few dissenting voices to the courteous proposal embodied in the bill before the Virginia Senate. The precedent which I instance should have tremendous weight in procuring a decision favorable to placing the Lee memorial in the Capitol hall of Statuary."

To like effect are the words of President Roosevelt, uttered on the 9th of last April, the anniversary of Lee's surrender, at the Charleston Exposition, where he said: "We are now a united people; the wounds left by the great Civil War, incomparably the greatest war of modern times, have healed, and its memories are now priceless heritages of honor, alike to the North and to the South. The devotion, the self-sacrifice, the steadfast resolution and lofty daring, the high devotion to the right as each man saw it, whether Northerner or Southerner, all these qualities of the men and women of the early sixties, now shine luminous and brilliant before our eyes, while the mists of anger and hatred that once dimmed them have passed away forever. All of us, North and South, can glory alike in the valor of the men who wore the blue, and the men who wore the gray."

Mr. Roosevelt has also written such high praise of Lee, as a soldier, that none of his own followers can say more.

In his life of Thos. H. Benton, in the *American Statesman Series*, on page 34, are found these words:

"The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee; and their leader will undoubtedly rank as without any exception the very greatest of all the great captains that the English speaking peoples have brought forth, and this although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington."

It is not my intention at this time to discuss the rights or the wrongs of the great fraternal conflict in which Lee won his immortal fame. Those questions belong now to history, and any discussion of them hereafter must be wholly from the academic and not the practical standpoint. It may not be amiss, however, to call attention to the fact that the North already admits that the people of the South were honest in their contentions, and that they at least *thought* they were right. Furthermore, it is even conceded that the South was not without great support for its contentions from legal, moral and historical points of view. For instance, Professor Goldwin Smith, an Englishman, a distinguished historian, resident of, and sympathizing with the North during the Civil War, recently said: "Few who have looked into the history can doubt that the Union originally was, and was generally taken by the parties to it to be, a compact; dissoluble, perhaps most of them would have said, at pleasure, dissoluble certainly on breach of the articles of Union."

To the same effect, but in even stronger terms, are the words of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, now a Senator from Massachusetts, who said in one of his historical works: "When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of States in popular conventions, it is safe to say that there was not a man in the country from Washington and Hamilton on the one side to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw, a right which was very likely to be exercised."

As far back as 1887, General Thomas C. Ewing, of Ohio, said in a speech in New York: "The North craves a living and lasting peace with the South; it asks no humiliating conditions; it recognizes the fact that the proximate cause of the war was the constitutional question of the right of secession—a question which, until it was settled by the war, had neither a right side nor a wrong side to it. Our forefathers in framing the Constitution purposely left the question unsettled; to have settled it distinctly in the Constitution would have been to prevent the formation of the Union of the thirteen States. They, therefore, committed that question to the future, and the war came on and settled it forever."

And right here, let me say, that the South has accepted that settlement in good faith, and will forever abide by it as loyally as the North, although we will never admit that our people were wrong in making the contest.

This question was calmly and logically discussed by Mr. Charles Francis Adams in his speech delivered in Charleston, S. C., on December 23rd, last, when he said:

"When the Federal Constitution was framed and adopted 'an indestructible union of imperishable States,' what was the law of treason, to what or to whom in case of final issue did the average citizen owe allegiance? Was it to the Union or to his State? As a practical question, seeing things as they were then—sweeping aside all incontrovertible legal arguments and metaphysical disquisitions—I do not think the answer admits of doubt. If put in 1788, or indeed at any time anterior to 1825, the immediate reply of nine men out of ten in the Northern States, and of ninety-nine out of a hundred in the Southern States, would have been that, as between the Union and the State, ultimate allegiance was due to the State.

* * * * It was not a question of law or of the intent of the

fathers, or the true construction of a written instrument, for on that point the Constitution was silent—wisely—and as I hold it, intentionally silent.

“In studying the history of that period we are again confronted by a condition and not a theory; but as I read the record, and understand the real facts of that now forgotten social and political existence, in case of direct and insoluble issue between sovereign State and sovereign Nation, between 1788 and 1861, every man was not only free to decide, but had to decide for himself; and whichever way he decided he was right. The Constitution gave him two masters. Both he could not serve; and the average man decided which to serve in the light of sentiment, tradition and environment. Of this I feel as historically confident as I feel of any fact not matter of absolute record or susceptible of demonstration.”

Mr. Adams is himself a soldier and a gentleman, who shows himself worthy of the Presidential line from which he sprung, by his magnanimous appreciation of the valor and manhood of his former enemies. In another speech, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the University of Chicago in June of last year,* he effectually rebukes those who would apply to Lee the epithet of “traitor,” and with merciless and faultless logic, demonstrates that if Lee was a traitor, “so also, and indisputably, were George Washington, Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden and William of Orange,” and further, that the man who pursued Lee’s course after the war “had not, could not have had in his whole being one drop of traitor’s blood or conceived a treacherous thought.”

It is in this speech, which is entitled “Shall Cromwell have a Statue?” that he proposes that the Federal Government shall provide a site for an equestrian statue of Lee in the city of Washington, and shows that the choice of Lee, when he put aside the temptations of ambition, place and power (being unreservedly tendered the command of the Union forces shortly afterwards held by General McDowell), and cast in his lot with his own people, his State, his kindred and his home, was the choice of a high-minded gentleman and loyal patriot. He then adds these words:

“Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the course of Lee when the choice was made, of Lee as a foe and the commander of an army, but one opinion can be entertained. Every inch a soldier, he was an opponent not less generous and humane than formidable,

* See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, Vol. XXX, pp. 1-33.

a type of the highest martial character — cautious, magnanimous and bold, a very thunderbolt in war, he was self-contained in victory, but greatest in defeat. To that escutcheon attaches no stain.”

To the chivalric and the noble of the North, to such men as he who wrote these words, the offering of Lee’s statue to fill one of Virginia’s places in that august assemblage of the Nation’s great will cause no offense or bitterness, but rather the contrary, because to the Northern mind, to again use the words of that distinguished soldier and scholar, “It will typify the historical appreciation of all that goes to make up the loftiest type of character, military and civic, exemplified in an opponent once dreaded but ever respected; but above all, it will symbolize and commemorate that loyal acceptance of the consequences of defeat, and the patient upbuilding of a people under new conditions by constitutional means, which I hold to be the greatest educational lesson America has yet taught to a once skeptical but now silenced world.”

Furthermore, it will again illustrate the fact that the American people are one people, and, as in England, the white rose of York and the red rose of Lancaster are entwined together in fragrant garlands of fraternal love, and a statue of Cromwell stands in the yard of Westminster Hall, where his skull was once exposed to insult; as in Mexico, the statues of Viceroy, Emperor, Dictator, King and President all stand together, so may we, as citizens of a common country, unite in honoring the heroes of every section who have fought and suffered for what they deemed the right. Upon the same granite obelisk at Quebec are engraved the names of Wolfe and Montcalm, with this inscription: “Valor gave a united death; history a united fame; posterity a united monument,” and in the hall of the Kremlin at Moscow there stands a grand statue of the great Napoleon. Surely, then, the statue of Robert E. Lee can stand in the Capitol of his own country without arousing rancorous or unkind feelings.

It is a remarkable fact, Mr. President, that, although nearly a month has elapsed since this bill was offered, and that during all that time it has been widely discussed, no representative man of the North has spoken against it. On the contrary, at least three Northern Republicans, who are as representative of Northern sentiment as any who can be selected, have expressed themselves in favor of it. Judge Crumpacker can hardly be called an enthusiastic friend of the South, and yet he has said that he sees no objection to this measure, and that “Lee is Virginia’s son and it is for her to decide

this question as she sees fit." Senator Beveridge says he is inclined to favor the idea, and Senator C. M. Depew, of New York, unequivocally gives his approval, and says that when the Union side won, "the issue was accepted at once by the defeated side, and I think the placing of a statue of General Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall would be an emphatic recognition of the fact that we are all now advocates of nationality and its perpetuity. I am heartily in favor of receiving the Lee statue."* So that while the North makes

* As illustrative of the real state of intelligent Northern sentiment may be cited the words of Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, who speaks for a large *clientele* of educated and conservative Northerners, and says in the June (1903) number of that well known periodical :

"The recent session of the Virginia Legislature which made the appropriation to the Jamestown Exposition had been in session a long time, by reason of an extraordinary amount of business, necessitated by the new constitution. The provision of the constitution relating to corporations, taxation and a great many other important subjects required extensive revision of the statutes. The work seems, upon the whole, to have been well carried out. Incidentally, one of the enactments of the recent session provided for the placing in the rotunda of the Capitol of Washington a statue of Robert E. Lee. It will be remembered that the States are authorized to be represented at the Capitol by two of their most distinguished sons. Virginia has now decided upon Washington and Lee as her representatives.

"Virginia's contribution of great men to the constructive period of the republic was, of course, unparalleled. To every one must occur promptly the names of Washington, Jefferson, Marshall and Madison. But the heart of Virginia goes out to Lee as to no other man that the State has ever produced. The selection of Lee for the rotunda at Washington caused some dissension, because there were those who felt that it might be misunderstood and criticised in the North ; and they preferred that the name of Lee should not now be made a subject of controversy. It seemed to many, indeed, who have no prejudices, and who revere the character of Robert E. Lee, that the thirteen original States should be represented in the rotunda at Washington, not by their later heroes, but by earlier men, eminent in the forming of the Union. But there can be no just ground for finding fault with Virginia's choice. It would be a mistake to assume that the Virginia devotion to the memory of Robert E. Lee, which amounts almost to idolatry, is wholly or chiefly political in its nature and motive. It is not so much that Lee personates a movement or a cause, for he was not an original promoter or advocate of the secession movement. His place in the hearts of the men who knew him and of their descendants has to do with his personality and character. The tradition of Lee is that of a Christian gentleman of such rare blending of personal courage and genius for leadership with the most beautiful qualities of temperament and private character as to make him the very flower of American manhood. Robert E. Lee is regarded, in short,

no objection, it has been left for Virginians to suggest objections and to say that we are trying to place a statue of Lee "on Northern soil."

Again, I ask, sir, whose country is this anyway, and whose Capitol is it in which we propose to place this statue? If any State more than another can claim both the country and Capitol for her own, that State is Virginia, since seven of the greatest States of the Union (not counting either of the Virginias) occupy ground once owned by her, but freely given to others for the general good. Is Virginia a conquered province, or an equal among her equals in the union of the States? Northern soil, indeed! Take away the part that Virginia has played in the foundation and upbuilding of this country, and its most glorious memories will be blotted out. When we think of the debt of gratitude which this country owes to Virginia it seems to me that we, as Virginians, ought indeed to feel that we are in "our father's house," and not talk or act as if the Federal government were a foreign power and we were in fear of straining international relations.

Forty years seems a long enough probation for Virginia to serve in order to prove her loyalty and devotion to the reunited country, especially when her sons have shown their willingness to shed their blood for it, and to my mind the time has come, if it is ever to come, when Virginia should realize and every other State should realize, as I believe they do, that in the Union no State has superior rights to hers, and that there is no reason why she should hesitate to claim her rights more than any other State.

as the ultimate and final personal expression of the highest and finest ideals of public and private life that two centuries of Virginia civilization has evolved.

"It is for reasons of this sort that Virginians wish to place a statue of Lee by the side of that of Washington in the rotunda of the national Capitol. In making this selection there is no thought in Virginia of belittling the greatness of Jefferson on the one hand or of giving offense on the other by recalling the terrible strife of forty years ago. Virginia has the good fortune to possess a sculptor equal to the work of designing the Lee statue. Mr. Edward Virginius Valentine knew him intimately, and made ample studies and notes while the great general was still living as president of what is now known as Washington and Lee University, after the close of the war. What is probably the finest recumbent statue in America marks the tomb of Lee, which adjoins the chapel of the University, at Lexington, and Mr. Valentine is the sculptor who created this masterly monument. We may be assured, therefore, of a notable Lee statue for the galaxy of great Americans in the national Capitol."

We are not trying to force the North to honor Lee. We could not if we would, and would not if we could, although we believe that the time will come when the North will honor him with one voice, but we are choosing Lee just as we choose Washington, and in so doing only exercise our legal right to choose those characters whom we consider best fitted to represent Virginia in a place where every other State may exercise the same privilege without complaint or objection from us, and where every State is supposed to send the two she deems her greatest and her best. If there be those who would deny us this right, then let them understand that they cannot do it without denying it to themselves.

No, Mr. President, there is no sectionalism in the proposition contained in this bill, and there should be no sectional prejudices aroused by its passage. Sectionalism belongs to the past, and we do not now propose to revive it, but simply to recognize and realize that it is dead and buried, and that reunion and reconciliation have taken its place. Reunion and Reconciliation—these are the watch-words now with us who would honor Lee's memory. Reunion and Reconciliation, with Peace and Friendship. The aspiration of Grant for peace has reached its fulfillment, and in spite of the feelings of enmity which may still exist in some "little hearts that know not how to forgive," I fondly and firmly believe that now to a greater degree than at any time in its history we have the spirit of peace in all our country's borders. Unless we have been deceived, the consummation for which Grady prayed has been reached, and we may truly see a nation "reunited in the bonds of love, loving from the Lakes to the Gulf, with the wounds of war healed in every heart and on every hill." Reunion and Reconciliation! Let who will stand against them, the stars in their courses are for them, and all the constellations in the heavens will twinkle when the statue of Lee goes to Washington, as Virginia's offering to the Union she helped to make and which she stands forever ready to defend!

I am one of the generation born since the war, but the son of one who faithfully followed the fortunes of Lee and his cause for four long years, and gloriously fought with him at Gettysburg, and speaking for the young men of Virginia I unhesitatingly declare that we have no bitterness in our hearts towards those who fought our fathers, and that to the government that survived the conflict we render loyalty and patriotic citizenship, holding it the freest, the grandest, the brightest and best of all the empires, kingdoms and republics upon which the sun looks down in his circuit through the heavens. We

breathe the spirit of the new South, of which Grady spoke, but still we cling to the memories and the glories of the old South; and we have no patience with those in a spirit of time-serving sycophancy would deny our heroes or say we are ashamed of the past. We feel, too, that if ever the South is to take the place in the Union which she is entitled it is upon the old South, that we are to build, the old South with its old courtesy, its old chivalry, its old reverence for woman, its old courage, its old patriotism, its old fortitude in trial, and its old spirit of pride in our history and in our people. Yes, I am proud to be a citizen of this great American republic, and I am true to my allegiance and faithful to my flag, but at the same time I am proud of the State of my birth, and the memories that surround her name, and I feel that a young Virginian who does not feel proud that he is sprung from a people who fought beneath a flag dishonor never touched, is false to his native land—aye false to the very stars that shine above her, and false to the God beyond them!

It is not my purpose to attempt a eulogium upon the character of Lee. That would indeed be a superfluous task, for already the great poets have sung him, and the great orators have praised him in words that shall never die, while all the nations of the world, as well as his followers and former foes, have acclaimed him as one of those who throughout all time shall be held supreme among the greatest sons of earth.

And yet I do desire to again give utterance to a thought which has often been expressed by lips far more eloquent than mine, and that, to give it in the felicitous language of another, is this:

“That of the long list of glorious names which America has furnished to the history of the world, it was our Mother’s fortune to furnish the two who lead that mighty band—the two characters that tower in complete and rounded stature over all their great compatriots, the Castor and Pollux of our nation’s history, the ‘Great Twin Brethren,’ who will ride down the centuries leading the vanguard of our army of immortality—chiefs of the deathless host of patriots, soldiers, philosophers and statesmen, who put life to heroic uses and battled for noble ends, the two of this continent incomparable and unrivalled—George Washington and Robert E. Lee.”

Both of them were “rebels.” If one is to be condemned for it the other must be also, for there is no difference between them except that the rebellion in which Washington figured was successful,

while that led by Lee was not. Both of them had held commissions under the governments which they afterwards opposed. Washington won against the king under whose flag he had served, while Lee lost against the country whose battles he had fought. Each "went with his State" when the time came when the choice had to be made, and the parallel between them is complete, except that one was victorious and the other vanquished. Is there cause then for crowning the one with laurel and the other with thorns? No—

"—by the graves,
Where martyred heroes rest,
He wins the most who honor saves,
Success is not the test."

That is why, then, Mr. President, that I wish to see the statue of Lee by the side of that of Washington in Statuary Hall—because there are no two great characters in history so much alike as Washington and Lee, and because I want the world to know that Virginia gives these two noblest and best-beloved of all her sons equal honor and equal reverence, and points to them with greater pride than that of Cornelia when she pointed to the Gracchi and called them her jewels, and dares the world to match them. I want to see them together where Virginia can say to all her sister States:

"These are the two I furnish, produce their equals if you can!"*

* In a notable speech on Robert E. Lee, which he says was inspired by the action of the Virginia Legislature in declaring the purpose to present his statue to be placed in Statuary Hall, Judge Emory Speer, a distinguished and eloquent Georgian, says:

"Deny Lee a place by Washington! Ah, is it sure, if in the awful hour when the invading columns approached Virginia's soil, the winds of the Prophet had breathed upon the slain that they might live, caught from the wall at Mount Vernon by the reincarnated hand of the Father of his Country, the defensive blade of Washington would not have gleamed beside the sword of Lee? Repel then not, my country, the fervid love of thy sons who fought with Lee, and of the children of their loins. Their prowess thou hast seen on the hills of Santiago, on the waters of Luzon. In thy need the children of Grant have been and are brethren in arms of the kinsmen of Lee. Officers of his thou hast called to thy service in the highest places in peace and war. His comrades and his kinsmen wear thy swords. With joy his sword, too, leaped at thy command. The flowers of spring with equal hand thou wilt henceforth strew on graves of all thy dead. Why, then, repel his blameless name from thy immortals' scroll? Then honor him and in thy need on those who love him wilt thou not call in vain. And woe to the foe in press of battle when the soul of Lee shall fire their hearts and his bright sword shall point the charging columns of thy sons."

To say that Lee needs no statue to honor him is quite beside the question. It is because he needs no statue that we want to give him one. If we gave monuments only to those who need them no one who is worthy of a monument would ever have one. Already have the people of the South built other monuments to Lee than the imperishable monument of their love, and now again Virginia desires to see her "snow-white chief" stand forth in enduring bronze or monumental marble, not as in that peerless figure in Lexington, where he lies, "the flower of knighthood," with his eyes closed in peaceful, dreamless sleep, but erect and with the fire of battle in his eye—that fire which blazed in the fearless face of Arthur when in the midst of conflict Sir Lancelot saw him and knew him for the King.

It may be true that we cannot thus give additional honor to Lee, but if we cannot honor him we can at least honor ourselves. Old Carlyle said: "Who is to have a statue? means whom shall we consecrate and set apart as one of our sacred men. * * Show me that man you honor; I know by that symptom better than any other what kind of man you yourself are, for you show me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be, and would thank the gods, with your whole soul, for being if you could."

No, we cannot, indeed, give more honor to Lee than is already his, but we can at least show to the world the kind of man we want to honor, and if we cannot honor him more it is only because, as Swinburne sang of Tennyson:

"Far above us and all our love, beyond all reach of its voiceless praise,
Shines forever the name that never shall feel the shade of the changeful
days,
Fall and chill the delight that still sees winter's light in it shine like May's.
Strong as death is the day's dark breath whose blast has withered the life
we see,
Here where light is the child of night and less than visions or dreams
are we;
Strong as death; but a word, a breath, a dream is stronger than death
could be.
Strong as truth, and superb in youth eternal, fair as the sundawn's flame,
Seen when May on her first born day bids earth exult in her radiant name,
Lives, clothed around with its praise, and crowned with love that dies not,
his lovelit fame."

To those who feared that the offering of the statue would arouse

bitter attacks upon the South in the North, it is a pleasure to be able to show that precisely the contrary has been the result. While it is true that a few G. A. R. camps have passed resolutions against it, the great number of expressions from representative men and newspapers in the North, not only of toleration, but of enthusiastic approval, have been so numerous and so cordial as to justify the conviction that the movement will be, as it was intended to be, of great moment toward strengthening the ties that bind the two great sections together in one great patriotic country in which sectionalism is lost in nationality. The discussions have been of such a nature as to elevate instead of depreciating the estimate of Lee's character in the North, for, instead of abuse and vituperation, have been uttered words of eulogy and of magnanimous appreciation of his great attributes. For my part, I have never shared in the apprehensions of those who feared that the proposal to send General Lee's statue to the Capitol would result in a tirade of abuse against him and the Southern people on the part of the North, but have always felt that Lee and the South had nothing to lose by discussion, and that the more the discussion, the more would his great character shine out against the background of disparagement, and the more would the world be brought to an appreciation of his greatness and the righteousness of the cause for which he fought. The result has already gone far to vindicate this conviction.

It is impossible, of course, to mention more than a few of the utterances of Northerners upon the proposition, but it is worth while to note that in all the discussion that has ensued not one Northern man or periodical of representative standing has taken ground against it. On the contrary, the comments of the Northern press, and of Northern men best qualified to voice Northern sentiment, have been notably of a most favorable nature.

Commenting on the Depew interview the *New York World* said:

"Senator Depew measures up to the toga standard when he talks about the Lee statue."

After the bill had become a law, St. Clair McKelway, the famous editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, uttered a most eloquent eulogy upon Lee in Richmond, and his words were warmly endorsed by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie and Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editors of *The Outlook*, and other prominent Northern men in attendance upon the Southern Educational Conference.

In its issue of July 11 (1903), *The Outlook* said editorially:

"It is hardly possible that any man in the North could have gone through the spiritual struggle that Robert E. Lee went through during the days when war was threatened. In the North those men that wavered were choosing between a low motive and a high one. Robert E. Lee was beset by two conflicting high motives. That he chose to follow that high motive which kept him with his State *The Outlook* believes to have been an error of political judgment; but it was not a moral error, not even an error of political morality. He who is loyal cannot be a traitor, and Lee and the men of his stamp were as loyal to their conscientious convictions as were the men who fought against them. The test of patriotism, like the test of any other moral quality is not success, but loyalty to conviction; and by that test Robert E. Lee stands to-day among the purest, though among the most tragically misled and misunderstood of patriots. * * * If willingness to sacrifice what is passionately prized next to honor itself is any criterion as to the degree of patriotism that begets such sacrifice, then those Southerners of whom Robert E. Lee is the type, are to be counted among the patriots whose lives constitute the real riches of the nation."

Harper's Weekly said that it could thoroughly understand the motives which prompted the Virginia Legislature to pass the bill, calling Lee "a great and good man," and saying:

"The conviction that his State had a right to secede if she chose, and that she having done so, it was his duty to uphold her, was shared not only by almost all the contemporary statesmen in the Southern States, but also by Josiah Quincy and many other New England statesmen in the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century. It will, therefore, be as impossible for the future American historian, however devoted to the Union he may be, to dispute the rectitude of Lee's motives, as it will be to belittle his military abilities."

In this connection it may be mentioned that the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican*, while thinking the time not yet ripe for the presentation of the statue, said, in commenting upon the fact, brought out by Mr. Charles Francis Adams in a footnote to his Charleston address, that the constitutional right of secession was taught in the textbook (*Rawle's View of the Constitution*), in use at West Point while Lee was a student there:

"The question immediately arises whether the United States government had any just grievance against Robert E. Lee, when in

1861 he put into practice the principles of constitutional law taught him as an officer in the United States army."

The Indianapolis Journal, an ultra-Republican paper, said:

"It is clearly the right of Virginia to select the statue of Gen. Lee to represent that State in that Hall. No one has objected to the representation of other States by statues of the men selected, and no one should be so illiberal as to object to Virginia's choice."

The Chicago Tribune, another pronounced Republican paper, said in quite a lengthy editorial:

"Let Virginia choose the dead she wishes to commemorate. If she honors Lee above all but Washington let her place his statue in the Capitol. He was a great and good man, although he stood by his State instead of the Union. The North as well as the South may take pride in this American for the purity of his life and his military genius."

The Washington Post copied this editorial, and added:

"That is the broad-gauged American view, the intelligent and patriotic view. We believe that nine out of ten of all the men who actually fought for the Union will endorse that timely deliverance."

In the light of such utterances as these, how can any one doubt that by sending as one of her two perpetual ambassadors to Washington, the image of the man she loves and honors best, and who did more than any other to restore good feeling and acquiescence in the result of the war, Virginia reflects the greatest possible credit upon herself, and offers the finest possible pledge of her national patriotism and devotion to the Union?

DON P. HALSEY.

January 22, 1904.

[From the Richmond, Va., *News-Leader*, July 27, 1903.]

HOW THE SOUTH GOT CHEMICALS DURING THE WAR.

PROFESSOR MALLETT WRITES VALUABLE PAPER SHOWING RESOURCEFULNESS OF THE CONFEDERACY DURING BLOCKADE.

Salt From Louisiana Proved Valuable—Smugglers Helped with Opiates. Manufacture of Gunpowder.

It is difficult for anyone in the North who was not a participant in the Civil war to appreciate thoroughly the great sufferings that were experienced by those who lived in the Southern States at that time. The continual blockade along the water-front on the east and south, the armies on the north, the Mississippi river and the mountains on the west, made it almost impossible for the introduction of materials essential for the carrying on of a great war. The heroic struggle waged under these disadvantageous circumstances make the four years' combat one of the most remarkable wars of modern times.

A description of the efforts made in scientific directions has never been satisfactorily written, but within a few weeks, in a pleasant way, under the title of "Applied Chemistry in the South During the Civil War," Professor John W. Mallett, of the University of Virginia, spoke before the Chemical Society of Washington of some of his experiences.

In beginning, he referred to the great lack of preservatives that were essential, and indeed required, for the preservation of food. Fortunately, the salt deposits in Louisiana were promptly thought of, and advantage taken of their existence for exploitation and production of that every-day essential, so that an ample stock at least of the preservative was soon available. The supplies of coffee and tea were very soon exhausted, and substitutes were introduced. For coffee, roasted beans of various kinds, sweet potatoes, and cereals, came into every-day use, and the leaves of various herbs were em-

ployed in place of tea. The joy of the first cup of coffee after the close of the war formed a delight that never can be forgotten. The necessity of preserving the cattle, and the employment of horses in the army as well as the demand by the soldiers for shoes, soon exhausted the leather supply. As a result leather became such a rarity that a good pair of boots at the close of the war was worth several hundred dollars in Confederate money. As a substitute, fibers were worked up and coated with a varnish, forming a sort of material similar to oilcloth, which came into use for many purposes. The employment of petroleum oil as an illuminant was at its beginning. Colza and other oils were similarly used at that time, but these soon disappeared, and the old-time candle dip prevailed. For purposes where an oil was absolutely essential, recourse was had to fish oil. Paper was very scarce, and there were but few, if any, mills in the South, and these produced a very inferior quality of paper, so that for writing purposes the blank leaves of old account books were employed, and for printing purposes wall paper, on which many newspapers of the time were printed, was largely used. Only the crudest kinds of ink were to be had, and in most cases they were made by adding water to the refuse in the ink bottle until the writing became so faint as to be scarcely visible.

The great coal deposits of Pennsylvania being no longer available for fuel, recourse was had to the bituminous beds of Virginia, although of course in many cases wood was all that was required. It goes without saying that the supply of paint rapidly disappeared. However, there were numerous deposits of ocher that were available, and crude varieties of paints were soon manufactured in sufficient quantities to supply the demand.

One of the important, indeed necessary, elements in the carrying on of a war is artillery, and to fight without gunpowder is practically impossible. Accordingly, gunpowder mills were established at several localities in the South. The supply of niter was soon exhausted, and search was made for that material in caves and elsewhere throughout the South. These yielded a certain amount, but the future was provided for by the establishment of niter beds. Still, the end came too soon to permit of their being available. There were no sulphur deposits in the South, but fortunately at the beginning of the war there was a large supply of that article in New Orleans, where it had been used in the clarification of sugar. Charcoal was of course more

readily obtainable, and after some experiments it was found that the wood from the cottonwood tree yielded the most satisfactory material.

The manufacture of fulminate of mercury for percussion caps was carried on to a limited extent, and the copper for the caps was obtained from the turpentine stills, which were all collected from North Carolina and used for that purpose.

There were four principal medicines required, namely, quinine, morphine, ether and chloroform. These were procured, so far as possible, by smuggling, either through the lines or by blockade runners, and numerous substitutes were introduced. For instance, for quinine bitter barks were used wherever possible, especially dogwood, and the dread malaria was by this means held practically in check. Morphine was almost entirely brought in by means of the blockade runners.

At the beginning of the war there were no large metallurgical works in the South, with the single exception of the iron foundries at New Orleans and Richmond. The early capture of New Orleans left in Richmond the only large available foundry, and the Tredegar Iron Works became the principal source for articles made of iron. For ores, recourse was had to the deposits from the South, and it was necessity that led to the exploiting of the deposits of iron in Alabama and elsewhere along the Appalachian Mountain range; indeed, a primitive blast furnace was erected where the city of Birmingham now stands. Copper was had to a limited extent from the Ducktown Works in Tennessee, but more largely from the stills, as previously mentioned, that had been used in the manufacture of turpentine. Lead and zinc were only to be had in limited quantities, and were obtained chiefly from mines in Virginia.

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IN A LOUISIANA REGIMENT.

**Organization of the 13th Louisiana Infantry—Camp Mandeville, the
Avegno Zouaves, the Regiment Formed at Camp Moore—
Presentation of Flag—Camp Life—Going to the Front.**

By General JOHN McGRATH, Baton Rouge.

In a letter from a friend and comrade, recently, a suggestion was made that I write a sketch of the organization and service of the 13th Louisiana Regiment of the Civil war. When that command was a living, actual factor in the events of thirty-five or forty years ago, there were many far better qualified to record the acts and deeds of the famous old regiment than my humble self, but the eyes of most of my loved old comrades have long been closed and the pulsations of their brave hearts stilled in death, and few remain to perform the task. Of the eight or nine hundred gallant souls who marched from the Crescent City in 1861, there are scarcely enough now living to form a firing party at the funeral of a corporal; therefore, poorly qualified as I may be, it devolves upon me to leave a record of the battles and marches, defeats and triumphs, of a regiment as well officered and disciplined as any that served under the Stars and Bars, and which made a record upon the battlefield second to none.

My first acquaintance with what was afterward the 13th regiment, was when, upon receiving the appointment of first lieutenant, I was ordered to report to the battalion of Governor's Guards, better remembered as the Avegno Zouaves, camped at Mandeville, La.

At the time of my appointment I was a member of the Delta Rifles, of the 4th Louisiana Infantry, a company composed very largely of young sugar planters and slave-owners of parishes contiguous to Baton Rouge. Wealthy, refined, gentlemanly fellows they were, those Delta Rifles, my dear reader, and you may imagine my dismay as I stepped ashore at the wharf at Mandeville, and cast my eyes upon as cosmopolitan a body of soldiers as there existed upon the face of God's earth. There were Frenchmen, Spaniards, Mexicans, Dagoes, Germans, Chinese, Irishmen, and, in fact, persons of every clime known to geographers or travellers of that day. Nor was

that all, as it seemed to me that every soldier on the grounds, in addition to his jaunty zouave uniform, wore a black eye, a broken nose or a bandaged head, having just been recruited, and only getting over the usual enlistment spree. In my gold-trimmed, close-fitting full-dress uniform, my young heart beat with pride and ambition as I neared my destination, but I must confess a glance at the motley crowd of soldiers caused a sigh of regret that I had left my old company, even to assume higher rank.

I was in it, however, and putting on a bold front, pursued my way through company streets in search of headquarters to report for duty. That remarks not altogether flattering were made in all modern languages, I was painfully aware; but as I did not understand much of what was said, I held my temper in check until finally one fellow remarked to another in a rich Irish brogue: "Oh, Mike, look at that new lefttenant! Don't he think he is purtty wid the new chicken guts (narrow gold lace, insignia of rank), on his arms. Look at his strut!" Then it was I broke loose and blessed the impudent rascal in vigorous language. 'Twas thus I first became acquainted with Private Dan Dunn, who subsequently became as brave as Julius Caesar. Poor, dear old Dan, whose name appears three separate times upon the roll of honor issued by the Confederate government! Rough, uncultured old hero and patriot, little thought I that day at Mandeville that in days to come you would be the one to rescue me from in front of the Yankee breastwork, and help carry me to a place unswept by shot or shell, until you sank yourself exhausted by the blood flowing from your own wounds!

"Such men they were—the men I loved."

But I digress. I will, no doubt, digress quite frequently, otherwise my historical sketch will be dry reading.

If the enlisted men were somewhat mixed, the officers were gentlemen—gentlemen in every sense of the word—by birth and prestige, by education and travel, by wealth and social standing. Gay, bright, dashing young soldiers, ready at all times to dance or to fight. French Creoles, with a few exceptions, scions of families which had furnished soldiers to every war in which Louisiana ever engaged, and to whom honor was dearer than life. Handsome boys, proud boys, most of whom fill warriors' graves. Happy days were those at Mandeville, notwithstanding the mixed and turbulent soldiers to be subdued and subjected to discipline. But that was accomplished and accomplished effectively.

This battalion was organized to become one of two regiments of

regular zouaves provided by act of Congress, and for that reason its officers were appointed and its enlisted men regularly recruited and sworn in. Colonel Aristide Girard was Lieutenant-Colonel and Anatole Avegno, Major. The companies were six in number, with the following captains: Bernard Avegno, E. M. Dubroca, O. M. Tracy, A. Cassard, J. Fremeaux and F. L. Campbell.

As a decidedly large majority of the officers were from the second district (below Canal street), it is not to be wondered at that the battalion was a favorite command with the good people of that section. Nor is it surprising that mothers, sisters and sweethearts of the young officers should present a magnificent flag to the battalion.

The tattered old flag, discolored by the destroying hand of time, shorn of its beauty, hangs in Memorial Hall, a dingy and silent reminder of the past, with few to gaze upon it who know what it once represented or whence it came. With the exception of one or two others, the writer is the only survivor of the officers of the Avegno Zouaves, at least of those residing in Louisiana. All others long since answered the last roll call and laid them down to sleep in God's eternal bivouac.

Long years have passed since the time of which I write, and yet it seems but yesterday, with bands playing stirring quick steps, arms aslant and steady, warlike tramp, we entered the sacred portals of St. Louis Cathedral, of New Orleans, that the venerable bishop might bless the banner, now drooping languidly, infirm with age, like unto the survivors of those who once wildly swore to defend it and bring it back in triumph to the Crescent City.

Alas! the victory was not ours, nor would anyone recognize the once strong battalion in the few war-worn and weary veterans who came straggling back at the end of four long, bloody years.

The official language of our battalion was French; we were drilled in French, commanded in French, and orders were issued in French, and as I was the only officer who did not understand the language, you can well imagine my awkwardness. However, I soon became familiar with the commands most frequently used, and it was not long before I could get my company through dress parade in a more or less creditable manner. Orders came after awhile from General Twiggs to discontinue the French language and to adopt English, and matters went along more smoothly as far as I was concerned. The company to which I was assigned was composed principally of Irishmen, who resented the change quite fiercely. One of our fellows, who enlisted under the name of Jones, but whose name was

Branagan, while somewhat more than half drunk, approached the writer, and, touching his kepi, said: "Leftenant, I don't know what oi'll do. You want us to drill in English, and the divil a wurd I know but French." Absurd as it may appear, he spoke the truth. He had never been a soldier before, and when he had learned to drill by French commands, they were all the military terms he knew. "Right shoulder shift arms" was something far beyond his comprehension and he was forced to learn anew.

As the battalion was formed by the enlistment of recruits who were assigned to companies without regard to their wishes or desires, and as no two men had ever seen each other previous to enlistment, there was only one thing in common between them, and that was to get all the fun and all the whiskey possible, and this they did to the great annoyance of the officers. It must not be understood that by this statement that the men were low vagabonds, for they were not. They were simply young and wild and were going to war, probably never to return, and when the clash of battle came none were braver, none more loyal to the cause, and none more easily handled in fight or controlled in quarters. There were bad men among them, but good soldiers predominated.

We had barracks at the foot of Conti street, where recruits were sent as enlisted, and where uniforms and blankets were issued to them, and from whence they were sent under guard to the old Pontchartrain Depot for shipment to Mandeville. They were not guarded to prevent desertion, but simply as a precaution against straggling and drunkenness. Among others, I was sent upon recruiting service, and selecting Baton Rouge as the point of advantage, opened office and secured some thirty-five or forty recruits. There were a few young Baton Rougeans left behind by the many volunteer companies which from time to time had left for the seat of war, so I was compelled to depend upon strangers, with four or five notable exceptions. There were a few who, for one reason or another, had remained at home, and among those was one who had joined and quit almost every company raised in the parish. He was a drunken, reckless little scamp, whom the police and citizens were anxious to get rid of, and I was early approached and begged to enlist him. Objecting at first, I finally consented, and the Chief of Police hunted him up and brought him before me. "Do you wish to become a soldier, ——?" I asked, and receiving a favorable response, I informed him that if he enlisted I would compel him to go; that he would not be permitted to back out, as he had been doing. "All

right, Cap.; I want to serve my country. Just give me your list and I will sign." "Oh, no, my boy; we don't manage in that way; but just step across the street to the office of the justice of the peace and take the enlisting oath, and I will attend to the rest," said I. "Ain't you going to give me something? Gim'me a dollar," said the dodger. Handing him the money, we entered the office of the venerable Judge Walker, and the young fellow was shortly after a Confederate soldier. As soon as he had taken the oath, he remarked, a smile of cunning on his face, that he would meet me next day in time to catch the New Orleans boat. "No," I said. "There will be no more parting. The constable will take you down under the hill where the other recruits are quartered, and there you will remain strictly guarded until we leave." The smile instantly vanished; he was sobered by the intelligence, and quietly remarked: "Well, I'll be d——d if I ain't trapped!" He had a father and several sisters whom I had not taken into account, who soon came weeping and begging for the release of the worthless vagabond. I thought of the great relief of the taking off of the fellow would be to the townspeople, and remained obdurate and hard-hearted. Besides, I had no right to discharge an enlisted soldier. The boat was due about noon, and not caring to march on board at the head of my Falstaffian army, I appointed a corporal from among my embryonic heroes, with strict instructions to take — on board, whether he would or not. Hearing the boat's whistle shortly after, I started for the landing. What a picture presented itself to my vision! Some forty men, most of whom were drunk as lords, were marching two by two, singing "Dixie," while the rear was brought up by three of the strongest, partly dragging and partly carrying the only native among my recruits, and those in turn were followed by an old father and the sisters imploring the men to turn "Buddie" loose, and when tears and prayers failed to soften the hearts of the soldiers, they showered imprecations good and strong upon their heads. "Buddie" was taken aboard and seated upon the capstan by a big raftsman detailed for the purpose. "Set thar, sonny, and stop your whimpering, er I'll turn you up 'an spank ye," said the big fellow. Buddie heeded not, but gazing ashore at his weeping relatives and familiar scenes of his childhood, exclaimed: "Well, I'll be d——d. They have got me off to the war at last, and I wouldn't give a picayune for my life."

My recruits reached camp in due time, and most of them proved excellent soldiers, and many finally fell in the front ranks in battle,

and are now sleeping in unknown and unmarked graves. Buddie was an exception all along the line. He spent most of his time in the guard-house or in the hospital, and was an unmitigated, all-around scamp. Knowing it would only be a matter of time before he would be sent in chains to work upon the fortification, I went one night to the guard tent, where he was a prisoner, and, taking him aside, informed him that I would secure him his release if he would desert. Agreeing, I gave him money to pay his way home and have never laid eyes on him since. Was I justified in encouraging desertion? I believe I was in this case.

I have dwelt longer than I should have done in relating this incident, but I had two objects in view—one was to show the trouble and annoyance frequently experienced by recruiting officers, and the other to emphasize the fact that respectable, law-abiding citizens invariably make the best soldiers.

After waiting for months at Mandeville for the appearance of an officer to muster the battalion into the Confederate service, a proposition was made by the Adjutant General to the effect that, with four other companies ready for service, we form a full regiment of infantry, and the proposition was accepted. A few days after the camp was thrown into intense excitement by an order for the battalion to proceed to Camp Moore, preparatory to being sent to the seat of war. The good people of Mandeville had been exceedingly kind and hospitable to officers and men during our long stay among them, and now that the boys were going forth to assist in fighting the battles of the South, they overwhelmed us with kindness. The company to which the writer belonged was left behind when the battalion departed, to pack up and guard quartermasters' stores while in transit from Mandeville by schooner, through Lake Pontchartrain, to Pass Manchac, where we were to board a railroad train for Camp Moore. The boat carrying the five companies had scarcely started on her way ere a saturnalia of drunken fury took possession of the men of our company, accompanied by incipient mutiny, which might have had a serious termination had it not been for the courage of the officers, manfully aided by the sergeants and a few of the sober men. We passed an alarming night, but by morning the whiskey had died out, and, as the bar-rooms remained closed, order was brought out of chaos. The citizens of Mandeville were seriously alarmed by the riotous conduct of the soldiers, a condition brought about by the unstinted generosity of themselves, and were careful next day not to furnish much whiskey with their kindness. The men, too, kept

busy loading schooners, were under better control, but along about the time of embarking I began to detect the preliminary symptoms of another big drunk. Finding the soldiers about to take final leave of their dear old town, citizens again filled their canteens with the best to be had, so that when the hawser was cast loose we had another drunken company. To the patriotic people of Mandeville nothing was too good for Southern soldiers.

Night falling as we got well under ways, as a means of pacification I suggested that the men sing songs of their native land, and soon a dozen voices were raised in as many languages, and the singing, interspersed with a few fights, continued until one after another the drunken soldiers fell asleep upon the deck, the only covering being the starry canopy of the heavens.

Reaching Camp Moore the next day we found four companies awaiting to be added to the six of zouaves, and when this was accomplished we were no longer a battalion, but the 13th Louisiana Regiment of Infantry. That's another chapter of my story, however.

The four companies awaiting the Avegno Zouaves, or Governor's Guards, for the purpose of forming a regiment, were the Southern Celts, Captain Steve O'Leary (the famous ex-Chief of Police of New Orleans); the St. Mary Volunteers, Captain James Murphy; Norton Guards, Captain George Norton, and Crescent Rifles, Captain W. A. Metcalf.

Randall Lee Gibson, a captain of the First Louisiana Regular Artillery, was First Colonel. Aristide Gerard and Anatole Avegno Lieutenant Colonel and Major of the battalion, were given corresponding rank in the new organization. Lieutenant King, who had resigned a commission in the United States Army and cast his lot with the South, was appointed Adjutant. With these field officers and ten companies complete was formed a regiment with the unlucky number, the Thirteenth.

Camp Moore was the rendezvous for State troops, where, as the companies arrived, they were assigned to regiments and drilled and disciplined until transferred to the Confederate government. General Tracey, Major General of the Louisiana Militia, was in command of the camp, and a most trying position it was, with officers new to military duties and enlisted men untaught and undisciplined.

The 10th Louisiana had departed for Virginia a few days before our arrival, to the evident satisfaction of the old General, who found the men of this command rather difficult to handle, and from what we were told, it appeared no love was lost between the General and

the 10th. Be that as it may, he no sooner laid eyes on the battalion of Zouaves than he exclaimed: "Heavens above! When I sent the 10th away I thought I would never see its like again, but these fellows are chips from the same block."

Tents pitched, drilling became the order of the day, and what some of our military college-bred officers did not know, but thought they knew, of tactics and company evolutions would fill more sheets of paper than I can well afford, and in strict deference to truth, I must say that the military knowledge of our Colonel was infinitesimal. Lieutenant-Colonel Gerard and Adjutant King were adepts in military science, and had been well and thoroughly trained, the former in the French army, and this, together with the fact that many of the company officers of the 13th Regiment had received initial training in the earlier-formed regiments, in which they had entered the service as privates, furnished a fairly good starting point.

Colonel Gibson, an exceedingly bright man, soon mastered tactics, and was never after at a loss in handling regiment or brigade. There were, however, company officers who firmly believed they possessed a knowledge of tactics equal to General Hardee, but who really ranked along with the Georgia captain, who, finding his company face to face with a rail fence which he wished to cross, gave the command: "Scatter, fellows, and cluster up on the other side." Yet the day came when General Hardee, at the close of a competitive drill at Tullahoma, addressed to the 13th the following words: "You are one of the best drilled regiments I ever saw." This was a high compliment to come from the author of *Hardee's Tactics*, and went to prove that while there were few, if any, professors of military science in our regiment, the young fellows were earnest, painstaking students of company and battalion formations.

Young men bearing such names as Norton, Cammack, Labouisse, Lallande, Luzenberg, Crouch, and many other of the best families of New Orleans and Louisiana were naturally bound to excel where ambition, duty and patriotism pointed the way. Self-confidence in ability to beat "old Hardee" at his own game was not the only claim to superiority the boys set up, but to valor as well, and I may be permitted to say right here, that there was scarcely an officer or man in the 13th Regiment, in its early days, who did not honestly and conscientiously believe that he could, singly and alone, whip a ten-acre lot full of Yankees. Many afterwards undertook the job, only to find it an extremely difficult and disagreeable one, and alas, the shame of it, some of the fiercest of our aggregation of ferocity

did not even put their valor to the test, but got out of the service just as soon as it became positively certain that there would be Yankees to whip.

One in particular, I remember, was so bloodthirsty that he fairly foamed at the mouth whenever Yankees were mentioned, and yet he let the regiment proceed to bloody fields without accompanying it, and I often thought that the war might have terminated differently had this indignation and anger been of a more enduring nature. Instead of remaining at home, after Yankee occupation, calmly transacting mercantile business, if the three or four individuals who quit the regiment at Camp Moore, or shortly after, had remained steadfast, the surrender of Appomattox might not be embraced in the history of the country. Fortunately for the honor of the State and the regiment, those who back-tracked were decidedly few. There were two or three, but with these exceptions, officers and men alike, were eager for the fray, and as Camp Moore was a dull spot in the pine woods, soon began grumbling at the delay in sending them to the front.

Drilling and guard mounting became extremely irksome and monotonous, and if it had not been for our little games of poker and frequent trip to the sutler's store to indulge in convivial fellowship, it would have been almost unendurable. Wines and liquors were sold at the canteen to officers without regard to quantity, and to the enlisted men upon presentation of a written order signed by a company officer. Don't be shocked, gentle readers, when I say that many officers and the men that could do so, became liberal patrons of the deadfall, for I boldly assert that the average soldier, whether wearing the shoulder straps of an officer or the plain, unadorned jacket of a private, will indulge, to a greater or less extent, in ardent spirits when it is to be had, and it is generally to be had. Liquor was as easily procurable in the Thirteenth Louisiana as in any prohibition town you ever struck, and the latter is an easy proposition.

True, there were some who did not indulge, nor did I ever see an officer intoxicated at Camp Moore, but the whiskey was there to be sold, and was sold in vast quantities. The enlisted men secured the signatures of captains when they could do so, but to save time and chances of being met by a refusal most frequently forged the names of their officers. They were lively chaps, those soldiers of ours, to whom forgery of an officer's name to a pass or to a whiskey order was a small matter—a good joke. It was said parties high in auth-

ority had an interest in the sutler's store, and for that reason signatures were not too closely scrutinized. This may not have been true; but that a wonderful number of men purchased liquor on forged orders is a fact.

After a month or more spent between the banks of Beaver creek and the river Tangipahoa orders came to proceed to Camp Chalmette, below New Orleans. Officers and men alike had been anxiously expecting orders to proceed to Virginia, and were greatly disappointed at change of destination, but as any change was desirable, marching orders were hailed with intense satisfaction.

Soon after receipt of orders a reign of busy activity began. Tents were taken down, trunks packed, blankets rolled and the regiment aligned along the railroad track to await the train. Every officer had one trunk at least at Camp Moore, but a day came when all one's surplus clothing was rolled in a blanket to be slung and carried over the shoulder. Trunks shrunk to valises, valises to hand grips and hand grips to nothing, in a remarkably short time.

The train to carry the regiment and its belongings came snorting along about 3 o'clock in the morning, and as soon as filled with men and camp equipage was off for the Crescent City. Without regret, we bade farewell to the old camp in the pines, with its six or seven hundred graves, containing the remains of Louisianians who yielded up their patriotic young lives without having once faced the enemies of their beloved South. Not one single mound, however, was erected over the body of a member of the 13th, a fact which gives emphasis to the remark I often heard, that soldiers from urban communities withstand disease and hardships far better than those raised in the country, where regular hours are maintained and diseases usual to congested communities unknown. To measles may be largely charged the loss of life at Camp Moore, and as this disease is generally contracted in childhood by inhabitants in cities and towns, and as a great majority of our men were city bred, the 13th was as nearly immune as a regiment could well be.

After a few hours' travel, the train pulled into the old Jackson Railroad Depot, where an unusually animated scene presented itself. The surroundings were black with a dense mass of humanity. It was a bright Sunday morning, and fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, and throngs of persons drawn hither by simple curiosity, or it may be, moved by patriotic impulses, arrayed in holiday garb, packed the depot until it was well-nigh impossible to alight from the cars or to form companies.

Nine-tenths of the men of the 13th were from New Orleans, mechanics, screwmen, longshoremen, sailors, barbers, cooks, and, in fact, men of all trades and callings, some with parents, sisters and brothers, others with wives and children, and all with scores of friends, and it seemed this Sunday morning as if neither relatives or friends were absent—as if the last one was crowding in upon the cars as the train stopped. Nor was that the worst, for it seemed that every wife, mother or sister in the mob expected her soldier boy to accompany her home for the day. “Oh, Captain, for the love of God, let Patrick go home with me. I have a good dinner cooked for him, and he’ll be in camp to-night. Oh, do, Captain; maybe I’ll never see my boy again,” importuned an old Irish mother. “Impossible, madam, strict orders to keep the men in ranks,” was the reply. “*Mon Dieu*, Lieutenant! let my lil’ *garcon*, Jules, go my ’ouse. His *petite* sis-tar seek. Come back queek,” said another. “Impossible, madam.” But Patrick slipped, and Mike followed; Jules dodged through the pressing crowd, and Pierre also. Of course, in such a crowd of admiring patriots, with hearts overflowing with patriotism, whiskey was slipped to the boys going off to fight the battles of the country, and the liquor soon began to tell, so by the time the march began many of the soldiers were decidedly groggy. Nevertheless enough sober and slightly intoxicated men remained with the colors to present a fine appearance as we bravely marched through Louisiana’s great city, cheered to the echo by crowds massed on the sidewalks. With handsome field-officers, on gaily-prancing steeds, drum and bugle corps beating quicksteps, flashing uniforms of officers and men, the regiment presented a picture the like of which had not been witnessed in the Crescent City since Jackson’s army fought at Chalmette—if then.

It was a long march from where the old Jackson depot was located to Camp Chalmette, and, as the men had not made any marches previously, it was absolutely necessary that frequent halts should be made, and every halt meant more whiskey. Only one gross violation of civil or military law resulted from excessive drinking, however, and that was the brutal and unprovoked murder of one soldier by another while resting in front of the Mint. This murder was committed by a Frenchman, a member of the Third Company, called the “Zoo-Zoos,” who, crazed by drink, without the least justification, raised his musket and shot and killed a German of Company D. The murderer was disarmed, arrested and turned over to the civil authorities, but it is doubtful if he was ever brought to trial, as

the regiment left Louisiana not long after, taking all witnesses to the tragedy along.

The longest march comes to an end at last, and so did ours, and we arrived at Camp Chalmette in time to pitch tents for the night. Next morning stragglers came in by ones and twos, so that by evening roll call the regiment was itself again. At the time of which we are writing the battle field was a stretch of smooth pasture land, well adapted for regimental manoeuvres, and, as crowds of visitors came down from the city every afternoon, it was thought well to give daily exhibitions of the proficiency of the regiment. These drills and dress parades were no ordinary affairs, but on the most elaborate scale. Officers, mounted on handsome steeds, oceans of gold lace flashing in the sunlight, gorgeous Zouave uniforms and high-class military music, thousands of lovely bright-eyed women looking on admiringly, made every man of us feel as the old song expresses it:

“ Oh, there is not a trade a-going,
Worth the knowing or the showing
Like that from glory growing,
Says the bold soldier boy.”

Nothing in the way of soldiering could have been more pleasant or agreeable than life at Camp Chalmette, and yet every unmarried man in the regiment was eager to be off. We were dreadfully afraid the war would end and we would be mustered out without experiencing the wild excitement of battle. To fight was what we had joined the army to do, and an opportunity to fight we ardently desired, yet, I think I speak truth, when I assert that in less than ten minutes in the “hornets’ nest” at Shiloh, the appetite for fighting of nine-tenths of the members of the regiment was satiated to repletion. If my readers will permit, I will digress right here long enough to say that the average patriot gets enough fighting to do him a lifetime in ten minutes under a good heavy fire of artillery and musketry, such as we had in the Civil War. A little of it goes a long way.

We were at Camp Chalmette some five or six weeks, and began to think the Secretary of War was ignorant of our existence or that he had a sufficient number of soldiers without us to whip all the Yankees this side of the Kennebec river, when orders came to strike tents and go by steamer to Columbus, Ky., where a Confederate army was then forming. Within five minutes after receipt of this order there was a hurrying and scurrying to and fro, such as was never before witnessed in the 13th. Striking tents, packing knap-

sacks, filling haversacks and loading wagons to take our plunder to the steamer *Morrison*, which arrived almost simultaneously with the order to move. The news of our early departure had spread uptown before the soldiers themselves were made aware of it, thanks to the energy of newspaper reporters, and it was not long before, what appeared to be, a big half of the city's population was on the ground. Wives, mothers, sisters, sweethearts, with weeping eyes and saddened hearts, clinging to their loved ones, could be seen on every hand, and even those who were from other portions of the State were made serious and depressed by the sorrowful lamentations of the weeping women.

The last load of camp equipage had been sent to the river and only the stacks of arms and uniformed soldiers were left to mark the spot where our home had been for weeks, when loud above the hum of conversation and crying of women a bugle was heard sounding the assembly, followed by the short, sharp commands of "Fall in! Fall in!" With a great cheer the men fell into their respective places, were brought to "Attention." "Take arms," "Carry arms," "Right face," "Forward march," quickly followed, the band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the regiment marched gayly to the river, followed by the multitude of civilians, men and women, waving handkerchiefs and wishing Godspeed to those about to enter actively upon a war of four years' duration, and which left only poverty, desolation and misery in its wake.

Weep, mothers, weep; weep, heartbroken wife; weep, gentle sister, for you are perhaps parting forever from your loved ones. Were you gifted with prophetic vision whereby you could penetrate the dark war-clouds of the future, you might see many of the dear ones now marching so bravely and proudly aboard the majestic steamer, lying stark and cold in death, on bloody shot-torn fields, or dying in fever-infected hospitals, with nothing but strangers to wipe the death-damp from their brows, or to utter a prayer for their soul's repose. Soldiers, take a last lingering look at your Crescent City, while the mighty engines throb and pulsate, impatient of restraint, for the years will pass before those of you who survive the bloody conflict will tread its streets again.

"I wish I had a gurl to cry for me; but the devil a wun cares whether I go or stay," said a brawny young Irishman, as he looked on at the parting of other soldiers from those they held dearest in life.

"A gurl to cry for ye, do you? Maybe ye'd like to have a wife

and two childer, like McMahon, over there, to be clinging to ye and begging ye not to lave 'em. Be me soul, I'm glad I've no wun. If I get kilt me people will never know what became of me, and the only monument I'll get will be an entry on the Company books—Killed in battle, Mike Morrisy—and that's not me throe name, at that."

All aboard! The pilot has signaled the engineer, the shrill whistle gives warning that all is in readiness, the hawser is cast loose and the palatial steamer gracefully swings out into the stream. Nine hundred soldiers, five or six hundred of whom wore brilliant red caps and baggy trousers, cover the forecastle, the main upper deck and every spot available, except the cabin, which is reserved for the forty-five officers. A pretty picture was the majestic steamer, with its living cargo, as the gold lace and red and blue colors of the uniforms flashed in the evening sunlight, to elicit thunders of applause from immense crowds at points of vantage all along the city's front. Cannon saluted the departing soldiers as the boat passed the barracks; bells tolled out their sad farewells, and steam whistles shrieked shrilly and wildly. When the boat reached the upper limits of the city I noticed that every eye was turned cityward, and every face saddened at the thought of leaving home and friends. Ah, soldiers, take a long farewell look at your beloved Crescent City fading in the twilight. Feast your eyes once again on the crescent-shaped place of your birth, and the land of your fathers, for when the great steamer turns yon bend you will have passed from its life, many of you, forever. Even to you few who survive the dreadful carnage, will all be changed. Returning weary, emaciated, warworn, aye, limbless, you will find social, political and economic conditions far different from what you knew them, and the conqueror's steady tramp will be heard resounding through streets you proudly and bravely trod in the heyday of your military career. Turn away, soldiers, your city is no longer visible. The taps have sounded. Good-night.

Well, we are off at last. Off to where battles are being fought and where heroes are developed, and every officer and enlisted man in the Thirteenth is eager and anxious to participate in the fray. The all-absorbing desire is to reach a battlefield before the war closes. "It cannot possibly last longer than six months," say the wise ones. "Were not Mason and Slidell taken from an English ship and will not Great Britain avenge the gross insult to her flag?" With an English fleet at their doors and Southerners at the heels of their soldiers,

short work will be made of the Northern armies. Throw fresh fuel into the furnace, firemen. Put on more steam, engineer, to hurry us on our journey. It depends largely on the speed of the boat whether we return conquering heroes, to be welcomed by the shouts and cheers of grateful and admiring thousands, or slink back to peaceful pursuits "unknown, unhonored and unsung." Ah! my debonnaire comrades, could you but glance into the book of fate and read what is there recorded; see before you the long, weary marches under burning suns, pelting rains or cutting hail storms, your hearts would be heavy and your faces serious. Could you, Major, see that shallow grave gaping to receive your mortal remains on the fiercely contested field of Shiloh, you would cease the interesting story you are telling and turn to beads and prayer. Charley, gallant, light and hearty Charley, could you picture in your mind that solemn midnight scene, on the banks of Stone river, where your body was laid away by tender hands of comrades, *Il Trovatore*, snatches of which you are softly humming, would suddenly cease and in its stead arise the solemn *De Profundis*.

Comfortably seated in an armchair, inditing these crude reminiscences forty-two years after, it appears strange and unreasonable that young men are ever ready to leave the comforts of home life to go where chances of early sepulcher are great, limbless bodies abundant, and at the best only hardships and suffering are to be found. So it was, is and always will be.

Readers of these sketches must expect quite a number of twists in the thread of my story. I am not writing a history of the 13th, but my own experience, as a soldier "in a Louisiana regiment." History tells the tale of the regiment. Nor will I cover more ground than that occupied by the Louisiana Brigade of the Army of Tennessee. While I was at the birth, baptism and death of that great Southern army, I only know what occurred outside of my brigade by hearsay. It was understood in our regiment that they who knew most of the general features of an engagement were company cooks, servants and skulkers, who gathered around wagon trains and viewed "the battle from afar." I felt in those days that a soldier who stood by his colors was doing his full duty without wandering over the field, watching the operations of brigades to which he did not belong. The truant's excuse, "I became entangled with other troops and could not again find my regiment," was met by a sneer in the 13th, and to avoid being sneered at, if not for loftier motives,

I confined myself and my knowledge of battles to regimental and brigade lines.

Now that we are afoot and fairly on our way, it might be well to furnish a roster of the regiment, which was as follows:

Randall Gibson, Colonel; Aristide Gerard, Lieutenant-Colonel; Anatole P. Avegno, Major; ——— King, Adjutant.

First Company, Governor's Guards—Auguste Cassard, Captain; Charles Richard, First Lieutenant; Victor Mossy, Second Lieutenant; Victor Olivier, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Second Company, Governor's Guards—J. Fremaux, Captain; B. Bennett, First Lieutenant; C. H. Luzenburg, Second Lieutenant; Charles Hepburn, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Third Company, Governor's Guards—Bernard Avegno, Captain; St. Leon Deetez, First Lieutenant; Henry Castillo, Second Lieutenant; Eugene Lagarique, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Fourth Company, Governor's Guards—M. O. Tracey, Captain; Hugh H. Bein, First Lieutenant; Eugene Blasco, Second Lieutenant; George W. Boylon, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Fifth Company, Governor's Guards—Lee Campbell, Captain; John M. King, First Lieutenant; J. B. Sallaude, Second Lieutenant; Norman Story, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Sixth Company, Governor's Guards—W. Dubroca, Captain; John McGrath, First Lieutenant; A. M. Dubroca, Second Lieutenant; Robert Cade, Junior Second Lieutenant.

St. Mary Volunteers—Thomas G. Wilson, Captain; James Murphy, First Lieutenant; H. H. Strawbridge, Second Lieutenant; Adolph Dumartrait, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Gladden Rifles—William A. Metcalf, Captain; John W. Labuisse, First Lieutenant; Walter V. Crouch, Second Lieutenant; E. B. Musgrove, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Southern Celts—Stephen O'Leary, Captain; John Daly, First Lieutenant; E. J. Connolly, Second Lieutenant; John Dooley, Junior Second Lieutenant.

Norton Guards—George W. Norton, Captain; M. Hunly, First Lieutenant; A. S. Stuart, Second Lieutenant; George Cammack, Junior Second Lieutenant.

J. M. Parker, Sergeant Major.

Colonel Gibson, a graduate of Yale, wealthy, refined and polished by travel and association with the most famous men of the day, served as Colonel or Brigade Commander from the firing of the first gun until the battle-torn and stained flags of the regiments were

furled for the last time, and never missed a battle or skirmish in which his command was engaged, and these numbered one hundred or more. In my opinion, Gibson was not what one might call a great commander, but that he was a brave and faithful one his splendid record bears testimony. He was a good soldier, if not a military genius.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gerard was a Frenchman by birth and a soldier by profession. He was a master of the science of war, and brave to a degree of rashness. Arriving in New Orleans some years previous to the war, while occupying an editorial position on one of the French papers, he became prominent through a duel with a notorious duelist, in which the latter was fatally wounded. Colonel Gerard was not long with the regiment, receiving a severe wound at Farmington, and upon recovery being assigned to duty in the Transmississippi Department.

Major Avegno was a Creole of Louisiana, educated, refined and wealthy. His service was also short, as he fell mortally wounded on the second day at Shiloh, and died a day or two after.

Adjutant King, at the breaking out of the war, was a second lieutenant in the United States Army, resigning to take service with the Confederacy. He was a thorough soldier, and to him in a great measure was due the fine discipline and perfect drill which were always characteristic of the regiment.

At one of the landings made by the boat it was learned that a battle had been fought at Belmont, opposite Columbus, and that the Yankees had been defeated with great loss and had returned to Cairo pell-mell, and that, too, without the presence of the 13th. Thus, thought we, faded the only opportunity of ever facing the enemy. Defeated at Manassas and at Belmont, the Federals would realize the folly of attempting invasion of the South and throw up the sponge. The disappointment had a most depressing effect on officers and men alike, the former cursing the slowness of the boat, while the latter, more superstitious, laid it on the unlucky number of the regiment. "Oh, why the blazes did I join the 13th. I might have known we'd be unlucky," was a common remark. It was a most discouraging piece of news to all, but I lived to see a time when the boys were not so anxious; when they could have remained on board a Confederate boat with perfect complacency while others were dying. The 13th always performed its full duty when called upon; the men did the fighting falling to their share, but, like the man who ate the crow, "didn't hanker arter it." After one or

two good stiff battles indignation meetings were not held if the regiment found itself in reserve. We might say right here, however, that no battle was fought by the Army of Tennessee where we were overlooked, when a battery was to be captured or a line of battle attacked. "Oh, go on, Mike, don't ye know we'll be sent in. We're not voters, an' they'll want to save the Hoosier regiments so as to have as many men after the war as they can to vote. Every last man of the colonels will be running for office," I heard one of the men of the Southern Celts say on one occasion.

About evening of the sixth day the journey ended. Columbus was covered by snow and the men without overcoats. Crowds of soldiers came down to the river to see us land, and as many of these had never seen a zouave before, they were surprised beyond measure. They took the baggy trousers for petticoats and one loud-mouthed Hoosier shouted: "Jeems, come over here and see the Loosyane wimmen soldiers. All of you'ns come." Disgust was plainly discernible on the countenances of the men at being taken for women, and the remarks addressed to the country soldiers were not such as to be printable.

At last the 13th was at the front.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, Aug. 16, 1903.]

THE BRUNSWICK GUARDS.

A Roll of the Officers and Privates—A List of the Dead.

The following is a roll of officers and privates of Brunswick Guards, who saw service in the 5th Virginia Battalion, and later in Company H, 53d Virginia Regiment:

Captain, D. T. Poynor, dead.

First-Lieutenant, George B. Clark, dead.

Second-Lieutenant, B. A. Lewis, dead.

Third-Lieutenant, Charles H. Wilkes, dead.

First-Sergeant, George Claiborne, elected lieutenant in 1862; dead.

Second-Sergeant, H. H. Heartwell.

Third-Sergeant, A. B. Morrison, dead.

Fourth-Sergeant, Charles P. Montague, ambulance sergeant.

CORPORALS.

First, J. J. Percival.

Second, William H. Michael, transferred to 59th Regiment; wounded at Sailors' Creek, and captured; died at Johnson's Island, Ohio, June, 1865.

Third, J. W. Buford, wounded at Gettysburg; dead.

Fourth, James T. Lashley.

PRIVATES.

John J. Bass, dead.

J. B. Battle, dead.

John F. Bennett, died in service.

Alex. Barrow, dead.

W. S. Bacon, wounded at Dinwiddie Courthouse.

M. A. Clark, dead.

Edward W. Crichton.

James Crichton, transferred to 12th Virginia Regiment; dead.

John Clayton, dead.

Benjamin D. Clayton, sergeant.

George W. Clayton, dead.

George E. Clayton.

Thomas F. Duane.

J. H. Dameron, died in service.

George Dameron, died in service.

Littleton Edmunds, dead.

Thomas Flournoy, dead.

Benjamin B. Graves, first-sergeant; killed at Gettysburg.

Charles Gibbon, dead.

John A. Heartwell.

W. E. Hammonds, wounded at Gettysburg.

Turner Hammonds, substitute.

A. W. Hammonds.

James H. Hall, wounded at Suffolk.

R. W. Hall.

William D. Hicks, dead.

George Hicks, died in service.

Thomas J. Hines, died from wounds.

R. C. Haskins.

R. E. Haskins.

E. M. Harris.

Robert Hitchcocks.

W. H. House, dead.

William Hagood, died in service.

John Hagood, killed at Gettysburg.

George Harrison, captain; dead.

D. J. Johnson.

Adolphous Johnson, color corporal; killed at Gettysburg.

Richard Johnson.

John R. Jolly.

George H. Jolly, dead.

John S. Kelly.

James W. Kelly, died in service.

R. P. Kirkland, dead.

J. M. Kirkland, wounded at Gettysburg.

W. J. Kirkland.

S. E. Lanier.

John Laird, died in service.

B. W. Lashley.

Peter Laird, died in service.

F. E. Lewis, dead.

Richard Lewis, substitute; died in prison; was captured at Gettysburg; when ordered to surrender, turned to Captain Latané, and said: "Captain, what must I do?"

W. M. Manning.

George E. Michael, wounded at Suffolk and Gettysburg.

George W. Mitchell.

T. B. Maclin, wounded at Gettysburg; killed on retreat from Petersburg, 1865.

J. H. Maclin.

S. J. Morrison, dead.

Richard E. McCoy, drummer.

George Nicholson, dead.

O. H. Nicholson, dead.

Algernon Nicholson, dead.

James M. Northington, dead.

John H. Newton, sergeant, dead.

M. A. Orgain.

William Orgain.

William H. Poynor, killed at Gettysburg.

R. H. Prichett, dead.

William Peebles, dead.

James A. Riddick, lieutenant.

Benjamin L. Riddick, dead.

J. J. Rives, dead.

J. Royal Robinson, dead.

John J. Rawlings, died in prison, Elmira, N. Y.

Dr. J. A. Robinson.

John H. W. Robinson, dead.

W. J. Steed, died from wounds.

William E. Stith.

B. A. Stith, wounded at Gettysburg.

L. A. Scoggins.

G. A. Short.

B. B. Saunders, dead.

E. W. Travis, dead.

James A. Traylor, dead.

W. F. Thomas, quartermaster, dead.

E. R. Turnbull, quartermaster, dead.

W. H. Venable, dead.

W. A. Vaughan.

H. M. Vaiden, lieutenant, dead.

B. J. Walker, wounded at Gettysburg.

John Wray.

John L. Williams.

L. Fenton Williams, wounded at Seven Pines; killed at Gettysburg.

——— Woodruff, lost sight of.

William Young, died in service.

H. E. Young, corporal, wounded.

PERSONAL.

I will mention several of the members of the original company, viz:

Jamas A. Riddick was the only member of the original company who ever held a commission after it was disbanded and placed in Company H, 53rd Virginia Regiment. He was elected lieutenant and made a capable and efficient officer.

Adolphous Johnson, one of the color guards at Gettysburg, was killed upholding his flag. He was the last one of the guards to carry the colors and bore them to the Stone-wall.

Fenton (L. Fenton) Williams was only in two battles of the war—Seven Pines and Gettysburg. He was severely wounded at Seven Pines, and was sent to a hospital, where he contracted smallpox. He was killed in the first day's service, after leaving the hospital, in battle at Gettysburg.

The following is an extract from a letter received by the writer from Captain John L. Latané, who commanded our company:

“My opinion of the men as soldiers of the old ‘Brunswick Guards’ cannot be too strong in words of praise, for, as I said on a former occasion, they were never called on to perform any duty, day or night, that was not done most cheerfully, without a murmur or complaint, entirely subject to discipline, and to a man, as far as I can remember, they did what was ordered by those in authority. When I forget them and their deeds of heroism, may a just and righteous God forget me!”

This roll was made out from memory.

GEORGE E. MITCHELL.

P. S.—Private James H. Hall was severely wounded in the face; the bullet entered the corner of his mouth, passed through and tore the end of the tongue, and was taken out from under the ear. He has the bullet to this day.

Some question was raised by the surgeon as to the advisability of removing the lacerated part of the tongue, but they, thinking he would die, failed to work fast enough for him, so he got hold of a pair of scissors and did the surgery himself.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, July 5, 1903.]

GENERAL JOHN MORGAN,

THE CELEBRATED CONFEDERATE CAVALRY LEADER.

Circumstantial Account of His Death, by Colonel J. W. Scully, U. S. A., an Eyewitness.

ATLANTA, GA., July 3, 1903.

Editor Picayune :

DEAR SIR,—In the “Confederate Column” of your issue of the 28th ult. appears an article by P. H. Hora, giving what he asserts to be a true account of “How General John H. Morgan was killed.” The romantic picture of Mrs. Williams’ house in Greenville is, I presume, correct, but, with the exception of the facts that Morgan was killed in Mrs. Williams’ garden, and that there was a chapel at the end of the grounds, the story and the conclusions drawn therefrom are simply errors. I have from time to time read many conflicting stories of this affair, and having been a prominent actor in it, concluded that the time had come when an eyewitness should give the public the truth of the matter.

I shall commence by stating that I was the next ranking officer to General Gillem on that expedition. It was a force placed under the exclusive orders of General Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee (afterwards President of the United States), and composed of Tennessee troops, but just before the combat at Greenville we were joined by a squadron of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry under Major Newell. Our force consisted of the Ninth and Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry; Company A, Tenth Tennessee Cavalry (headquarters escort); Battery B, First Tennessee Artillery, and the aforementioned Michigan squadron. My regiment, the Tenth Tennessee Infantry, not being mounted, was not detailed for this raid, but I, on General Gillem’s request, accompanied him and acted as chief of staff. The object of the expedition was to rid east Tennessee of guerrilla bands that were being formed on both sides, and incidentally to destroy the salt works at Saltville, Va.

On August 23, 1864, we had a sharp fight with Colonel Giltner’s command of Morgan’s troops at Blue Springs, Tenn., about halfway between Bulls Gap and Greenville, defeating Giltner in a couple

of hours. After pursuing him several miles beyond Greenville, we returned to Bulls Gap to await supplies from Knoxville, and it was here we learned that John Morgan was on his way from the Watauga to "clean us up." The following is actually what occurred:

About 9 o'clock on the night of September 3, 1864, I was in my tent conversing with Captain Sterling Hambright, commander of the headquarters escort, when my orderly, Private David Cahill, knocked and told that "little Jimmy Leddy" wished to speak to me. Knowing the boy since the affair at Blue Springs, near his mother's house, I invited him in, and he told me that Morgan's men were all around his mother's place; that they took his mare, but that he afterwards found her and stole her from the soldiers, and came direct to our camp. I at first doubted his story, but finally concluded to awake General Gillem, who was asleep in the next tent to mine. Gillem acted immediately upon the boy's information; the command was silently aroused, and at about 10 P. M. Lieutenant-Colonel Ingerton, with the 13th Tennessee Cavalry, started. Ingerton's instructions were to get in the rear of the enemy and to attack as soon as he heard firing in front. The main column, consisting of the 9th Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel Brownlow; 10th Michigan Cavalry, Major Newell; Patterson's battery of six guns; Colonel John K. Miller, 13th Tennessee Cavalry; General Gillem, staff and escort, started at 12 o'clock, midnight. The night was pitch dark; one of the most fearful thunder storms I ever witnessed prevailed for several hours, and had it not been for the constant flashes of lightning we could not have continued our march. About 5:30 o'clock on the morning of the 4th, we came upon the pickets, and the action commenced about 6. Colonels Vaughan and Giltner, of Morgan's force, who commanded in front, were completely surprised, and retreated at once. Colonel Ingerton, having been successful in getting to the rear of the enemy, was awaiting developments in his front, when a negro boy rode up and told him that Morgan and staff were asleep at Mrs. Williams' house in Greenville. Ingerton directed Captain Wilcox, of his regiment, to take two companies and capture Morgan. This force surprised the premises at 6 o'clock, and the soldiers began firing from their horses over the high board fence that inclosed the garden. It was from this fire that General Morgan received his death wound. The bullet entered his back, penetrating the heart, and death was instantaneous. He left the house as soon as he heard the firing, and walked down the garden. He was only partially

dressed, and had on neither coat nor hat. Captain Rogers, of his staff, was captured in the house, and Colonel Withers, Adjutant-General, and Captain Hines were discovered in the chapel at the end of the garden.

A private of the 10th Tennessee Cavalry, named Andrew Campbell, claimed to have shot General Morgan, and with the assistance of a comrade, placed the body across his horse and rode with it about half a mile, when General Gillem and I met him. We both denounced Campbell's conduct, had the remains placed upon a caisson and carried back to Mrs. Williams' house, where they were decently cared for and sent under a flag of truce to Jonesboro, and there delivered to his late command. It was not believed by General Gillem, Colonel Miller, myself, or any of the field officers of the command that Campbell knew who shot General Morgan, for he was in the midst of a crowd of men, and outside of the fence, and all of them firing as fast as they could load. He probably was the first to discover the body as it lay within seventy-five feet of the fence and was partially hidden in a clump of gooseberry bushes. I examined the place at the time, and was then convinced that on that damp, foggy morning, before sunrise, a man's figure would appear only as a shadow, and that Morgan was killed by a volley. Wild stories about the "barbarous" manner in which General Morgan was treated by General Gillem prevailed through the South for years, but Gillem and I refrained from contradicting them for the reason that we were both in the regular army, and the General's official report of the affair had never been published. I have a copy of that report now in my possession. It is signed by General Gillem. Your late and much lamented Major Nat. Burbank read this report, and exacted a promise that I would permit him to use it should the time arrive for an article on the subject.

Joe Williams, eldest son of Mrs. Williams, was a volunteer on the staff of General Burnside, and was absent, but his wife, who was a Miss Rumbough, of Greenville, when she saw Morgan's troops enter town, rode out to her farm, about seven miles distant, in the opposite direction from our camp. This caused the rumor that she carried the information of Morgan's presence to Gillem. I was for several weeks a guest of Mrs. Williams, and I never heard of any of those conversations mentioned by Mr. Hora, but, of course, romances will spring from an affair of that kind, especially after a lapse of nearly forty years.

I did not know that Mrs. Morgan was a relative of the Williams family, but I do know that Mrs. Gillem's brother, Captain Mack Jones, C. S. A., married Miss Kate Sneed, a granddaughter of Mrs. Williams. Captain Jones was killed in the battle of Atlanta.

In conclusion, I would say that General Morgan's remains were not treated as stated by Mr. Hora. Campbell's act in carrying them to General Gillem was the only desecration they received, and that act was strongly denounced by all the officers of the command. I never heard of that heroic conduct of the negro, Tom Clem, in calmly standing within twenty feet of General Morgan with the bullets flying around like hail. I remember one of Mrs. Williams' negroes, named Tom, but I would wager that the aforesaid Tom was, with the other darkies, either under the house or in the "potato hole," on that eventful morning. The negro who gave Colonel Ingerton the information was lost sight of in the tumult, and never again appeared at headquarters.

Jimmy Leddy was the son of a widow living at Blue Springs, was taken by General Gillem to Nashville, and there placed at school, but he soon tired of that and returned to his home.

Captain Rogers, of Morgan's staff, was my guest for over a week after his capture, and he afterwards spoke in the highest terms of the manner in which they were treated by General Gillem, and also of the treatment of Morgan's remains, with the exception, of course, of Campbell's conduct.

J. W. SCULLY,

Colonel, U. S. A. (retired), Colonel Tenth Tennessee Volunteers, Chief of Staff to General Gillem when General John H. Morgan was killed.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, October 4-11, 1903.]

CLOSING SCENES OF THE WAR ABOUT RICHMOND.

Retreat of Custis Lee's Division and the Battle of Sailor's Creek.

By Captain MCHENRY HOWARD, of Baltimore, Assistant Inspector
General, C. S. A., General Custis Lee's Division.

Between 10 and 11 o'clock Saturday night, April 1, 1865, just as I was falling asleep on the lines in front of Chaffin's Bluff, on the north side of the James river, a faint red glare illuminated the tent, followed by a low muttering like distant thunder.

The night was very dark and cloudy, the atmosphere damp and heavy, and at another time I might have found it hard to determine whether the sound was the distant roll of musketry or the rumbling of an approaching storm, but under the circumstance there was no difficulty in attributing it to the right cause.

Flash after flash shone through the canvas, and the muttering presently became almost continuous, although very little louder.

There was something particularly awful in these half-suppressed, but deadly, signs of a far-off struggle, when contrasted with the perfect tranquility immediately around us.

Dressing ourselves and mounting the works, we watched and listened for half an hour, but the battle was across the James, and away over to our right all remained quiet along our part of the lines; and the "Richmond defenses" soon came to the conclusion that so far it was no affair of theirs, and like true soldiers went to sleep as fast as they could to make the most of their present exemption.

Sunday morning was cloudless and lovely, and everything continuing quiet in our front and not the slightest intimation of any change in the condition of affairs being received at division headquarters, I saw no reason why I should not ride to Richmond for the purpose of attending church. On reaching the city, I was not a little astonished to find it in great commotion. Fields' Division, which had formed the left of the line of three divisions on the north side of the James had been withdrawn and marched through town early in the morning, being called away in haste to re-enforce the

south side, where heavy fighting, it was stated, had been and was still going on. Matters were reported to be in a critical condition there, but there were also cheering rumors that Joe Johnston had eluded Sherman and was within a few hours' march of Grant's left flank, and many were buoyant with the expectation that the day would witness a repetition of the scenes of 1862.

The panic in St. Paul's Church, when one after another the principal officers of the government and other leading men were mysteriously summoned away in the middle of the service, has been often described. Many persons simultaneously left the church, and for a time there was great confusion among those who remained, but order was presently restored, and, being communion Sunday, the services were brought to a conclusion without further interruption and with usual solemnity.

By the way, it so happened that the disorder was at its height just before the time for taking up the usual collection, and I afterwards read an account of a Northern correspondent which related how the rector, recognizing the impending end of all things, with happy presence of mind, seized the occasion for reaping a last harvest from his scattering congregation.

At 2 o'clock the Spotswood Hotel and General Ewell's headquarters, corner of Franklin and Seventh streets, were points of greatest interest, and here large crowds blocked the pavements, eagerly discussing the rumors which hourly became more exciting and took more definite shape. It seemed certain that there had been heavy fighting the day before on the extreme right, in which the Confederates had been unable to withstand the attack of overwhelming numbers. I saw one of General Pickett's staff officers, who, reaching Richmond by railroad, after passing all the way around by Barksville Junction, reported that General's command as cut off and in a critical situation, and it was ascertained that the firing which we had listened to the night before was an attack made on the centre of our line, halfway between Petersburg and Chaffin's, where, owing to Pickett's Division having been drawn off to reinforce the extreme right, the works were defended by less than a skirmish line.

This attack had resulted in the capture of the works; a gap was thus made in our centre, through which the Federals poured their troops and massed them, preparatory to sweeping the entire line. It had been reported early in the day that General Ewell had received orders from General Lee to prepare to evacuate Richmond, and the story had been twenty times repeated and denied. By 4

o'clock, however, the belief was common that the Capital must be abandoned, causing a general activity, though more settled gloom. The scenes that afternoon will never be forgotten. Bundles, trunks and boxes were brought out of houses for transportation from the city, or to be conveyed to places within it which were fancied to be more secure.

Vehicles of every sort and description, and a continuous stream of pedestrians, with knapsacks or bundies, filled the streets which led out from the western side of Richmond, while the forms of a few wounded officers, brought home from the battlefields, were borne along the pavement on litters, their calm, pallid faces in strange contrast with the busy ones around.

Ladies stood in their doorways or wandered restlessly about the streets, interrogating every passerby for the latest news. All formality was laid aside in this supreme calamity, all felt the more closely drawn together, because so soon to be separated.

I did not, however, witness the last and saddest hours of the evacuation, for learning that movements would soon take place in my own command, I mounted at sundown and galloped back to Chaffin's farm.

Here I found more of the confusion which I had left in Richmond, but there was only, instead, the unnatural stillness of stealthy preparations.

Orders had been received at Division Headquarters to move out as soon as the moon went down, which would be at 2 A. M. The hostile lines were very close at this point, Fort Harrison (Burnham) being only four or five hundred yards from Elliott's Hill, while the pickets were almost face to face; at one place two logs thrown across a path, separated by an interval of a few steps only, marked the limits of the respective beats.

An "armed neutrality" had always been strictly observed, however, and this tacit understanding of the pickets could be as well trusted as a safeguard from Lee or Grant together.

It is well known that during the latter part of the war pickets often declared war on each other and made truces independent of the rest of the army, and I have often known a warfare to be carried on between posts at one end of a brigade picket line while peace prevailed at the other; here one might expose himself without the slightest apprehension of danger, there the same exposure would be certain to draw a shot.

Ever since I had been attached to the command at Chaffin's, however, we had kept the truce.

I remember one morning standing in front of and very near to a long line of negro sentinels, endeavoring to recognize the faces of former acquaintances, when the officer of the guard passed along and with his sword beat unmercifully a number, who, true to their nature, were sitting on stumps fast asleep. But to return.

The country for half a mile in the rear of our works was perfectly open, so that the enemy could in daylight observe our slightest movement, or even any unusual activity on the part of couriers. We had, therefore, to exercise the very greatest circumspection. So, while at the different headquarters active but quiet preparations were in progress, every effort was made to preserve along the line its wonted aspect of apathy and Sunday rest.

But as soon as we had the friendly cover of night the work of breaking up camp and packing was begun in earnest.

Unfortunately, owing to the fact that the greater part of Custis Lee's Division had been persistently regarded as attached to the Richmond defenses, it had never been equipped like the rest of the army, and now at this crisis found itself utterly deficient in means of transportation.

The few wretched teams were driven down as close to the line as was prudent, and men carried the cooking utensils, baggage and ordnance on their backs to meet them. Although all the wagons were loaded almost beyond the ability of the miserable animals to start them, still piles of baggage remained lying by the wayside.

There was no help for it, and no time for selection even; and many an officer and man found himself about to start on an indefinite campaign without a single article, except what he wore upon his back, and with a very dim prospect indeed of being able to get a new supply.

But all minor griefs were absorbed in the one great disaster to the cause; and, according to their different temperaments, officers and men resigned themselves to their private destitution with cheerful resignation or the apathy of despair.

I took some comfort in the reflection that I was tolerably well shod at least, having invested \$800—about six months' pay—in the purchase of a pair of boots a few days before in Richmond.

If night has the effect of covering a military movement to the eye, it nevertheless brings the disadvantage of discovering it to the ear, and, although the greatest possible silence was enjoined, it was

strange that from the creaking of wagons and noise of removing guns, of which there were about twenty along our front (not to speak of some twenty-four mortars and twenty heavy pieces at Chaffin's, etc., all of which latter were abandoned), the enemy did not get an intimation of what we were about.

Besides, either from the proverbial carelessness of soldiers, or from accident, every now and then a hut or pile of brush at the bluff, or in the woods in the rear, would blaze up, throwing a lurid glare far and wide; and although a staff officer galloped from spot to spot and endeavored to impress upon the men the imminent danger of drawing the enemy's fire, it was impossible to keep those fires down.

Shortly after midnight all was ready for the final and delicate operation of withdrawing the troops.

Fields' Division, as before explained, had been already taken away and there were now but two divisions on the north side of the James—except the cavalry, of the movements of which I am wholly ignorant—Custis Lee's command included, and stretched one mile from Chaffin's Bluff, and was there joined by Kershaw's, which extended away to the left.

Kershaw had already moved out, and marching diagonally from the line and across our rear, had passed the river at Wilton Bridge.

Custis Lee's command now took up the movement, commencing on the left. Generally the companies were marched by the right or left of companies to the rear, and there converging to form their respective battalions, then in turn concentrated still further to the rear into brigades, which finally formed the division line of march.

The pickets were left out with orders to withdraw just before day and rapidly overtake the main body. To the relief of all, no notice seemed to be taken of our movement by the enemy; it would have produced a fearful scene of confusion had his batteries been opened upon us at such a time.

The different columns united with tolerable regularity, and the command followed the route in the rear of Kershaw, across Wilton bridge, some two miles back of Chaffin's.

The wagon-train meanwhile had passed through Richmond to cross one of the upper fords and meet the troops somewhere about Farmville. We never saw it again.

By daylight we had made several miles on the Amelia Courthouse road. In the early gray of morning, while the command was resting for a few minutes, a sudden bright light drew the attention of

everyone to the direction of Drewry's Bluff. A magnificent pyramid of fire, shooting hundreds of feet into the dusky air, and a dull explosion, told the tale of the destruction of the last of the Confederate navy, except the *Shenandoah*, still cruising on the ocean.

Custis Lee's Division, which thus took the field for its first and last campaign, was organized as follows:

Barton's Brigade was composed of five regiments or battalions, some of which were veteran, while others, known as "Richmond Locals," had no experience in the field beyond service in the trenches. Altogether, they numbered about 1,300 for line of battle.

The so-called "Heavy Artillery Brigade" was anomalously constituted, being composed of six battalions, each commanded by a major, with a lieutenant-colonel over two majors. In command of the whole was Colonel S. Crutchfield, formerly Chief of Artillery to General Stonewall Jackson, and who was just recovering from a wound received when that hero fell so unhappily.

Only the Georgia Battalion, Major Bassinger, and one or two other companies, had seen field service, and they not a great deal; the rest had, for over two years, manned the guns and works around Richmond and at Chaffin's Bluff.

Most of the companies were heavy artillery by enlistment, but several were light artillery, and one was even properly a cavalry company. They were all armed with the musket, however, and formed a splendid body of men, fine material, excellently officered and disciplined. Their long inactivity had enabled them to keep their uniforms in better plight than usual, and their scarlet caps and trimmings lent a little more of the pomp and circumstance of war than was to be seen elsewhere in the Army of Northern Virginia.

They numbered about 1,400 men in line. Truly, the Confederacy never witnessed such a patched-up organization as this division, but nevertheless each component part was in a high state of efficiency, and the whole worked harmoniously together, deriving from its very peculiarities something of an *esprit de corps*.

About 6 o'clock the column crossed the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad and pursued the road to Amelia Courthouse, plunging into almost interminable woods, and often passing over bottoms ankle-deep in mud and water, to the great discomfort of the men.

The skirmish line now overtook the command, reporting that they had succeeded in drawing off without molestation or apparent notice.

The division remained halted for about two hours at this point.

A dense black volume of smoke was observed to rise and hang like a huge pall over the country in the direction of Richmond, some twelve miles distant, and several officers who now joined us, among them Lieutenant Robert Goldsborough, aid-de-camp to General Custis Lee, and afterwards killed on the 6th, gave us an account of the sad circumstances attending the final abandonment of the city.

Marching slowly on, and with frequent vexatious halts, caused by the road being blocked in front, we reached the —— House said to have been, before the war, a well-known resort for fast teams and men from Richmond, which was exactly fifteen miles distant by an excellent straight road.

Here the Major-General and staff managed to get a bread and meat dinner, or supper, which being almost the only mouthful one of them at least had eaten—except hard raw corn—since dinner the day before, was extremely acceptable.

Our horses were equally glad to get some fodder and straw.

By this time the sun had set, and we galloped on to overtake the division. We lost ourselves and got entangled among some strange troops for several hours (and no situation is more bewildering at night), but at last, striking across the country by a pocket map, we came upon the right road, and found the command in bivouac near Tomahawk Church.

It was now after 12 o'clock, and after wandering about perfectly bewildered among the many camp-fires, a half-smothered bark of recognition from under a little mound of blankets, fortunately guided me to my proper place, and at 2 A. M. I wrapped myself in my horse blanket for a few hours' sleep.

Poor Bounce! We lost him at Sailors' Creek, and although advertisement was made in the newspapers afterwards—which he deserved—we never heard of him again, and the supposition is not so improbable that in those starvation times he fell a victim to the necessities of the courier who had him in special charge, or of some others.

Just before dawn, April 4th, a drizzling rain began to fall, and the morning broke dismally enough.

Soon after daylight the division was formed along the road. There being no breakfast, little preparation was required, and disentangling ourselves from the artillery and other troops which moved out at the same time, we succeeded in gaining a clear road.

The men were cheered with the information that there was a possibility of finding provisions at Matoaca (Chula?) Station, but on striking the Danville Railroad at that point, they met with disappointment.

However, an hour's halt was made in the middle of the day, as well for rest as to give those few who were so provident as to have saved a little meat or flour, an opportunity to cook.

So far we had been pursuing the road which crossed the Appomattox over Goode's bridge, but owing to the failure of "someone" to have the pontoons laid at that point, we were compelled to strike further to the north, and with other troops passed over on the railroad bridge.

By 4 o'clock we were within one mile of this point, but as some repairs had to be made, and after that an immense train of artillery was to pass over before us, we halted and cooked a scanty supply of flour which one or two of our wagons had luckily brought us.

At dark we commenced to file by twos across the bridge, the men being cautioned to march in the very middle of the flooring between the rails, or otherwise it might turn over.

It was a long time before the rear guard had passed over, and taking a circuitous route through the woods and fields to find a suitable camping ground, we finally came to a halt a little after midnight.

The men were exhausted from hunger and want of rest, and throwing themselves down under the nearest trees, were soon asleep.

A little before dawn (April 5th), we were aroused again, and speedily took the road, moving parallel with and near the railroad.

I was so fortunate as to get a slice of raw ham during the morning, and presently not only got another, but found time to broil it.

After this I had nothing but hard corn, and a very insufficient supply of that.

Such particulars are here mentioned in illustration of the hardships of the retreat, for I suppose everybody fared about as well, or ill—certainly all within my observation did.

When about two miles from Amelia Courthouse we were astonished to receive a report that the enemy's cavalry were on our right flank and destroying the wagon train, which had been moving on a parallel road a short distance in that direction.

We had been under the impression that after having placed the Appomattox in our rear we were perfectly secure from pursuit, but our eyes were now open to a real understanding of the situation.

The troops of Ewell's Corps were massed together, and Kershaw's Division sent to the reported scene of action, but it appearing that there was no enemy near enough to interfere with our march, the column was moved on.

A short distance from the Courthouse, however, we halted again for a considerable time, while the whole order of march was re-arranged and the column disposed as if moving through a hostile country.

Here we learned that a large portion of our wagon train had really been captured, and that the enemy in heavy force menaced our front and flank.

Much of the artillery, ambulances, etc., in our line turned back to take a different road.

At Amelia Courthouse our division received a large and efficient accession, but one which also added yet more to its heterogeneous character.

This consisted, in the first place, of the so-called "Naval Brigade," formed of the officers and men who had been stationed at Drewry's Bluff now organized into something like a regiment, the tars being armed with minie muskets.

They numbered about 1,500 (?) and were commanded by Commodore Tucker.

There were also four or five companies of "Richmond Locals," which were incorporated with Barton's Brigade, and two or three companies of light artillery, armed with muskets, which were added to the heavy artillery brigade. Infantry, cavalry, light and heavy artillery, and sailors, "locals," "Richmond defenses," etc., we had thus in our small division all the elements of a complete army and navy.

During the entire day the retreat had been conducted with an absence of order which caused endless delays and irregularities. Immediately after leaving Amelia Courthouse one of these halts occurred, which made an unnecessary detention of an hour or two, and is an example of what was constantly taking place day and night. Riding ahead, with great difficulty, to ascertain the cause, I found a long train of artillery and wagons almost inextricably entangled, closed up in some places three abreast in the road, so that a horseman even could not pass by.

There seemed to be no one present exercising any authority, and the teamsters appeared to be waiting stolidly for Jove to help them out.

Had there been an officer of authority present, or had the quartermasters, to whom the train belonged, had their hearts in the discharge of their duties at such a crisis, these and many other instances of disorder and loss of precious time might easily have been avoided. Never was the necessity of a well-organized corps of inspectors, with high rank and well-defined authority, so apparent as in this miserable retreat.

Shortly after we had managed to pass by this obstruction and obtained a tolerably clear road, the enemy were reported on our flank, and skirmishers were thrown out, but no demonstration was made. The men were now becoming exhausted and falling out in numbers, but not a ration could be anywhere procured, nor could any halt be made to give them rest and sleep.

Night came and found us toiling on at a snail's pace. Nothing is so fatiguing and demoralizing to soldiers on the march as an irregular step and uncertain halts. About 9 P. M., just as the head of the division was crossing the railroad through a deep cut, with a wood in front, the column was suddenly fired into. A scene of the most painful confusion ensued.

Most of the men became panic-stricken, broke and sought cover behind trees or fences, while not a few skulked disgracefully to the rear. They began to discharge their pieces at random, in many instances shooting their own comrades, and bullets were flying from and to every direction.

This lasted for a considerable time, and all efforts to restore order were unavailing, only exposing those who made such attempts to imminent danger of being shot down. Finally, the men were induced to cease firing and partially reform their ranks.

It is believed that a small scouting party of the enemy fired into the head of the column and then hastily retired, but it is by no means certain that the panic did not wholly originate among ourselves.

Just as the line was reforming, my horse started violently at seeing Major Frank Smith's dead horse in the road, and this trifling incident caused a second disgraceful panic along that part of the column.

Warned by what had occurred before, the officers cried out earnestly: "Don't shoot; don't shoot, men!" But some fifty or a hundred guns were fired.

With a sickening feeling I saw in the moonlight a number of bright barrels pointed directly at me, and many bullets passed close by. Unable to dismount from my plunging horse, it was certainly

one of the most dangerous predicaments I was placed in during the war. Finally, however, the firing ceased and order was restored. Some valuable lives were sacrificed in this inexcusable affair, including Major Frank Smith, of Norfolk; H. C. Pennington, of Baltimore, and three or four others killed (or mortally wounded), and half a dozen wounded.

The latter had to be carried in ambulances until a house was reached, where their wounds were dressed, and the poor fellows then left to the care of the enemy.

The whole division was disheartened by this unhappy occurrence, and for some time marched on, discussing it in subdued but eager tones, presently relapsing into a gloomy silence. We marched on through the night, the men becoming more and more faint from fatigue, want of sleep, and hunger, particularly the latter. Every expedient was resorted to in order to obtain rations, however scanty, with a total disregard of the ordinary rules of discipline and respect for private property.

The regimental commanders were instructed to send out small detachments to scour the country on either flank and bring in whatever they could lay their hands on, if only a pig, a chicken, or a quart of meal. Very little, however was procured in this way, the detachments either returning empty-handed or failing to regain the column at all.

At about an hour before dawn the troops were halted in a dense thicket of old-field pine. Most of the men immediately dropped down in their places and sank to sleep, while some few parched corn or cooked any little provision they were so lucky as to have in their haversacks.

Hunger being most pressing in my own case, I first parched a handful of corn in a frying pan, borrowed with some difficulty, and was then preparing for a nap, when the drum beat the assembly and we took the road once more.

The morning (April 6) was damp, and the ground in bad condition for marching. In disentangling the division from various other commands which blocked the road, the battalion lately commanded by Major Frank Smith became separated and did not join us again.

We soon got ahead of the other troops; but the road was occupied by an immense train of wagons, ambulances, etc., and so we marched by the side of it. By this time the command was fearfully reduced in numbers, and men were falling out continually. They were allowed to shoot from their places in the ranks pigs, chickens,

or whatever of the sort came in their way, commanding officers and inspectors looking on without rebuke. It was, perhaps, the only instance in my experience during the war when the plea of military, or rather of human, necessity imperatively overruled all consideration due to private property and military discipline. Barton's Brigade now showed not more than 500 men in line, the heavy artillery but few more, and the Naval Brigade was reduced to not over 600.

These calculations, however, are made from memory.

But when all the circumstances are taken into consideration, never was exhibited more patient fortitude and fidelity than in this wreck of the Confederacy.

About midday the road, a quarter of a mile in advance of Ewell's column, was suddenly threatened by the enemy's cavalry, which made an effort to strike the wagon train there filing by. On riding to the spot, I found quite a warm skirmish going on. The remnant of Pickett's Division and a portion of Bushrod Johnson's, both together amounting to a wretched handful of men, here formed in line of battle on the left of the road and threw out skirmishers, who kept the enemy back without much difficulty. Just at this point the road divided, one branch keeping a little to the left, the other at the same angle to the right. The wagon train pursued the right hand branch, while the troops took the left, thus covering the train from the enemy, whose attack was made from that side.

Custis Lee's Division now came up and took position just at the fork, connecting with Wise's Brigade, of Bushrod Johnson's command on the right, and with Kershaw on the left. Still further to the left, or in our late rear, was Gordon, who sent several messages stating that he was severely pressed in his task of bringing up the rear of the army.

Having been at this point already some time before our division came up, I informed my general (Custis Lee) that I had distinctly seen large bodies of the enemy mount and pass on to our right, with the evident intention of gaining a position across the road in front of our line of march, while a force still remained to threaten and delay us, and asked if we could not destroy or abandon the remainder of the wagon train and push by that road ourselves; but his orders required him strictly to wait for the passing of the train and to guard it afterwards by taking the lefthand road; and I think I remember his receiving renewed orders to the same effect just at this time. The enemy now opened upon us with two pieces of artillery, shell-

ing the wagon train more particularly, which was hurried by as fast as possible; but about two hours were so consumed before the last wagon passed. Finally Bushrod Johnson and Pickett moved on, and Custis Lee and Kershaw followed.

Gordon must have taken the righthand road with the wagons, as we heard nothing more of him.

About 3 o'clock we passed over Sailors' Creek and began to ascend the opposite hill, the upper part of the side of which was covered with a growth of pines. Just then a sharp skirmish fire was heard directly in front, followed by the roar of artillery, and we learned to our dismay, but what we ought to have expected, that Pickett had encountered a heavy force of the enemy drawn up across the road immediately before him.

Custis Lee's and Kershaw's Divisions were therefore massed on the hillside, waiting anxiously for Pickett to force the front. Shortly afterwards we were startled to observe a body of men emerge directly in our rear and deliberately occupy a position a few hundred yards back across Sailors' Creek, viz: the very road we had just been marching. We had some lingering doubts at first as to the character of this force, but all uncertainty was soon rudely dispelled.

As we gazed through our glasses we saw them coolly put two pieces of artillery in position on the opposite hill, which soon opened on our unprotected masses from the rear. Under this fire the two divisions were faced about and formed in line of battle, with Kershaw on the (now) right of the road, Custis Lee on the left.

In Custis Lee's Division, Lieutenant Colonel John Atkinson's two battalions, 10th and — Virginia, the Chaffin's Bluff Battalion, and the 18th Georgia, Major Bassinger, all of the heavy artillery brigade, were on the right and a little thrown forward; next on the left was the Naval Brigade, Commodore Tucker, then Barton's and finally Lieutenant-Colonel James Howard's command, 18th and 20th Virginia. Majors M. D. Hardin and James E. Robertson, being the remainder of the heavy artillery brigade, held the extreme left.

By the time this disposition was effected the enemy's fire had become very rapid and severe, being principally a spherical case.

On our side we were compelled to receive it in silence, not having a single piece of artillery to make reply. The situation was now desperate, as we were entirely surrounded, and re-enforcements were continually pouring in to the enemy before our eyes.

We were fighting back to back with Pickett's Division, and although the latter presently succeeded in forcing its way through,

we were not informed, and if we had been, were too hard pressed to be able to follow.

Meanwhile our line began to suffer considerably under the enemy's deliberate fire. Almost all the troops were inexperienced in battle, and the shot sometimes plowing the ground, sometimes crashing through the trees, and not unfrequently striking in the line, killing two or more at once, might well have demoralized the oldest veterans.

But although surrounded by such trying circumstances—and there is no test which tries a soldier's fortitude so severely as to stand exposed to fire without the ability to return it—yet they acquitted themselves with a steadiness which could not have been more than equalled by the most veteran troops of the Army of Northern Virginia, and as I passed along the rear I found scarcely a single straggler or skulker to order back. After shelling us with impunity as long as they pleased, the Federals engaged us with musketry, their cavalry being armed with the repeating carbine. Thinking to overwhelm us by numbers, they made a charge which resulted in some close fighting, particularly at the road. Here it is said the Chaffin's Bluff and Bassinger's (Georgia) battalions had a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with them, in which the Federals were worsted. The assailants thus met with a much more stubborn resistance than they anticipated, and were everywhere driven back in confusion, leaving many dead and wounded on the ground.

Colonel Atkinson's command, and, I believe, the two battalions above-named, even made a spirited counter-charge as far as the creek, driving the enemy sheer across.

It was here that Colonel Crutchfield, commanding the heavy artillery brigade, and formerly chief of artillery to Stonewall Jackson, fell, shot through the head. His inspector, Captain O'Brien, had been previously wounded. This officer, said to be a nephew of Smith O'Brien, had, I believe, lately resigned from the English army in India, to serve our cause.

Our troops came back to their original position, and both artillery and musketry opened a deadly fire again. The Naval Brigade, which had been standing firm as a rock, began at one time to fall back under a misconception of orders, but on being informed of this mistake, promptly faced to the front and marched back to their original position, without a single skulker remaining behind. I have very seldom seen this done as well during the war.

When men are once started towards the rear under a heavy fire, it is difficult to halt and bring them back.

By this time our killed and wounded were many—among the former one of the General's aids, the gallant and amiable Goldsborough.

There were no facilities for taking off the wounded, and indeed we had no rear to carry them to, so they were directed, when able, to crawl behind trees and into gullies. It is probable many were shot a second time or oftener while thus lying on the field.

The appeals of some poor fellows to their comrades and officers to put them in a place of safety were piteous, especially in the Naval Brigade, where the sailors seemed to look up to their officers like children, and one such scene in particular between the Commodore and a wounded sailor still dwells painfully and vividly in my memory.

The heavy artillery brigade had not a medical officer present, and there were not more than two or three in the whole division.

My observation of the latter part of the battle was chiefly limited to the center of the line, my horse, one which had belonged to General J. F. Reynolds, and which I had ridden ever since his capture at Gaines' Mill in 1862, having been struck by a musket ball. I had also been struck, but not hurt, by splinters in the face, and by a ball, nearly spent, on the shoulder, while another had passed through my coat, which will serve to show how severe and accurate the fire was.

I saw a number of men in blue uniform, where Kershaw's line had been, but supposing them to be prisoners, no attention was paid to their appearance.

I presume now they were engaged in receiving the surrender of his men. Along Custis Lee's line the firing was still continued, and we had no idea the battle was so nearly ended.

I thought we were endeavoring to hold our ground until night might enable us to draw off, but from what I saw afterwards we were so surrounded that escape was impossible, and to have prolonged the contest would have been a useless sacrifice of life.

There being an intermission in the fire presently, I passed along the line toward the left to inspect the condition of affairs.

The line was at every point unbroken and the men in excellent spirits, exulting in their success so far, and confident of their ability to hold out. But, alas! there was nothing to hold out for.

It was now reported in one of Barton's regiments that we had surrendered, and although this was contradicted at first and refused to be credited, still so many and such various rumors passed along the line that the men soon were uncertain what to think.

Many of them continued to reject the report with indignation, and almost with tears in their eyes, protested their ability to whip the enemy yet.

Some supposed there was only a truce for the purpose of removing the wounded who lay between the hostile lines.

At this moment it was observed that the enemy was advancing once more in our front, and we were just discussing the propriety of opening fire again, when about half a dozen of them came riding in on our left rear, who assured us positively that our generals were prisoners themselves and had surrendered their forces. After a short altercation we were compelled to accept this statement as true.

It is probable that this was the last portion of the line to give up the contest.

It was now a little after sunset, and by the time the prisoners were gathered together near General Custer's headquarters night had set in. The men were much depressed, but consoled themselves with the consciousness of having made a good fight.

Our two divisions did not number more than 4,000 in line, while against us had been the Cavalry Corps and the Sixth and Second Infantry Corps, which, during our stubborn resistance, successively came up.

And when we surrendered, the Fifth Corps had also reached the field, and—so my captors informed me—was just preparing with their artillery to sweep us from the ground.

We must have been surrounded by not less than 40,000 men, and although, of course, but a portion of these were actually engaged, yet we were only overwhelmed by superior numbers.

Our loss was heavy, but cannot be correctly estimated.

That of the enemy was confessed to be very large. Generals Sheridan and Custer stated that about a thousand cavalymen were killed or wounded, and I was informed General Wright put the whole loss, including that inflicted by Pickett, at about 6,000. These generals and others passed the warmest encomiums upon the obstinate valor of the Confederates, and treated our higher officers with soldierlike courtesy.

The enemy were greatly astonished at the miscellaneous uniforms in our small division, and under other circumstances we would have found amusement in listening to their comments.

One of them, when the naval uniform was pointed out, dropped his jaw with an expression of perfect stupefaction and exclaimed: "Good heavens! have you gunboats way up here, too?"

This may be looked on as the last regular battle of the Army of Northern Virginia, and in it the Confederates, although at the point of physical exhaustion, conducted themselves in a manner that would have reflected honor on any troops on any former field.

[From the *Charlotte Observer*, June, 1903.]

CONFEDERATE CURRENCY.

Valuable Information Concerning the Notes Issued.

THE BEST COLLECTION.

North Carolina Has It, Including All Rare Specimens—Where and How the Printing was Done—Anecdotes and Reminiscences.

This State owns a complete collection of Confederate money, which is arranged according to date of issue and framed, and which attracts a great deal of attention, some of the bills being of great beauty and extremely scarce. In fact the first issue of bills has for more than thirty years been held at high figures. A number of counterfeits of Confederate money of the rarer varieties have been made. The first issue has been counterfeited at least twice.

The first issue was engraved by the National Bank Note Company, of New York, and embraces four bills, these being all dated at Montgomery, Ala., which was the first seat of government. The dates are in all cases written with ink and not printed, and all four bills are interest-bearing. The issues are of the value of \$50, \$100, \$500, and \$1,000, and the total amount was not very great. The government, upon removal to Richmond, called in these bills and destroyed or cancelled nearly all of them. The \$50 may be taken as an example of all. The engraving is extremely handsome. The picture is that of three negroes at work on the farm, two with hoes, another with a basket, the background being a Southern mansion. The bill is payable twelve months after date, and the inscription says: "The Confederate States of America will pay to bearer fifty dollars, with interest at half a cent a day." The date of this bill is May 11,

1861, and it is signed by Alex. B. Clitheroe, register, and E. C. Elmore, treasurer. The body of the bill is black and green, and the figure fifty is many times repeated in circles and in bands. At the bottom of the bill are the words: "National Bank Note Company," both to right and left. The back is plain white and on it is this endorsement: "Issued July 5, 1861; Thomas K. Jackson, Captain, C. S. A.," written in red ink. On the \$100 bill is a train of cars; on the \$500 a rural scene, and on the \$1,000 a picture of the capitol at Montgomery.

The first regular issue of bills was made at Richmond, and began with two bills engraved by the Southern Bank Note Company, of New Orleans. These are almost, if not quite, equal, both in design and execution, to those issued by the National Bank Note Company. The dates in these are not printed, but are written in, and on both the specimens shown the date is August 28, 1861. The \$50 bill has in the centre two females, personifying liberty and justice, while the \$100 bill has an engine and train of cars in the centre; on the right and left figures emblematic of wisdom and justice. These bills bear the name Richmond in large letters, while on the side is the name of the Southern Bank Note Company, of New Orleans.

RICHMOND PRINTS.

The other bills of the first issue at Richmond are very plain and are with one exception imitations of English bank notes. This exception is a \$5 bill engraved at New Orleans by J. Manuevring, with vere large letters FIVE across its left end. The date is written with ink in this finely designed bill and is July 25, 1861. There are five bills of the issue of July 25, 1861, in imitation of English bank notes. The \$5 has a female seated on bales, a sort of shield in front, bearing the figure 5, while an eagle standing with wings outspread, is to her left. The \$10 has an emblematic picture of the Confederacy, represented by a female leaning on a shield which bears the first Confederate flag. She is pointing with the right hand, seemingly directing the attention of an eagle which is at her left side. At the lower left corner is Commerce, seated on bales. The \$20 bears a full-rigged ship. The \$50 has a medallion portrait of Washington; in the lower left hand corner being a female in whose left hand is a spear, and in whose right hand is a globe, upon which stands a dove. The \$100 bill bears a picture of Ceres and Pomona, flying through the air, carrying fruits, etc., in their hands, while in the lower left

corner is a portrait of Washington. These \$5 bills were all engraved by Hoyer & Ludwig, of Richmond, and are very unattractive, all being in black and white on poor paper with backs plain.

A BIG ISSUE.

The next issue of bills is a very large one, in fact by far the largest the Confederacy ever made of one date. All are dated September 2, 1861. There are no less than 27 bills, and some of these are extremely rare and of high value; in fact, worth more than their face value. It seems that these bills were let by contract to engravers at several places, and that some were engraved by the government itself at Richmond, since no engraver's name appears in several cases. There are no less than seven \$5 bills, nine \$10, five \$20, and three \$50. There is a wide variety in these, and the different engravers seem to have been given full liberty as to designs. The \$2 has in the center a picture of the Confederacy, represented by a female striking down Columbia and her eagle, the design being very plain. The engraver was J. T. Paterson, of Columbia. The \$5 bills are as follows: \$5, female seated in center, with a caduceus in her hand, and in the background a train of cars and vessel, to the lower left a gayly dressed sailor leaning on a capstan; engraver, J. T. Paterson. \$5, portrait of Secretary Memminger in center, with figure of Minerva on right, no engraver's name. \$5, the same bill as the one preceding, but printed in green instead of black; no engraver's name. \$5, sailor in center, seated by cotton bales, portrait of Memminger in one corner, and in other two females, one holding the scales of justice, while the other holds the figure 5; engraved by B. Duncan, of Columbia. \$5, has the word five and "V" in bright red, with a picture of a machinist with sledge hammer on shoulder, seated in the center, and with a picture of a very pretty girl on the left; engraved by Leggett, Keatinge & Ball, Richmond. \$5, several negroes loading cotton on a river bank, while an Indian princess looks at the scene from a bluff; engraved by Hoyer & Ludwig, Richmond. \$5, five females, seated in center, with the figure 5 in their midst; the statue of Chief-Justice Marshall on the right, and that of liberty on the left; a beautiful bill; engraved by the Southern Bank Note Company, of New Orleans.

TEN DOLLAR BILLS.

The issue of the \$10 bills are as follows: \$10, female in center, leaning on shield, bearing a Confederate flag of the first design (this

is almost exactly like a part of the \$10 bill of the issue of July 25, 1861); engraved by Hoyer & Ludwig. \$10, woman in center, leaning on an anchor, with portrait of Memminger on left; engraved by Keatinge & Ball, Columbia. \$10, portrait of Tombs in one corner, and an infant in the other, nearly all in red, with the figure 10 many times repeated; engraved by J. P. Paterson. \$10, in center, two females, with an urn between them, design very plain and unattractive; engraved by Paterson. \$10, two negroes driving a load of cotton, while another, walking, carries two baskets of cotton, in one corner a picture of Tombs, and in another a youth with an armful of cornstalks; engraved by Leggett, Keatinge & Ball, Richmond. \$10, group of Indians, seated; on right and left sides agriculture and commerce, typified by females; engraved by Southern Bank Note Company, and an extremely handsome bill. \$10, portrait of R. M. T. Hunter, with figure 10 and "X" in bright red. \$10, in center a picture of General Francis Marion, entertaining the British officer at the famous sweet potato dinner at the former's camp; no engraver's name appears. \$10, negroes picking cotton, the engraving being so rude that the cotton looks like a mass of knobs on a stump; engraved by B. Duncan.

TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS.

The following are the designs of the \$20 bills: \$20, commerce seated in the center; in one corner Minerva with her spear and shield bearing the Gorgon's head, and in the other corner a blacksmith; no engraver's name appearing; but the bill is marked by three red \$20's. \$20, a full-rigged ship in the center and a sailor in the corner, very plain and poor design; no engraver's name appearing, but the bill is marked by three red 20's. \$20, a full-rigged ship in the center and a sailor in the corner; very plain and poor design; no engraver's name. \$20, three females representing agriculture, commerce and manufacturers in center, with liberty, bearing a spear and cap, and also wearing a cap standing on left; no engraver's name. \$20, head of Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, against a background of various products, the bill being nearly all in green and handsome; engraved by Keatinge & Ball, Columbia. \$20, female seated back of the figure 20, and between a bee-hive and an impossible looking infant, the woman carrying in one hand roses, and in the other a caduceus; to the left a very bad picture of Alexander Stephens, and on the right a delightfully absurd female,

leaning on an anchor and standing under a palmetto tree, the leaves of which seem to be tangled in her hair; engraved by B. Duncan, Richmond.

FIFTIES.

The following are the \$50 bills: \$50, portrait of President Jefferson Davis, the groundwork nearly all green, with the figures 50 repeated scores of times (this bill was receivable for all dues, except export dues, and was also fundable in eight per cent. bonds); engraved by Archer & Halpin, Richmond. \$50, locomotive and train, on one side a figure of justice and on the other a female in whose hands are fruits, and who leans upon an anchor; no engraver's name. \$50, Commerce seated on a chest with a river in the background, and two sailors in the corner; engraved by Hoyer & Ludwig. The \$100 is very inferior in design and engraving, and has in the center negroes loading cotton, while an overseer looks on; a sailor in the corner; engraved by Hoyer & Ludwig.

Two interest-bearing bills (interest two per cent. a day) were issued early in 1862. The dates are written in ink, in one case being July 8th, 1862, and on the other October 29th, although the issue was made in April. One of these has a train of cars with the sea and a steamer in the background, and in the lower left corner a dashing looking milkmaid, with pail upon her head; engraved by J. T. Paterson. The other bill has a picture of negroes hoeing in a field, a portrait of Henry Clay to the left, and the figure of Ceres on the right; engraved by Keatinge & Ball.

June 2d, 1862, the first issue of small bills was made. The \$1 has an old-fashioned side-wheel steamer, and in the lower right corner a picture of the wife of Governor Pickens, of South Carolina, in the dress of the period, in the lower left corner a most absurd female with feet partly crossed, who appears as if about to take a dancing step, and who carries a streamer in one hand, while the other hand rests upon a shield; engraved by B. Duncan. This same bill also appears with a large figure and the word "one" very boldly printed in green. The \$2 has in the center a picture of the Confederacy striking Columbia (that is the United States) and her eagle, this picture being a reproduction of that of the \$2 bill issued September 2, 1861. In one corner is a picture of Judah P. Benjamin. This bill was engraved by Paterson, who also turned out the same with a large figure 2 and the word two in green. It is not known whether this green printing on the \$1 and \$2 bills was done to prevent their being raised to a higher value or to make them more distinctive.

FEMALE AND COTTON BALE.

September 2, 1862, one bill was issued, this being \$10 with a female in the center, seated on a cotton bale, and in one corner a portrait of R. M. T. Hunter. There is no engraver's name.

What may be called the first complete series of bills bears date December 2, 1862. There are seven bills, beginning with \$1 and ending with \$100. The \$1, \$2, \$5 and \$10 are all on rose-colored paper, and the backs of the \$5 and \$10 are covered with "V" and "X." The \$1 has a picture of Cassius C. Clay, and is engraved by B. Duncan. The \$2 has a large figure 2 in the center, and was engraved by Keatinge and Ball. The \$5 has the Capitol at Richmond, and was engraved by Evans & Cogswell, of Charleston. The \$10 has the Capitol of Montgomery; engraved by B. Duncan. The \$20 has the Capitol of Nashville, and was engraved by Keatinge and Ball. The \$50 has the head of President Jefferson Davis; engraved by Keatinge & Ball. The \$100 bears the head of Mrs. Davis; engraved by Keatinge & Ball. The \$50 and \$100 bills are said to have been engraved by De La Rue, of London, and the plates sent over.

The next issue is dated April 6, 1863, and consists of bills, the 50 cents appearing for the first time. This is on rose-colored paper and bears a medallion portrait of Jefferson Davis; engraved by Archer & Daly, of Richmond. The other bills are from the same dies as those of December 2, 1862, these being \$2, \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100. The bills are not nearly so handsome as those of December 2, 1862, except in the case of the \$50 and \$100. The \$50 and \$100, both of the issue of December 2, 1862, and April 6, 1863, have green backs, and really look quite like national currency.

LAST ISSUE.

The last issue bears date February 17, 1864. The designs on the bills are the same as those of the issue of April 6, 1863. These bills are all of a red or pink tint, and are more boldly printed than the preceding issue. It is said that most of the plates were made in England and sent over. There was an enormous issue of these bills. The 50 cents was engraved by Archer & Halpin, of Richmond, the \$1 by Evans & Cogswell, the \$2 by Keatinge & Ball, the \$5 by Evans & Cogswell, who also engraved the \$10, while Keatinge & Ball appear as the engravers of the \$20, \$50, \$100 and \$500. The

last-named bill made its first appearance. It is a very handsome one; in fact one of the handsomest of all issues. On the left is the great seal of the Confederacy, which was a statue of Washington, being the one in the Capitol Square at Richmond, this being encircled by a belt bearing the words: "Deo Vindice," while below are various implements of war; to the right a very artistic portrait of Stonewall Jackson, with his name below. This plate was engraved in England. The backs of these bills are in bright blue, with engine turned designs and large letters and figures of value.

It is noticeable that while the first issue of bills at Montgomery gives simply a promise to pay within twelve months after date, the second and the third issues are payable six months after the ratification of a treaty of peace with the United States, while the two last issues are made payable two years after the ratification of such a treaty.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, July 12-19, 1903.]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MAJOR-GENERAL PATRICK R. CLEBURNE.

By **General W. J. HARDEE.**

The following sketch of General Cleburne was written by General Hardee in May, 1867, and published at that time.

In view of the fact that General Cleburne was one of the most distinguished major-generals in the Confederate army, and also because of his tragic death, the article will be greatly appreciated now. It is as follows:

The sketch is necessarily imperfect, from the want of official records. Most of these were lost or destroyed by the casualties attending the close of the war, and those still in existence are difficult of access. Of Cleburne's early life little is known. The record of his service in the Southern armies belongs to the yet unwritten history of the "Lost Cause." In better days, when the passions and prejudices engendered by civil strife shall have disappeared, and history brings in a dispassionate verdict, the name of Cleburne will appear high in the list of patriots and warriors. Until then, his best record is in the hearts of his adopted country.

With brief exceptions, Cleburne served under my command during his military career. He succeeded first to the brigade, and then to the division, which I had previously commanded, and it is to me a grateful recollection that circumstances enabled me to further his advancement to those important trusts. From personal knowledge, therefore, gained in an intercourse and observation extending through a period of nearly four years, I can give you an outline sketch of Cleburne's character and services.

Patrick Ronayne Cleburne was an Irishman by birth, a Southerner by adoption and residence, a lawyer by profession; a soldier in the British army, by accident, in his youth, and a soldier in the Southern armies, from patriotism and conviction of duty, in his manhood. Upon coming to the United States he located in Helena, Ark., where he studied and practiced law.

In that profession he had, previous to the great struggle, formed a copartnership with General T. C. Hindman. His standing as a lawyer was high, as indicated by this association with a gentleman distinguished as an orator and advocate.

It was at this period of life that, in the unorganized and turbulent condition of society, incident to a newly-settled country, he established a reputation for courage and firmness which was afterwards approved by a still more trying ordeal. In the commencement of the war for Southern independence, he enlisted as a private. He was subsequently made captain of his company, and shortly after he was elected and commissioned colonel of his regiment. Thus from one grade to another he gradually rose to the high rank he held when he fell. It is but some praise to say there was no truer patriot, no more courageous soldier, nor, of his rank, more able commander in the Southern armies, and it is not too much to add that his fall was a greater loss to the cause he espoused than that of any other Confederate leader after Stonewall Jackson. In the camp of the army which Albert Sydney Johnston assembled at Bowling Green, Ky., in the autumn of 1861, Cleburne had an opportunity in the drill and organization of the raw troops, of which that army was then composed, of proving his qualifications as a disciplinarian and commander. His natural abilities in this respect had probably been fostered by his early tuition in the British army, and upon his becoming a soldier a second time, were perfected by unremitting study and labor. These qualities secured his promotion to brigadier-general. In April, 1862, Albert Sydney Johnston concentrated his forces at Corinth, Miss., to attack General Grant, who had landed

an army at Pittsburg, on the Tennessee river, which was now encamped near Shiloh Church, three miles from the landing. The attack was made on the morning of the 6th of April. Cleburne's Brigade was of my corps, which formed the front line of attack. "The enemy were steadily driven for three miles through their encampments, past the rich spoils with which a luxurious soldiery had surrounded themselves, and over the heaps of their dead and dying, until the broken and demoralized masses sought the shelter of the river's bank and the cover of their gunboats. Albert Sydney Johnston had fallen in action about 2 o'clock P. M. His successor in command, General Beauregard, deemed it best, late in the evening, to recall the pursuit. At the moment of recall Cleburne was passing on, within 400 yards of Pittsburg landing, behind the cliffs of which cowered the masses of hopeless and helpless fugitives. That night the enemy were re-enforced by the arrival of a fresh army under Buell; and on the evening of the 7th the Southern forces, after maintaining through the day the now unequal struggle, withdrew unpursued to Corinth. In this battle Cleburne's Brigade sustained a heavier loss in killed and wounded than any other in the army.

At the initiation of General Bragg's Kentucky campaign, in the summer of 1862, Cleburne's Brigade, with one other, was detached and united with Kirby Smith's column, which, starting from Knoxville, Tenn., was to penetrate Kentucky through Cumberland Gap, and form a junction with the main army under General Bragg, which moved from Chattanooga into Kentucky by a different route. Kirby Smith's forces encountered opposition at Richmond, Ky., in September. There Cleburne directed the first day's fighting, and in his first handling of an independent command was mainly instrumental in winning a victory, which in the number of prisoners and amount of stores captured, and in the utter dispersion and destruction of the opposing force, was one of the most complete of the war. For "gallant and meritorious service" here, he received an official vote of thanks from the Congress of the Confederate States. In this action he received a singular wound. The missile, a minie rifle ball, entered the aperture of the mouth while his mouth was open in the act of giving a command to the troops in action, without touching his lips, and passed out of the left cheek, carrying away in its course five lower teeth, without touching or injuring the bone. This wound did not prevent his taking part in the battle of Perryville on the 8th of October following, where he rejoined my command, and was again wounded while leading his brigade in a gallant charge.

An incident occurred in the march out of Kentucky which will serve to illustrate Cleburne's indomitable will and energy. On the road selected for the passage of ordnance and supply trains of the army was a very difficult hill, at which the trains, unable to pass over it, or to go around it, came to a dead halt. The enemy was pressing the rear, the trains were immovable, and nothing seemed left but to destroy them, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy; orders had actually been given for their destruction, when Cleburne, who was disabled and off duty on account of his wound, came up. He asked and was given unlimited authority in the premises. He at once stationed guards on the road, arrested every straggler and passing officer and soldier, collected a large force, organized fatigue parties, and literally lifted the trains over the hills. The trains thus preserved contained munitions and subsistence of the utmost value and necessity to the Confederates. It is by no means certain even that the army could have made its subsequent long march through a sterile and wasted country without them.

In December, 1863, General Bragg concentrated his army at Murfreesboro, Tenn., to oppose the Federal forces assembled at Nashville under Rosecrans. At this time Major-General Buckner, then commanding the division of which Cleburne's Brigade formed a part, was transferred to other service, and the President of the Confederate States, who was on a visit to the army at that time, promoted Cleburne to the vacant division. Rosecrans' advance upon Bragg brought on the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862. In the action of this day Cleburne's was one of two divisions under my command, which attacked the right wing of the Federal army under McCook.

This wing was beaten and driven three miles, until its extreme right was doubled back upon the center of the Federal army. During the day, Cleburne's Division in single line of battle, without re-enforcements, rest or refreshment, encountered and drove before it five successive lines of battle, which the Federal Commander-in-Chief withdrew from his intact center and left to re-enforce his broken right. The general results of the day were not decisive in favor of the Southern arms; but this heightens the achievement of that portion of the army which was successful, and the merit of the officer whose skillful handling of his division contributed materially to that success.

From the battle of Murfreesboro to that of Chickamauga, in Sep-

tember, 1863, military operations in the army with which Cleburne was connected were of a desultory and undecisive character. But outpost duty in close proximity to an enemy superior in number afforded Cleburne occasion for the exercise of his high soldierly qualities of vigilance and activity. In the advance from Tallahoma to Wartrace, and the subsequent retirement of the army to Chattanooga, his division habitually formed the vanguard in advance and the rearguard in retreat. The battle of Chickamauga—an Indian name, which signifies "the river of death"—wrote the bloodiest page in the history of Western battles. General Bragg, re-enforced by Longstreet's Corps from Virginia, on the 19th and 20th of September, engaged and, after an obstinate contest, defeated Rosecrans' army, which, routed and demoralized, retreated within its line of works at Chattanooga. In this battle Cleburne's Division bore its usual prominent part; a charge made by it, in the struggle for position in the adjustment of lines on the Saturday evening preceding the Sunday's final conflict, is described as especially magnificent and effective.

The Confederate forces soon after occupied Missionary Ridge, and partially invested Chattanooga, with the object of cutting off the supplies of the army within its lines. The attempt was but partially successful. Meantime, the Federal government dispatched General Grant to succeed Rosecrans in command, and recalled Sherman's army from Mississippi to re-enforce him. On the 24th of November Grant, re-enforced by Sherman, attacked Bragg, weakened by the detachment of Longstreet's Corps, and carried the position of the Confederate left on Lookout Mountain. On the 25th a general attack was made upon the Confederate line. The right wing, under my command, consisted of four divisions—Cleburne's on the extreme right. The attacking force in this part of the field was commanded by General Sherman. The enemy made repeated and vigorous assaults, which were repelled with heavy loss to the assailants. Cleburne's position on the right was most insecure, from its liability to be turned. He maintained it with his accustomed ability, and upon the repulse of the last assault, directed in person a counter charge which effected the capture of a large number of prisoners and several stands of colors. The assailants gave up the contest and withdrew from our front. But while the cheers of victory raised on the right were extending down the line, the left of the army had been carried by assault and the day was lost.

All that now remained to the victorious right was to cover the

retreat of the army. This it did successfully. If the right, instead of the left of the army, had been carried, it would have given the enemy possession of the only line of retreat, and no organized body of the Confederate army could have escaped. In the gloom of nightfall Cleburne's Division, the last to retire, sadly withdrew from the ground it had held gallantly, and brought up the rear of the retreating army.

The enemy next day organized a vigorous pursuit, and on the morning of the second day its advance, Hooker's Corps, came up with Cleburne at Ringgold Gap. The enemy moved to attack, what they supposed was a demoralized force, with great confidence. Cleburne had made skillful disposition to receive the attack, and repulsed it with such serious loss that pursuit was abandoned, and the pursuing force returned to its lines. Here Cleburne again received the thanks of Congress for meritorious conduct.

The Southern army now went into winter quarters at Dalton, in north Georgia. Cleburne's division occupied the outpost at Tunnel Hill. He devoted the winter months to the discipline and instruction of his troops, and revived a previously adopted system of daily recitations in tactics and the art of war. He himself heard the recitations of his brigade commanders—a quartette of lieutenants worthy their captain—the stately Granberry, as great of heart as of frame, a noble type of the Texan soldier; Govan, true and brave as he was courteous and gentle; Pope, young, handsome, dashing and fearless, and Lowry, the parson soldier, who preached to his men in camp and fought with them in the field with equal earnestness and effect. These brigadiers heard the recitations of the regimental officers. The thorough instruction thus secured, first applied on the drill ground and then tested in the field, gave the troops great efficiency in action.

About this time the terms of enlistment of the three years' men began to expire. It was of critical importance to the Southern cause that these men should re-enlist. The greater part of Cleburne's Division consisted of Arkansans and Texans, who were separated from their homes by the Mississippi river. This river, patrolled by Federal gunboats, was an insuperable barrier to communication. Many of these men had not heard from their homes and wives and little ones for three years. To add to this, the occasional reports received from the Transmississippi were but repeated narratives of the waste and ravages of their homes by the Federal soldiery. No husband could know that his wife was not homeless, no father that

his children were not starving. Every instinct that appeals most powerfully and most sacredly to manhood called upon these men to return to their homes as soon as they could do so honorably. Cleburne was a man of warm sympathies, and he felt profoundly the extent of the sacrifice his men were called upon to make; but, with Roman virtue, he set high above all other earthly considerations the achievement of Southern independence. He adapted himself to the peculiar conditions of a volunteer soldiery, and, laying aside the commander, he appealed to his men as a comrade to give up everything else and stand by the cause and the country. He succeeded in inspiring them with his own high purposes and exalted patriotism, and the result was the early and unanimous re-enlistment of his division. The Confederate Congress passed later a conscription act that retained the three years' men in service; but those whose terms of enlistment expired in the interim would meantime have returned to their homes, and the moral effect of voluntary re-enlistment would have been lost to the cause.

Cleburne fully comprehended the disproportion in the military resources of the North and South, and was the first to point out the only means left the South to recruit her exhausted numbers. In January, 1864, he advocated calling in the negro population to the aid of Southern arms. He maintained that negroes, accustomed to obedience from youth, would, under the officering of their masters, make even better soldiers for the South than they had been proven to make under different principles of organization for the North. He insisted that it was the duty of Southern people to waive considerations of property and prejudice of caste, and bring to their aid this powerful auxiliary. He pointed out, further, that recruits could be obtained on the borders who would otherwise fall into the hands of the Federal armies, and be converted into soldiers to swell the ranks of our enemies. His proposition met with disfavor of both government and people. A year later it was adopted by Congress, with the approval of the country, when it was too late.

The following extract of a note written about this time to a lady, a refugee from Tennessee, in reply to some expressions complimentary to himself, and to a hope expressed for the recovery of Tennessee, is characteristic of the man:

"To my noble division, and not to myself, belong the praises for the deeds of gallantry you mention. Whatever we have done, however, has been more than repaid by the generous appreciation of our

countrymen. I assure you I feel the same ardent longing to recover the magnificent forests and green valleys of middle Tennessee that you do, and I live in the hope that God will restore them to our arms. I cannot predict when the time will be, but I feel that it is certainly in the future. We may have to make still greater sacrifices—to use all the means that God has given us; but when once our people, or the great body of them, sincerely value independence above every other earthly consideration, then I will regard our success as an accomplished fact. Your friend,

“P. R. CLEBURNE.”

In a brief absence from Dalton, with one exception his only absence during his service, Cleburne formed an attachment as earnest and true as his own noble nature. The attachment was returned with the fervor and devotion of the daughters of the South. Much might be said of this episode—of its romantic beginning and its tragic end; but the story of loved and lost is too sacred to be unveiled to the public eye.

General Bragg had been relieved of the command of the Western army at his own request, after the battle of Missionary Ridge; subsequently General Joseph E. Johnston was assigned to the command. To the Federal General, Sherman, was given the command of the armies assembled at Chattanooga for the invasion of Georgia. The history of its military operations, under the conduct of General Johnston, is the record of a struggle against largely superior forces, protracted through a period of seventy days and extending over a hundred miles of territory. The campaign was characterized by brilliant partial engagements and continuous skirmishing, the aggregate results of which summed up into heavy battles. When the army reached Atlanta, notwithstanding the discouragements of constant fighting, frequent retreats and loss of territory, it was with unimpaired organization and morale.

In this campaign, Cleburne's Division had two opportunities of winning special distinction. At New Hope Church, on the 27th of May, it formed the right of the army in two lines, the first intrenched. In the afternoon of that day the Fourth Corps of the Federal army advanced, as if to pass to the right. Cleburne promptly brought his two brigades of the second line into the first, extending it to face the Federal advance. This line received the enemy's attack, made in seven lines, on open ground, with no advantage on our side, except a well-chosen position, and, after an obstinate fight of an hour

and a half, repulsed it. Cleburne's troops were not only greatly outnumbered, but were outnumbered by resolute soldiers. At the end of the combat, about 700 Federal dead lay within thirty or forty feet of his line. During the action a Federal color-bearer planted his colors within ten paces of Cleburne's line. He was instantly killed; a second, who took his place, shared his fate; so with the third and fourth; the fifth bore off the colors.

We read of little more effective fighting than that of Cheatham's and Cleburne's Divisions in repelling an assault made upon them by Blair's Corps of the Federal army, on the morning of the 27th of June, at Kenesaw. The conduct of the Federal troops on that occasion was as resolute as in the instance above. When they fell back, more than 300 dead bodies were counted within a few yards of the entrenchments, some of them lying against it. His loss was two killed and nine wounded, certainly less than 1 to 100 of the enemy. On the 18th of July General Johnson was removed from the Western army, and General Hood promoted to its command.

On the 21st, while the army was occupying a line encircling the northern front of Atlanta, Cleburne's Division was detached to oppose an attempt of a corps of the enemy to turn the Confederate right, and penetrate to Atlanta at an undefended point. His troops, newly arrived at the point of attack, had no protection other than that the men provided themselves in the brief time allowed for preparation. They were attacked by large odds, in front and on both flanks. At one time Cleburne's line was so completely enfiladed that a single shot of the enemy killed nineteen men in one company. The position was maintained, the enemy repulsed, and Atlanta preserved. Cleburne described this as the "bitterest fight" of his life. On the 22d of July, in carrying out a plan of general attack, my corps, consisting then of Cleburne's and three other divisions, assaulted and carried the entrenched left of the Federal army. The troops opposed to us were McPherson's army, of which Blair's Corps formed a part. On the 27th of June, Cleburne had repelled an assault of these troops with a loss slightly disproportionate. It bears strong testimony to the soldierly quality of the Confederate troops that on the 22d of July, they, in position exactly reversed, carried works equally strong, manned by the same troops. The loss of twenty-seven of about thirty field-officers in Cleburne's Division in this action attests the gallantry of the officer and the severity of the conflict.

On the 26th of August, the Federal commander, General Sher-

man, commenced to turn the Confederate position at Atlanta. A Federal force made a detour, and occupied a position at Jonesboro, about twenty-five miles south of Atlanta. On the night of the 30th, General Hood, remaining in Atlanta with one corps of his army, sent the remaining two, Lee's and my own, under my command, to dislodge this force. It was found to consist of three corps, strongly entrenched. The attack upon it was unsuccessful. Cleburne commanded my corps in this action, and achieved the only success of the day, the capture of some guns and a portion of the enemy's works. On the night of the 31st, General Hood withdrew Lee's Corps toward Atlanta, and the general commander was re-enforced by three additional corps, so that on the morning of the 1st of September, my corps, in which Cleburne had renewed his place as division commander, was confronted by six Federal corps. General Sherman had in the meantime arrived on the field and taken command in person. The enemy at once took the offensive. It was of the last necessity to secure the safe withdrawal of the remainder of the army from Atlanta, that this Confederate corps should hold its position through the day. The odds were fearful, and the contest that followed was a very trying one; but the position was held against the attacks made upon it through the day, and the remainder of the army retired in safety from Atlanta. Cleburne's services were highly valuable in the operations of this day.

In the fall and winter of 1864, General Hood marched into Tennessee. In this campaign, at the battle of Franklin, November 30, Cleburne fell at the head of his division. He was one of thirteen general officers killed or disabled in the combat. He had impressed upon his officers the necessity of carrying the position he had been ordered to attack, a very strong one, at all cost. The troops knew from fearful experience of their own and their enemies', what it was to assault such works. To encourage them Cleburne led them in person to the ditch of the opposing line. There, rider and horse, each pierced by a score of bullets, fell dead against the reverse of the enemy's works.

The death of Cleburne cast a deep gloom over the army and the country. Eight millions of people, whose hearts had learned to thrill at his name, now mourned his loss, and felt there was none to take his place. The division with which his fame was identified merits more particular attention. It was worthy of him and he had made it so. Its numbers were made up and its honors shared by citizens of five communities—Arkansas, Texas, Alabama, Mississippi

and Tennessee. In it was also one regiment of Irishmen, who, on every field illustrated the characteristics of the race that furnishes the world with soldiers. No one of its regiments but bore upon its colors the significant device of the "crossed cannon inverted," and the name of each battle in which it had been engaged. Prior to the battle of Shiloh a blue battle-flag had been adopted by me for this division, and when the Confederate battle-flag became the national colors, Cleburne's Division, at its urgent request, was allowed to retain its own bullet-riddled battle-flags. This was the only division in the Confederate service allowed to carry into action other than the national colors, and friends and foes soon learned to watch the course of the blue flag that marked where Cleburne was in the battle. Where this division defended, no odds broke its lines; where it attacked, no numbers resisted its onslaught, save only once—there is the grave of Cleburne and his heroic division. In this sketch of Cleburne there has been no intention of disparaging, by omission or otherwise, the merits and services of other officers and troops, some of which are eminently worthy of commemoration; but the limits of a sketch, personal in its character, and giving a bare outline of the military operations with which the subject of it was connected, necessarily precludes an account of the services, however great, of others, even when rendered in the same action.

Cleburne, at the time of his death, was about 37 years of age. He was above the medium height, about 5 feet 11 inches, and, though without striking personal advantages, would have arrested attention from a close observer as a man of mark. His hair, originally black, became gray under the care and fatigue of campaigning. His eyes, a clear steel-gray in color, were cold and abstracted usually, but beamed genially in seasons of social intercourse, and blazed fiercely in moments of excitement. A good-sized and well-shaped head, prominent features, slightly aquiline nose, thin, grayish whiskers worn on the lip and chin, and an expression of countenance, when in repose, rather indicative of a man of thought than action, completes the picture. His manners were distant and reserved to strangers, but frank and winning among friends. His mind was of a highly logical class. Before expressing an opinion upon a subject, or coming to a decision in any conjecture of circumstances, he wore an expression as if solving a mathematical proposition. The conclusion, when reached, was always stamped with mathematical correctness. He was as modest as a woman, but not wanting in that fine ambition, which ennobles men. Simple in his tastes and

habits, and utterly regardless of personal comfort, he was always mindful of the comfort and welfare of his troops. An incident which occurred at Atlanta illustrates his habitual humanity to prisoners. A captured Federal officer was deprived of his hat and blankets by a needy soldier of Cleburne's command, and Cleburne failing to detect the offender or to recover the property, sent the officer a hat of his own and his only pair of blankets.

Among his attachments was a very strong one for his adjutant-general, Captain Irving A. Buck, a boy in years, but a man in all soldierly qualities, who for nearly two years of the war shared Cleburne's labors during the day and his blankets at night.

He was also much attached to his youngest brother, who was killed in one of Morgan's fights in southwestern Virginia. This brother inherited the brave qualities that belonged to the name, and after being promoted from the ranks for "distinguished gallantry," fell in a charge at the head of his regiment.

Cleburne had accent enough to betray his Irish birth. This accent, perceptible in ordinary conversation, grew in times of excitement into a strongly marked brogue. He was accustomed to refer to Ireland as the "old country," and always in the tone of a son speaking of an absent mother. He possessed considerable powers of wit and oratory, the national heritage of the Irish people; but his wit, perhaps characterized by the stern influences that had surrounded his life, was rather grim than humorous. He had a marked literary turn, and was singularly well versed in the British poets, indeed, he had at one period of his life wooed the muse himself, and with no inconsiderable success, as was evidenced by some fragments of his poetical labors which he had preserved.

It was known that he had a brother in the Federal army, but he seldom mentioned his name, and never without classifying him with the mass of the Irish who had espoused the Federal cause, of whom he always spoke in terms of strong indignation. His high integrity revolted at the want of consistency and morality shown in the course of that class of Irish who, invoking the sympathies of the world in behalf of "oppressed Ireland," gave the powerful aid of their arms to enslave another people.

Cleburne's remains were buried after the battle of Franklin, and yet rest in the Polk Cemetery, near Columbia, Tenn. Generals Granberry and Strahl, brave comrades who fell in the same action, were buried at his side. On the march to Franklin, a few days before his death, Cleburne halted at this point, and in one of the gen-

tle moods of the man that sometimes softened the mien of the soldier, gazed a moment in silence upon the scene, and turning to some members of his staff, said: "It is almost worth dying to rest in so sweet a spot."

It was in remembrance of these words that their suggestion was carried out in the choice of his burial place. In this cemetery is set apart a division called the "Bishop's Corner." Here were buried the remains of the late Bishop Otey, of Tennessee—here are to be placed the ashes of the heroic Bishop-General Leonidas Polk, and here it is purposed that the tombs of the future bishops of Tennessee shall be ranged beside these illustrious names. In this spot where nature has lavished her wealth of grace and beauty in ground consecrated by the dust of illustrious patriots, churchmen and warriors—in the bosom of the State he did so much to defend, within whose borders he first guided his charging lines to victory, and to whose soil he finally yielded to the cause the last and all a patriot soldier can give—rest what was mortal of Patrick Cleburne, and will rest until his adopted State shall claim his ashes and raise above them monumental honors to the virtues of her truest citizen, her noblest champion, her greatest soldier.

Cleburne had often expressed the hope that he might not survive the loss of independence by the South. Heaven heard the prayer; spared him this pang. He fell before the banner he had so often guided to victory was furled—before the people he fought for were crushed, before the cause he loved was lost.

Two continents now claim his name; eight million of people revere his memory; two great communities raise monuments to his virtues—and history will take up his fame and hand it down to time for exempling, wherever a courage without stain, a manhood without blemish, an integrity that knew no compromise, and a patriotism that withheld no sacrifice, are honored of mankind.

General PAT. CLEBURNE.

Thrilling Story of a Street Fight at Helena in which He was Desperately Wounded.

Mr. Biscoe Hindman, of Louisville, Ky., writing to the *Picayune* under recent date, refers to an article which was published a month ago, relative to General Pat. Cleburne. This contribution was from the pen of General Hardee, and abounded in interesting anecdotes of General Cleburne. It omitted, however, one very interesting in-

cident known to Mr. Hindman, which he supplies in his letter to the *Picayune*. Alluding to General Cleburne, Mr. Hindman says:

This gallant General was the bosom friend and comrade of my father, the late Major-General Thomas C. Hindman, and both of them lived and roomed together at Helena, Ark., before the war. One of the most important instances in the life of General Cleburne was evidently not known by General Hardee. It came near terminating his life and losing to the Confederacy one of its most gallant leaders. My father and General Cleburne were then very young men—in their twenties—when my father was a candidate for Congress as a Democrat in eastern Arkansas against one Dorsey Rice, who was making his campaign as a Whig. My father had made a speech at Helena, in which he mercilessly exposed Rice for certain questionable acts of his, and after he had finished speaking he and Pat. Cleburne walked together arm in arm down Main street towards my father's law office. Both were smoking cigars at the moment when they arrived before the wholesale grocery store of W. E. & C. L. Moore, when, without warning, three men sprang out from hiding just inside the door of the store and attacked them. Dorsey Rice fired so close to the left side of my father that the clothes were burned and a fearful wound inflicted, bringing my father for the moment to his knees. Instantly he sprang to his feet and drew his pistol, when Dorsey Rice ignominiously fled, with my father chasing him through the store and out through another front entrance into the street. My father fired at him several times as he ran, but failed to strike him, and he continued to chase Rice up the street until he himself fell exhausted from the loss of blood and was taken to his office in a weak condition. Dorsey Rice continued his flight, and left the town by crossing over into Mississippi.

At the moment when my father was shot, Pat. Cleburne was also shot clear through the body by John Rice, a brother of Dorsey, and he in turn fled down the street in an opposite direction from the flight of his brother, and succeeded in crossing the river into Mississippi. Cleburne had been quick to draw his pistol, and turned slightly to one side as he was shot when he saw James Marryatt, a brother-in-law of the Rices, standing with his pistol in his hand. Thinking that Marryatt had shot him, Cleburne shot and killed him on the spot, and then fell insensible. Dr. Charles E. Nash, of Helena, but later of Little Rock, and only recently deceased, waited on both of them, and undoubtedly saved their lives by his prompt and

efficient services. He cut the bullet from my father in the presence of the latter's friends, my father refusing at all times to take an anesthetic, saying that he would not give his enemies the pleasure of saying that he feared pain. While Dr. Nash was removing the bullet my father was calmly smoking a cigar and conversing with his friends. Dr. Nash waited on Cleburne for many days and nights thinking each would be his last, but finally succeeded in improving his condition slightly. Later on both men were taken to Booneville, Miss., by Dr. Ellis, a brother-in-law of my father, who kept them at his house until they both recovered. In the meantime my father had been elected to his first term in Congress. He fully recovered from his wound, but General Cleburne felt the effects of the fearful wound which he had received until the day of his death.

I thought that possibly you might care to use some of the above mentioned facts in regard to General Cleburne, if you should desire to do so in completion of the sketch given by General Hardee.

BISCOE HINDMAN.

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, August, 1903.]

ZOLLICOFFER'S OAK.

Recollections of the Battle of Mill Springs and the Death
of this Gallant Soldier—Efforts to Protect his Grave.

BY BENNETT H. YOUNG, COLONEL C. S. A.,

(Major-General, United Confederate Veterans, Commanding Kentucky
Division.)

Early in January, 1862, Major-General George B. Crittenden, who was then in command of the Confederate forces in East Tennessee, advised General Albert Sidney Johnston that he was then on the north side of the Cumberland river, in Pulaski county, Kentucky; that he was threatened by a superior force of the enemy in front; that it was impossible to cross the river, and that he was compelled to make the fight on the ground he then occupied. He had under his orders about 4,000 men, consisting of two brigades, the first

commanded by General Felix K. Zollicoffer. This brigade was composed of the 15th Mississippi, Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Walthall; the 19th Tennessee, Colonel D. H. Cummings; the 20th Tennessee, Colonel Joel A. Battle; the 25th Tennessee, Colonel S. S. Stanton. To it was attached a battery of four guns and two companies of cavalry. The second brigade was commanded by General William H. Carroll, composed of the 17th Tennessee, Lieutenant-Colonel Miller; the 28th Tennessee, Colonel John P. Murray; the 29th Tennessee, Colonel Samuel Powell; the 16th Alabama, Colonel W. B. Wood. It had two guns, a part of McClung's Battery, and two small battalions of cavalry.

The location on the north side of the Cumberland river, in Pulaski county, was made by General Felix K. Zollicoffer, without the approval of Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston, then commanding the Department of Tennessee. At this late day it is difficult to understand why General Zollicoffer crossed the Cumberland river, leaving that uncertain stream—unfordable at this point—behind him, with nothing but a sternwheel steamboat and two barges to secure his transportation in case of defeat, and to cross over to the north side of the river and engage in combat. It is but just to General Zollicoffer and General Crittenden to say that a council of war had been called, and it had been the unanimous opinion of those who took part in it that the wise thing to do was to leave the intrenchments at Beech Grove, almost on the banks of the Cumberland river, and march ten miles towards Somerset and attack the Federal forces then at Logan's Crossroads, nine miles south of Somerset.

Neither the Confederates nor Federals at that time had much practical experience of war. Almost all of the Confederate troops were armed with flintlock muskets; some had ordinary percussion squirrel rifles and a few double-barrel shotguns. The Federal forces were commanded by General George H. Thomas. They consisted of about an equal number of men—4,000—and comprised the 10th Indiana, 1st Kentucky Cavalry (Wolford's), the 4th Kentucky Infantry, 2d Minnesota Infantry, 9th Ohio Infantry, 12th Kentucky Infantry, 1st Federal Tennessee, and 2d Federal Tennessee.

There were a large number of Federal soldiers at Somerset, but the roads were muddy, and Fishing creek, near Somerset, had been greatly swollen by rain, and it was thought at that time by the Confederate commander to be impossible for the reserve forces which were being hurried forward to support the other Federal troops already at Logan's cross-roads to ford this stream. This battle has

been variously called the battle of Logan's cross-roads (Federal), Fishing creek (Confederate), and sometimes the battle of Mill Springs.

Generals Crittenden, Zollicoffer and Carroll had great faith in the courage and bravery of their troops. They did not realize the tremendous difference in the arms of the two contending forces. Flintlock rifles, muskets and shotguns could not stand against Enfield or Spencer rifles, but they evidently concluded that if the Federal forces were attacked at daybreak on Sunday morning with vigor and enthusiasm they could rout the Federal army. They probably were possessed with the idea, so prevalent in the early period of the civil conflict, that one Confederate could whip from three to five Federals, and so, in a cold, drizzling rain, at midnight on Saturday, January 18, 1862, these Confederate forces, illy clad, badly armed, left their intrenchments and set out for the march of ten miles along a muddy road, where, with greatest efforts, artillery could be hauled, and through a great portion of which the slush was twelve inches deep. But all these difficulties did not quell the spirit of that superb patriotism and magnificent courage which dominated these Confederate soldiers. With patience, cheerfulness and fortitude they waded, marched and deployed through the long, dreary and exhausting night. In seven hours they made ten miles. The morning was dark, damp and gloomy. A mile in front of the Federal camp the Confederate cavalry advance came in contact with Woolford's cavalry pickets, and the conflict, to end so unfortunately for the Confederates, was on.

The topographical conditions which met the Confederates were bad. On either side of the road were thick forests; the use of artillery was thus rendered impossible. Nobody seemed to know exactly where the Federal forces were, and through the gloom these Confederate soldiers searched for the enemy, and they were not long in finding them. The battle continued from about 7 o'clock until 10 Sunday morning. General Felix K. Zollicoffer was killed early in the engagement. His death did much to demoralize the Confederate forces. Mistaking the enemy for his own troops, he advanced on the 4th Kentucky Infantry; he was shot immediately, fell under a large oak tree, which stands to this day, and is known through that country as Zollicoffer's tree. The owner, a Federal soldier, has preserved it with commendable care and with generous consideration.

The brunt of the battle on the Confederate side was borne by the

15th Mississippi, then commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Walthall, and the 20th Tennessee, under Colonel Joel A. Battle. These fought with superb gallantry. At one time these two regiments bore the brunt of the entire conflict and received the attacks of all the Federal forces then engaged. Lieutenant-Colonel Walthall exhibited that splendid courage which subsequently secured for him rapid promotion and unstinted praise on many battlefields. His regiment had a terrific mortality, losing something over 40 per cent. of the men engaged. The 15th Mississippi suffered a loss of 54 killed outright, 153 wounded and 29 missing.

The 20th Tennessee also acted superbly and had 33 killed, 59 wounded, and 13 missing. The 19th and 25th Tennessee had each 10 killed; the 17th Tennessee, 11; the 28th Tennessee, 3; the 29th Tennessee, 5, and the 16th Alabama, 9, all with a proportionate number of wounded. The Federals had 39 killed on the field and something over 200 wounded. By 10:30 all the Confederate forces were withdrawn and fell back ten miles to the fortifications on the bank of the river. During the night, with the aid of a small stern-wheel steamer and two barges, all the troops were transported across the Cumberland river, but the artillery, cavalry horses, ammunition and arms were left, and were captured by the Federal forces on the following day. The dead and wounded were left in the hands of the enemy. Owing to the dampness and rain the flintlock guns were fired with great difficulty, and this disheartened in the very opening of the action the Confederate troops. At one time during the battle the 20th Tennessee retired in perfect order to pick their flints to get their guns to fire at all. All did the best they could under the circumstances. They were subjected to almost insurmountable difficulties even for veterans; for raw and untried troops they acquitted themselves most creditably, but the army suffered a humiliating and complete defeat. On other fields these regiments won imperishable glory. The 15th Mississippi at Baton Rouge, Chickamagua, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, in the Atlanta campaign, at Franklin and Nashville, carved out magnificent records. Its commander, General Walthall, who afterwards became Colonel of the 29th Mississippi, was made a brigadier-general in 1862, a major-general in 1865, was with Joseph E. Johnston at the final surrender in 1865, and was a member of the United States Senate at the time of his death in 1898.

The 20th Tennessee at Missionary Ridge, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, won glorious immortality, while the 19th, 25th, 28th and

29th Tennessee at Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold, Jonesboro, Franklin, Nashville, in the Atlanta campaign wrested from fate superb renown. The 16th Alabama at Shiloh, Chickamauga, Ringgold, Jonesboro, Franklin, wrote in letters of blood a story of unsurpassed patriotic courage.

The bodies of the Confederate soldiers, numbering in the neighborhood of 200, including the wounded which died, were placed in rows on the top of the ground, near Zollicoffer's oak, around them log pens were built and then covered over with earth, and so far as now known, the name of not a single hero who thus died is recorded. Into those log pens their bodies were piled and their bloody blankets were spread over their pale faces, and thus they have rested in un-honored, unmarked graves for more than forty years.

The United States government has established a national cemetery within a half mile of the battlefield. It was first called the Logan's Cross Roads Cemetery, but has since had its name changed to the Mill Spring National Cemetery. It was established in 1862. There have been 708 interments—350 known and 365 unknown Federals are resting amid its avenues. Two acres are in the cemetery proper; one and a half acres constitute a little park by its side. These dead have received all the oversight and attention that a generous and grateful nation could bestow upon its soldier dead. It is now in charge of — Fonda, a New York veteran, who keeps it with scrupulous care. Half a mile away, in a forest full of underbrush, without mark or slab, the dust of the Confederate heroes reposes.

These Confederates, who with nothing but flintlock muskets on that Sunday morning charged through the slush and rain, deserve none the less glory than the men who died at Shiloh, triumphed at Chickamauga, or went down in death as they clambered up the heights of Gettysburg or along the hillsides of the Potomac at Antietam, or amid the awful carnage at Franklin or the incessant hostilities of the Atlanta campaign. None who loved them have come to shed a tear at the common bier of these heroes of the South who on Kentucky soil made the supreme sacrifice for Southern independence.

Early in March, 1903, I received a letter from Miss Ellanetta Harrison, daughter of G. P. Harrison, a native Virginian, but who enlisted in Company K, 1st Tennessee Cavalry. Born a Virginian, an only son, his father did everything possible to keep him out of the army. Little more than a child, three times he ran away and entered the service. His father took him home and put two substitutes

in his place, but his courage and patriotism could not be repressed, and after the third enlistment he was allowed to remain, and he saw the end in April, 1865, at Greensboro.

Miss Harrison stated that she had just completed a book, "The Stage of Life," the profits from the publication of which she desired to devote to the building of a monument over these Southern soldiers. The sentiment was so beautiful and the tribute so generous that on behalf of the Kentucky Division of the United Confederate Veterans I appointed Miss Harrison the Division Maid of Honor at the New Orleans reunion. This book, "The Stage of Life," was to be printed by Robert Clarke & Co., and almost the day of its going to press a great fire occurred in Cincinnati, which swept away the superb establishment of that corporation. It was thought that all of the plates of Miss Harrison's book had been destroyed, but by a strange coincidence they were preserved, and it has been stated that they were the only plates of any book which were not destroyed by the great Clarke Company fire. The book was gotten out and has met a marvelous sale, more than 40,000 copies having already been sold, and Miss Harrison has arranged to place to our joint account in the Louisville Trust Company, as trustee, \$2,000 for the purpose of inclosing the ground where General Zollicoffer fell and these Confederate dead are buried and building a monument over their graves.

Mr. H. G. Trimble, of Somerset, a Federal soldier, who was in the battle, kindly donated sufficient ground for a small park; this includes the splendid oak tree under which General Zollicoffer fell, now called by the people of the neighborhood "Zollicoffer's Oak." Two of the trenches in which the Confederate dead were buried will be inclosed within this park. There are some forty men buried on other parts of the battle-field, whose remains it is proposed to disinter and place in the same trench where rest the ashes of their comrades.

Thousands of Confederates will recognize and appreciate the generous gift of Captain Trimble and his wife to the trustees of the necessary ground on which to build a monument at this place.

Captain Trimble came from a Virginia family who were revolutionary heroes, and who settled in Pulaski county after the close of the war. He himself enlisted in Company C, Third Kentucky United States Infantry, on the 7th of August, 1861. He saw service at Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Rockface Ridge, Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, Missionary Ridge; he lost his arm on May 13,

1863, in the Atlanta campaign. He had only the rank of sergeant, but at the time was in command of his company.

He was for twenty-four years clerk of the County Court of Pulaski county, and is now postmaster at Somerset. He was educated in the public schools and afterwards graduated in law at Stratford Law School.

His father gave the ground for the National Cemetery in whom the Federal dead are buried at Logan's Cross-Roads, now called Mill Spring National Cemetery.

Captain Trimble has given renewed evidence of the broad and liberal views of his family in donating this ground for a Confederate monument and cemetery. It is the spirit of such men as H. G. Trimble that makes the American republic the greatest nation in the world.

Within 300 feet of this oak lives Mr. William L. Burton, a Confederate sympathizer, who on the day of the conflict was 11 years of age, and came with his father to look at the sad, weird happenings of the struggle. He saw General Zollicoffer's body, with his head resting on a root of the oak tree under which he met death. Around him were other bodies clad in gray. He and his father helped to bury these strangers. Mr. Burton has a little girl 10 years old named Dorothea Burton. For two years past on Decoration Day this child has woven a wreath of wild flowers and hung it on Zollicoffer's oak and scattered blossoms over the trenches where sleep the Mississippi, Tennessee and Alabama heroes who on that fateful Sunday morning in January, 1862, went down to death.

This little girl had seen the crowds go to the well-kept Federal Cemetery, half a mile away. She could hear the inspiring strains of martial music and the responsive shouts to the words of eloquent orators who recounted the brave deeds of those who wore the blue, and somehow it came into her pure and tender heart that the General who died under the oak, and his men who were killed on the mountain side near by, and who were hidden in the unkept trenches, ought to have somebody remember them, and, with no guide or inspiration other than her own loving, womanly impulse, with her brown, bare feet and sun-tinted hands, she searched the forest for its most brilliant-hued flowers and came and laid the beautiful offering on the tombs of these almost forgotten heroes.

On the 21st of July, 1903, in company with Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Sanders, of Louisville, and Miss Ellanetta Harrison, of Somerset, I visited the battlefield to advise and help in the inclosure of a park

and the erection of a suitable monument to these dead, who for more than forty years seem to have been lost to Confederate recognition.

As we sat on a log under Zollicoffer's tree by little Dorothea Burton, she asked me if I knew or loved any of those men who were killed and buried there. I replied that I did not know them, but they were my comrades, and I loved them, and as I described how brave and noble they were, and how their homes were made desolate and their mothers and sisters mourned for them when they knew they would never come home any more, and how thousands of people would love her for putting the wreath on the oak and flowers in the trenches, her bosom heaved with sorrow and tears streamed down her sunburned cheeks. I kissed the little mountain girl for the sake of mothers, sisters, fathers and comrades who would appreciate the noble, tender, Christ-like spirit which filled the soul of this mountain child, and found utterance in this loving tribute to unknown dead.

It is now proposed to inclose an acre of ground around Zollicoffer's oak and two of the trenches; to build about it a substantial stone wall, and under the oak to erect a simple and tasteful monument to the memory of the men of Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama, who there, on January 19, 1862, gave their lives for the cause of Southern independence.

Through Miss Ellanetta Harrison's superb gift, and some other contributions, this has been made possible, and the work will be undertaken at once.

No contributions are asked for, but if any friends of these dead heroes in Tennessee, Mississippi and Alabama desire to send any money to make the monument more imposing, it will be received and used for that purpose.

To Miss Ellanetta Harrison, of Somerset, author of *The Stage of Life*, belongs the major part of the credit for this effort to commemorate the sacrifices of these brave and gallant men.

When the leaves of the trees on the mountain sides of the battlefield fall, or, at least, when the violets come, in the spring, there will be a monument to tell who died at Fishing creek. We will never know who they were, but what they were the whole world knows. The name of Ellanetta Harrison ought to live always with hallowed memories amongst the survivors of the Confederate army of Tennessee and their descendants, and the tender, sweet, loving tribute of little Dorothea Burton, of Nancy Postoffice, Pulaski county, Ky., to the neglected Confederate heroes, should give her an abiding place in the hearts of all who loved the South and its glorious cause, and make the whole world nobler, better, kinder.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, June 24, 1903.]

NEW MARKET DAY AT V. M. I.

Honor to Men of Imperishable Glory.

OLD CADETS NUMEROUS.

Dr. J. N. Upshur Delivers a Splendid Address—Survivors to be Decorated with Crosses of Honor—John S. Wise Speaks.

LEXINGTON, VA., June 23, 1903.

“New Market!” Every yell given at the Virginia Military Institute has ended with that word, and every feature of the exercises has impressed upon the beholder that this commencement is designed to honor the men who gave to the institute imperishable glory in the charge they made on that memorable day in '64.

Seventy survivors of the historic charge are here, and to-day they have been the recipients of honors such as are bestowed upon few men in the course of their lives. From sixteen States the old cadets have come, and every one has been delighted to honor the gallant boys of '64.

Lexington is overflowing with visitors. The two hotels are turning away intending guests. Every boarding-house is filled, and the barracks are accommodating about as many visitors as possible.

The features of the ceremonies to-day were the speech of Dr. J. N. Upshur, of Richmond, a New Market survivor, in Jackson Hall this morning; the unveiling of the New Market battle monument immediately afterwards; the great meeting of the alumni this afternoon, and their decision to decorate with crosses of honor the survivors of the battle of New Market; the sham battle and the alumni banquet and the cadet hop to-night.

THREE THOUSAND STRONG.

Three thousand people from various sections of the State were here to-day to hear the addresses. A third of them were old cadets or of the families of men who got their training at the Institute.

It was after 11 o'clock when Captain J. R. Anderson, Jr., called to order the audience which was packed into Jackson Hall. The

New Market boys, seventy in number, occupied seats of honor in front of the rostrum. On their right were seated alumni of every class save New Market; to the left were thirty members of Garland-Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans, Lynchburg, under Dr. C. B. Fleet, all in uniforms.

When those old New Market boys came marching into the hall, with their old commander, General Scott Shipp, at their head, there was a demonstration of applause that threatened to take off the roof. Men and women arose to their feet, and cheering, stamping and waving of handkerchiefs evidenced the enthusiasm of the assemblage.

GREETING TO SHIPP.

The old boys had formed in the quadrangle, and it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the wild cheering which greeted General Shipp when he walked through the sally-port and advanced across the green to the head of the column was followed by half the men in ranks rushing forward to seize the hand of their old commander, and nearly all of them ended by throwing their arms around him.

The shot-torn flag which the battalion carried at New Market was the decoration of the rostrum. There was a great deal of bunting displayed over the speakers' chairs, and there were great masses of flowers banked on the front of the stage, but I had not observed any of these until my attention was called to them, so busy was I gazing at the old New Market ensign. But there was a profusion of stars and stripes on the walls behind the speakers.

Mr. Joseph R. Anderson, class '70, president of the Alumni Association, called the meeting to order and introduced Rev. Charles C. Randolph, of Fincastle, a New Market man, who made an impressive prayer.

Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, of Staunton, a cadet of some class since New Market, then read in most effective manner his beautiful ode.

There was prolonged applause at the conclusion of the reading of the ode, and the band played "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

DR. UPSHUR'S ADDRESS.

The oration of Dr. J. N. Upshur, of Richmond, followed the reading of Mr. Gordon's ode. Dr. Upshur's address, of less than an hour in length, was cheered every time a pause occurred long enough

to allow any demonstration of approval. Occasionally the speaker would indulge in flights of oratory, but generally the address was in plain language—the story of New Market and of the Institute in the days of '61-'65. There was applause long drawn out at the conclusion of Dr. Upshur's address, and the band played "Dixie."

Then Hon. Holmes Conrad was presented and spoke for an hour. In a general way his speech was along the lines pursued by Dr. Upshur, but he stuck to the official reports of the commanders on both sides in the battle. The last half hour of the speech was devoted to a comparison of leaders of the North and the South, along the lines of an address delivered in Lee Camp Hall in Richmond a year or two ago.

Great applause followed the close of Major Conrad's address.

MONUMENT UNVEILED.

Everybody then went to the parade grounds, where the battle monument was unveiled. The exercises were severely simple. The captains of the four cadet companies pulled the cords that released the veiling and disclosed to the spectators the beautiful monument—Virginia mourning her dead.

The cadets fired an artillery salute, the infantry boys saluted with rifles, the old boys cheered for the moment, for New Market, and the V. M. I., and then everybody went to dinner.

ALUMNI MEETING.

The old boys were slow in reassembling in the hall for the annual session of the Alumni Association, but at 4 o'clock the hall was filled, the place of honor, as in the morning, being given the New Market men, in the centre block.

Captain J. R. Anderson, Jr., president of the Alumni Association, called the meeting to order, and then had Mr. Alexander Hamilton, president of the Board of Visitors, take the chair. M. H. Crump, of Kentucky, class of '93, was made secretary. Mr. Hamilton briefly expressed the gratification of the board at the remarkably large attendance of old cadets, and said he could not foresee any time when so many would again be together.

Colonel W. E. Cutshaw, of Richmond, came forward to offer certain resolutions, after a resolution of thanks to Captain Anderson for his services as alumni president had been adopted amid tremendous applause.

NEW MARKET CROSSES.

The resolutions offered by Colonel Cutshaw, after reciting the honor conferred upon the Institute by the cadets at New Market, provided for the appropriation of a necessary sum for the purchase of crosses of suitable material, to be presented to every member of the New Market battalion. Each cross is to bear the name of the recipient, and a cross is also to be sent the family of each man who fell in battle, or who has died since he took part in the fight.

Colonel Cutshaw, speaking to the resolutions, said he felt it was peculiarly appropriate that he should offer them, in that in 1863, while recovering from wounds received in battle, he was commandant of cadets, and he put them through some months of hard work on the parade ground and in camp, which fitted them well for the New Market ordeal.

General T. T. Munford, of Lynchburg, an old cadet, though not in the New Market battalion, made an eloquent speech endorsing the resolutions.

There were loud calls for "Purcell," and Colonel John B. Purcell, of Richmond, an Institute man, though not at New Market, but one who wore the Confederate gray when only fourteen years of age, made a speech full of tender eloquence in advocating the resolutions.

General G. C. Wharton, class of '47, and a brigade commander at New Market, spoke a few words urging the adoption of the resolutions, and saying that if he could make a speech he would speak at length asking their passage.

Captain Henry A. Wise was called upon. He was an assistant professor in '64, and when Colonel Shipp fell at New Market, commanded the battalion. He made a beautiful speech in thanking the Association for what it proposed to do.

CAPTAIN JOHN S. WISE.

Then John S. Wise spoke. He received tremendous applause as he came forward, and his old comrades made him go on the platform. In his own inimitable way he recalled the story of New Market, and he kept his hearers in a roar of laughter recalling humorous incidents of the old days. He closed with a peroration whose eloquence and pathos brought tears to many eyes.

"We are grandfathers on the ground where we were boys," he

said, "we are veterans in precincts where we thought a man of thirty old."

A more eloquent tribute has seldom been paid the Institute than that paid by Mr. Wise. There was no such applause in the entire day as that which followed the conclusion of Mr. Wise's speech. As he came down the aisle to his seat he had to pause many times to shake the hands of his old comrades who crowded around him, the tears coming down the cheeks of many of them.

Colonel E. W. Nichol, treasurer of the New Market monument fund, made his report, which showed that the monument was paid for and that there was a small balance on hand.

Captain S. B. Walker, secretary and treasurer of the Alumni Association, read his annual report, showing a balance of fifty-odd dollars on hand. The report was adopted, and then Captain Walker suggested that the alumni, exclusive of the New Market Battalion, present the crosses, and also that the association be photographed in a body.

The Chair announced the following committee to arrange for the purchase of the crosses: Joseph R. Anderson, W. E. Cutshaw and John B. Purcell.

After some discussion it was agreed that the cost of the crosses should be met by voluntary contributions.

On motion of Colonel Purcell, the class of 1903 was elected to membership in the association.

Mr. Anderson read a letter received from Dr. George W. Williams, of Farmington, Mo., class of '43, regretting that he could not be present, and also one from his wife, asking that some loving message be sent him, as he is now eighty-four years old and too feeble to attend the reunion. He is thought to be the oldest living cadet. A committee was directed to write a suitable letter to Dr. Williams and his wife.

In response to the motion of Dr. Upshur, the New Market survivors decided to send their autographs to Ezekiel, the sculptor. This action was taken at the request of Mrs. Brauer, of Richmond, sister of the sculptor.

The old officers of the association, J. R. Anderson, president, and S. B. Walker, secretary, were unanimously re-elected.

BANQUET AND HOP.

The alumni banquet to-night and the hop were much enjoyed. Girls from all over Virginia were at the dance, and the speakers at

the banquet included some of the best-known men in this country. To-morrow is commencement day proper. Great regret is felt here that Governor Montague will not be here. Lieutenant-Governor Willard is representing him in a thoroughly satisfactory way. He and many of the alumni of Richmond arrived on a special train this morning. Mr. Willard received at General Shipp's this afternoon.

And this brings me to the social features of the reunion. Everybody has open house this week. To those who knew Lexington, despite John Wise's "Presbyterian Lexington," will convey a picture of the warmest hospitality. The laymen cannot criticise the sham battle. It was a fine spectacle to see the battalion in action on the parade ground and the hillside in front of the barracks. When it was ended and the shades of night were falling as the sun sank behind House Mountain, the New Market battalion formed and marched to the western end of the grounds, where lie the men who fell at New Market. There each one laid a flower on the grave of each of the boys who sleep in the soil of Lexington. It was a fitting end of the day's ceremonies.

STATE CADETS.

The Board of Visitors announced to-day the following appointments to State cadetships: J. M. Smith, Pocahontas; C. G. Paul, Harrisonburg; L. W. Sydnor, Staunton; J. R. Taylor, Fredericksburg; M. Campbell, Amherst; H. E. McCreedy, Roanoke; J. P. Wilkinson, Nebletts Van, Lunenburg county; W. P. Tate, Pulaski; R. C. Barrett, Smithfield; G. M. Harrison, Fredericksburg; H. F. Carr, Newport News; H. A. Tabb, Gloucester county. Cadets at large—Irving Boaz, Albemarle; T. H. Roseter, Norfolk; W. A. Dunlap, Roanoke; Julian Major, Mitchells.

DR. UPSHUR'S ADDRESS.

Dr. J. N. Upshur, of Richmond, who was himself a member of the Boys' Battalion, and took part in the New Market fight, made a most eloquent address on the battle. He depicted the heroism of the cadets who fought and those who died for their country, and urged those whom he addressed to take an inspiration from the monument which they dedicated to their memory. Dr. Upshur said:

Comrades and Friends:

This is a day long to be remembered in the history of this school of soldiers. We have assembled to do homage to that battalion of young soldiers who more than a generation ago received their baptism of fire and won immortal glory upon the memorable field at New Market. The first and only time in history, I believe, when in solid phalanx, undaunted and invincible as a battalion, testimony was borne to the discipline and training of any military school.

This school had many representatives in the grand armies of the lost cause, who, by their daring and efficiency, shed lustre upon their alma mater, and "slain in battle" is the epitaph that consecrates no less than 125 names. When the struggle was over, and the warrior's banner took its flight to greet the warrior's soul, and peace again assumed its sway, we, the actors in that battle, separated to take up the struggle in the battle of life, with varying fortune of success and failure, some to distinction in the several professions and callings in life, and some less conspicuous in fulfilling faithfully the duty of daily round and common task. And of that band, one gifted in art, and though a sojourner in a foreign land, no less a Virginian and loyal to his State, animated by love for his alma mater and pride in the achievements of that glorious corps, on that memorable 15th of May, has created in living bronze "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," and out of a loving and generous heart donated it as memorial of those comrades who fought, and those who died in defense of right. As one of that band I am here to-day, honored beyond my deserving, to tell to you the simple story of the battle of New Market, to speak of the march and bivouac, the heroism and selfdenial of my comrades in arms, and to light anew the flame of patriotism and devotion, as I recall the memories of the time which tried men's souls, and inspired the youth, who, while drinking at the fount of knowledge, within these walls, yet were thrilled by the noble deeds of their countrymen. In whose veins, pulsing the blood of noble sires, they dared to demonstrate that they were worthy sons. On the altars of their hearts brightly burned the fires of patriotism, and their slogan, "it is noble to die for one's country." Such was the spirit that animated the corps in the spring of 1864.

AS ON DRESS PARADE.

A sharp artillery duel had been in progress for some time, when the line of battle was ordered to advance. Passing up the slope of the second hill, as we reached the crest, the enemy had gotten our range and the first casualties occurred, four or five men being wounded by the bursting of a shell, one of them being Captain Hill, of Company C. The line now pressed forward, the battalion being as beautifully aligned as if on dress parade. The ground here was an open field, level or rising slightly to the north. When half way across this field a sharp musketry fire opened on our left in addition to the artillery fire, and a shrapnel shot exploding killed three members of D Company—Cabell, Jones and Crockett. Just at this point the wings of the battalion became advanced beyond the center, causing a curve in the line. The cadets marked time, the line was straightened and, dressing on the center, advanced in as perfect order as if on dress parade. On the northern border of this field and to our front stood Bushong's house, beyond which was an apple orchard. The enemy had slowly fallen back and taken up a third position several hundred yards beyond this house. On reaching the house the ranks divided. A and B companies passing to the right of the house and C and D companies to the left, A and D marking time until the other half came up and the line was reformed. The fire at this point was terrific, both musketry and from the battery to our left, double shotted with cannister. Passing beyond the house, the battalion laid down for a short time on the northern border of the orchard, when the order, 'Forward!' was given, and when about half way between this point and the guns, occurred the heaviest casualties of the day, the sufferers being the cadets and the 62nd Virginia, under Colonel Smith, immediately on the cadet left. It was at this point that Colonel Shipp was wounded and Captain Henry A. Wise took command. Up to this time the cadets had not fired a shot. At this juncture the Federal cavalry was seen about to charge the line, squadron front. Breckinridge appreciating the situation, ordered the guns, double shotted with cannister, to be turned on them. They were routed with great loss, only a few reaching our lines, and they as prisoners.

BRILLIANT DASH.

Wharton's men seemed to have melted away under the terrific fire, leaving a gap in the line and producing some disorder, falling back they reformed behind the cadets. Captain Wise ordered the cadet battalion to advance to fill this gap, and a brilliant dash forward, gallantly seconded by the 62d Virginia, and the battery was captured. During the progress of the events just related, Imboden had discovered General Stahl with 2,500 cavalry massed in squadron-front close order. He asked permission of General Breckinridge to allow him to uncover his right flank for a short time, in an effort to turn Sigel's left, which he thought he could accomplish. Receiving the desired order, in less than fifteen minutes he had gained a position behind a low hill unobserved by the enemy; six guns were ordered at a gallop to the crest of the hill, unlimbered and fired as fast as possible into the massed cavalry. The effect was immediate and terrific. The Federal guns, captured by the cadets a little later, turned their fire in that direction to silence Imboden's guns, an enfilading fire from which aided materially the cadets and the 62d in the capture of the Federal guns. Meanwhile the 34th Massachusetts, which was composed of seasoned veterans, and which had been immediately to the left of the cadets, falling back into a clump of cedars, was hotly engaged with Edgar's battalion, when Captain Wise moved the cadets on their flank, and they broke and ran. Breckinridge halted his line to replenish ammunition before advancing on Rude's hill, about two miles below New Market, where Sigel made a final stand, and from which point he was using his guns. But he did not await the Confederate coming, but hastily retreated across the Shenandoah, burning the bridge after him, and the battle was won.

IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

In an address on Breckinridge, General Echols said:

"Earth has never witnessed a more impressive scene than presented by those boys as they moved unflinchingly forward under fire. The most interesting recollections of that day centre around the part borne in the struggle by that battalion of boys, who so promptly responded to the call made on them for service, and who by their noble bearing contributed so greatly to the victory that was won. With a spirit of patriotism, bright and strong with youthful

ardor nothing could quench, with matchless courage, they sprang forward at the call of their State and country in a time of need, anxious to show that the training they had received and the tender care which had been bestowed on them had not been in vain, but that they were willing and ready to repay all this with their blood and their lives. They never doubted, never faltered, but insisted, when their prudent general suggested that they should not be exposed, that they should be allowed a place in the forefront of battle, that they too might participate in the glories of the victory which they were assured would be won."

And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascend the ladder, leaning on the cloud.

It has been beautifully said of them, how could they have achieved in a long life a fame more noble and more pure, than that which now glorifies their names. Proud as the laurel or bay around the head of the warrior or the poet, but amarinthine, like that of God's martyrs, is the crown that liberty places upon the brows, flushed with immortal youth, of these her boy defenders, who offered their virgin lives upon her altars.

AN INSPIRATION.

To you, my young cadets, let this monument ever be an inspiration to noble deeds; many of that battalion have had representatives among you, and standing in your ranks to-day are the sons of some of us. To have been trained within these walls should be an inspiration to your life work, indissolubly connected as they are with the fame of Stonewall Jackson, and with the example of devotion to duty, heroism and courage of that war battalion, of which you are constantly reminded by this memorial, which to-day we have dedicated to virtue and valor. Besides, under the shadow of these eternal hills sleeps Robert E. Lee, the knightliest chevalier of them all, the Christian hero and model soldier and citizen. You can have no higher human model. And now my task of love is done. "With fate for oarsmen, my comrades, our dissimilar lives have crossed some waves of time in company," and then we parted. And now for the space of a generation we have not clasped hands or seen each other face to face until in the performance of a holy duty, many of us who are still spared have met again under the roof tree of our alma mater, no longer in the vigor of youth, but most of us approaching the evening of life. Perchance we part here now not to meet

again while time shall last, but it is my prayer for one and all, that when the final long roll shall sound, we may all respond on the farther side of the river, and with the Great Commander rest under the shade of the trees.

MR. GORDON'S POEM—A BEAUTIFUL THRENODY READ BY THE
AUTHOR.

The following Threnody, written by Mr. Armistead C. Gordon, of Staunton, was read by the author:

How shall the eternal fame of them be told,
Who, dying in the heyday of life's morn,
Thrust from their lips the chalice of bright gold,
Filled to the brim with joy, and went forlorn
Into the abysmal darkness of that bourne,
Whence they who thither go may nevermore return?

The circling seasons pass in old progression
Of beauty and of immortality;
The ancient stars march on in far procession;
And immemorial winds sweep o'er the sea;
The mountains drop their wine; the flowers bloom;
While these, who should have lived, sleep in an early tomb.

No blight had touched the garlands that they wore,
Dewy and fresh with innocence and ruth;
No dead illusions or spent glammers bore
With heaviness upon them. Their gay youth
Caught but the bubbles on the beaker's brim,
Nor e'er beheld life's lees with eyes grown old and dim.

Were they in love with death's forgetfulness
Thus to lie down with the enduring dead?
Had wood and stream lost all their loveliness,
Or morning's sunshine faded overhead,
That they sought surcease of life's sorrows there,
Leaving wan Love to weep o'er boyhood's sunny hair?

All the old questionings rise to our lips
In the sad contemplation of Youth slain;
Life's hidden meaning, and Death's dark eclipse—
The passion and the pathos and the pain;
The unanswering answer that the wisest reads
In the grim mystery that hangs behind the creeds.

And yet—and yet—we old, whose heads are gray,
Whose hearts are heavy, and whose steps are slow
With journeying on this rough and thorny way,
We, who live after them, what may we know
Of their ecstatic rapture thus to have died,
The marvellous, sleepless souls that perished in their pride?

If the worn hearts and weary fall on sleep
With a deep longing for its sweet repose,
Shall not they, likewise, whom the high Gods keep,
Die while yet bloom the lily and the rose?
To each man living comes a day to die;
What better day than when Truth calls to Liberty?

Writ in the rocks of the world's primeval page
Is old past human skill to interpret it,
Save where it speaks to grief of man's gray age,
And with the end of all things is o'erwrit:—
All things save one, that hath unfading youth
And strength and power and beauty—clear-eyed Truth.

On mountain-top—in valley—by the sea,
Wherever sleep the patriots who have died
In her high honor—at Thermopylae,
At Bannockburn—or where great rivers glide,
To the wide ocean bordering our own shore,
Truth sees the holy face of Freedom evermore!

The blood-stained face of Freedom, that hath wrought
For man a magic and a mystery;
Whose bright blade, e'en when broken, yet hath bought
A grave with the eternal for the free.
Freedom and Truth, these went beside them there,
Marching to deathless death, forever young and fair.

“Send the Cadets in! and may God forgive!”

Who spake the word had welcomed rather death.
But Truth dies not, and Liberty shall live,
E'en though Youth wither in the cannon's breath,
And at the order, debonnair and gay,
They moved into the front of an immortal day.

“Battalion forward!” rang the sharp command;
“Guide center!” and the banner was unfurled.
Then, as if on parade, the little band
Dressed to the flag. A sad and sombre world
Thrills with the memory of how they went
Into that raging storm of fire and carnage bent.

A worn and weary world in sorrow weeps
For high hopes vanished at life’s sunny morn;
Yet Truth with eyes that never falter, keeps
Her gaze on Freedom’s face, that smiles in scorn
Of death for them who wear the laureled crown—
The early dead, who die with an achieved renown.

Creeds fade; faiths perish; empires rise and fall;
And as the shining sun goes on his way,
Oblivion covers with a dusty pall
The life of man, predestined to decay.
Yet is there one thing that shall never die;
The memory of the Dead for Truth and Liberty.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, May 16, 1902.]

COMPANY C, THIRTY-SEVENTH VA. INFANTRY.

A List of the Officers and Privates and Brief History.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Will you kindly publish in your Confederate Column the enclosed roll of Company C, 37th Regiment, Virginia Infantry? By so doing you will oblige the few survivors of that old company, which was as gallant as any that ever kept step to the music of “Dixie” during the sixties.

And right here I want to thank the *Dispatch* for its generous defence of the worthy Confederate soldier. We claim the paper as our official organ, as some of us commenced reading it in the camps

and trenches around Richmond, and we value it greatly. I wish every Confederate was a subscriber to it.

C. B. PRICE.

THE ROSTER.

Roll of Company C, 37th Regiment, Virginia Infantry, Third Brigade (Taliaferro's), Jackson's old Division, Jackson's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

Captain—J. F. McIlhany, dead.

Lieutenants—James L. White, wounded; John D. Duff, killed; J. D. Alderson.

Sergeants—John W. Fickle, dead; Mike Powers, dead; William H. Fuller, wounded; Floyd Carico.

Corporals—James L. Williams; John T. Gray, wounded; William Carson, dead; C. B. Price, wounded.

PRIVATES.

Thomas C. Aston, wounded; dead.

Orral Anderson.

Melvin Anderson, killed.

James Adams, dead.

James Bussey.

John Bussey, killed.

Fleming Burk, killed.

John G. Burk.

Edward Ball.

James Ball.

C. C. Baker.

James Boyd.

R. C. Boyd.

Wesley Barker, dead.

Habe. Bickley, dead.

John Buckles, dead..

Isaac Boyd, dead.

Charles Breadlore, dead.

William Breadlore.

Joseph Bausell, dead.

John Belther, killed.

George Bays, dead.

James Bays, dead.

Fitze. Coman, dead.
John Crowder, dead.
William Campbell, wounded; dead.
William Culberson, killed.
William P. Cooper, wounded.
Nathan Cooper, wounded.
John Counts, dead.
Luther H. Clapp.
Fullen Dickenson.
John Duff.
James Duff. .
Reese B. Duff, dead.
O. C. Duff.
Samuel Duff.
Thomas Dougherty, killed.
J. B. Davis, wounded.
E. D. K. Davis.
William Davenport.
John Dickenson, wounded.
Nathan Easterly, killed.
Soloman Engle, dead.
Jesse Elliot, dead.
Jackson Farmer, dead.
Daniel Farmer.
H. S. Fickle, wounded; dead.
I. B. Fickle, wounded; dead.
William Frick, dead.
Isaac Faddas, dead.
Andrew Ferrel.
Soloman Fraly.
Elihu Fields, dead.
Dock Fraley, dead.
Henry Fry, dead.
Lilburn Fields.
Charles Finery, dead.
Lafayette Gilmer.
E. D. Grey.
John D. Grey, wounded; dead.
W. S. Gilmer, dead.
William Greyham.
James Grey, dead.

Arch. Grey.
Morgan Gilmer, dead.
Jefferson Howell, dead.
Lilburn Hendrix, dead.
Frank Horton, killed.
John Human.
J. J. Heneritz.
William Haney.
William Hanson.
W. R. Harry.
Thomas Harris, wounded; dead.
Jefferson Jessee, Sr., killed.
Jefferson Jessee, Jr., dead.
James Jessee, dead.
Samuel Keller, transferred.
Jerry Kelly, dead.
Henry Kelly, dead.
William King.
Thomas King.
David Kimberlin.
David McCrut, killed.
John McElhany, dead.
Samuel McCloud, killed.
Hugh Mutter, dead.
Hensley Mead, dead.
Charles McElha, dead.
Jacob Mitchem.
Hugh Mongumery, killed.
Thomas Morton.
John McFaden, dead.
Joseph McCarthy, dead.
John McCloud.
Henry Moore.
Harry Mays, dead.
C. W. Powers.
Calvin Powers, wounded.
William Powers, dead.
William Parks.
G. W. Seacott.
James Shell, killed.
Isaac Shell, wounded.

John Sawyers.
William Sawyers, dead.
Samuel Southerland.
Riley Smith, dead.
J. H. Sullivan.
Armstrong Skenes.
Henry Steel.
George Smith, killed.
J. S. Vermillon, killed.
Charles Whetsel, killed.
Benjamin Whetsel, dead.
John Williams, killed.
Thomas Wilson, wounded; dead.
S. H. Wyett.

The foregoing roll was made from memory by C. B. Price, a member of the old company, who now resides at Hansonville, Russell county, Va.

I have been at work on it for one year. If any name has been omitted or is spelled incorrectly, I hope it will be reported to me, as I wish the roster to be complete before it is impossible to get it, as the survivors will have soon passed away.

C. B. Price was corporal of Company C, 37th Regiment, Virginia Infantry.

Company C was enlisted in Russell county, Va., April, 1861, went immediately to the front, and was in the war from start to finish.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, Jan. 12, 1904.]

CONFEDERATE GENERALS ARE ALL PASSING AWAY.

Rev. Dr. J. William Jones writes *The Times-Dispatch* this interesting letter in connection with the death of General Gordon:

1. In publishing my sketch of General Gordon, your printers make me quote from General R. E. Lee, instead of General R. E. Rodes, as saying in his official report: "Colonel Gordon handled his regiment in a manner that I have never seen nor heard equalled during the war."

Gordon's regiment was in the brigade of the gallant and able General Rodes.

2. The death of General Longstreet and of General Gordon has caused some confused statements about the generals and lieutenant-generals of the Confederacy, and it may be well to give the full list in the order of their rank:

The full generals were—

1. Samuel Cooper.
2. Albert Sydney Johnston.
3. Robert Edward Lee.
4. Joseph E. Johnston.
5. P. Gustave T. Beauregard.
6. Braxton Bragg.

General Provisional Army, E. Kirby Smith.

General with temporary rank, J. B. Hood.

LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

1. James Longstreet.
2. E. Kirby Smith.
3. Leonidas Polk.
4. Theophilus H. Holmes.
5. William J. Hardee.
6. Thomas J. Jackson.
7. John C. Pemberton.
8. Richard S. Ewell.
9. Ambrose Powell Hill.
10. Daniel H. Hill.
11. John B. Hood.
12. Richard Taylor.
13. Stephen D. Lee.
14. Jubal A. Early.
15. Richard H. Anderson.
16. Alexander P. Stewart.
17. Nathan Bedford Forrest.
18. Wade Hampton.
19. Simon B. Buckner.
20. Joseph Wheeler.

General John B. Gordon was appointed lieutenant-general by President Davis just after his brilliant capture of Fort Stedman, but

his commission did not reach him before the evacuation, and although he commanded a corps for some time, and on the retreat was put by General Lee in command of one wing of the army, he always wrote "major-general" as his real rank. The same practically was true of General Fitzhugh Lee, who commanded the cavalry corps after General Hampton was sent south.

The "full generals" have all long since crossed the river, and of the lieutenant-generals, only General S. D. Lee, General S. B. Buckner, General A. P. Stewart and General Joseph Wheeler remain.

And alas! the major-generals, the brigadiers, the other officers of the "field and staff," and the rank and file of the Confederate armies are stepping out of the ranks so rapidly, that soon there will be none left to answer roll call down here.

3. I do not wish to enter into the "Gettysburg controversy" just now; I sympathize with Mrs. Longstreet in her desire to vindicate the fame of her heroic husband, and with General Fitz Lee in quoting the old Latin maxim, "Nothing except good about the dead."

But we cannot afford to allow the truth of history to be sacrificed to these sentiments, and especially we cannot afford to let our great commander, Robert Edward Lee, rest under the charge that he lost the battle of Gettysburg by stupendous blunders, which his "Old War Horse" saw, pointed out and remonstrated with him against at the time.

Anyone desirous of studying fully the Gettysburg campaign and battle, will find the facts very fully set forth in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, especially in the papers of General J. A. Early, General James Longstreet, General Fitzhugh Lee, General Walter H. Taylor, Colonel William Allan, General A. L. Long, General E. P. Alexander, General J. B. Hood, General Henry Heth and others, and in the official reports of nearly all of the prominent officers engaged.

Meantime, it ought to be said that the charge, so freely made, that the censure of General Longstreet originated with those who opposed his political course, is utterly unsustained by the facts.

The charge that Lee lost the battle of Gettysburg by obstinately refusing to take Longstreet's advice was first published by Swinton, in his book, *Army of the Potomac*, which appeared in 1866, and the author gave General Longstreet as his authority for his statements. Soon after General Lee's death, there was published in the papers

(presumably by General Longstreet's authority), a letter written soon after the battle of Gettysburg by General Longstreet to his uncle, in which he clearly makes the charge against Lee, and intimates that if he (Longstreet) had been in command victory, instead of failure, would have resulted. Some months after, in an address at Lexington, on the 19th of January (Lee's anniversary), General J. A. Early defended his chief against this charge, and a year later General W. N. Pendleton followed on the same line.

There was a bitter controversy between Longstreet and Early in the New Orleans papers, and the next stage was two papers from Longstreet in the *Philadelphia Times* (which were copied into the *Southern Historical Society Papers*), and the series in the organ of the Southern Historical Society, which originated in a letter from the Count of Paris to the editor propounding a number of questions, which he wished answered by leading Confederates, who were in the battle of Gettysburg.

General Longstreet afterwards published his views in *The Century*, and in his book, *From Manassas to Appomattox*; there were replies from various Confederates, and elaborate defenses of Longstreet from Mr. P. J. Moran, whom the man left as a legacy to Atlanta, Captain Leslie Perry, of the War Records office, who garbled records to suit his purpose, and other Federal soldiers. General Fitzhugh Lee, in his *Life of R. E. Lee*, and General John B. Gordon, in his book, *Reminiscences of the Civil War*, give their views on Gettysburg in the course of their narratives.

But one of the most notable papers that has appeared is a review of Longstreet's book by Colonel F. R. Henderson, of the British army, author of that superb *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, and one of the ablest military critics of his times. He certainly cannot be charged with partisan prejudice.

I have thus given a summary of the literature of Gettysburg that any one wishing may investigate the questions involved.

And all parties should be willing to rest on the record as it has been already made up.

But if there is to be further discussion, there are certain important facts never before in print which I shall ask the privilege of giving.

J. WM. JONES.

Richmond, Va., January 12, 1904,

CAPTAIN DON P. HALSEY, C. S. A.

A Gallant Officer, Accomplished Scholar and Able Lawyer.

Among those who won honorable distinction in the great war between the States of the American Union, and proved themselves worthy of commemoration among the heroes of that mighty conflict, was the subject of this sketch. Not only was he as high-souled and brave and chivalrous a soldier as any knight of old, but also as cultivated and intellectual a scholar as many who have attained the highest prominence in the world of learning and letters, and a man of as gentle nature, noble aspirations and high ambitions as the most honored and eminent.

Don Peters Halsey was born in Lynchburg, Virginia, on the 15th day of September, 1836. His parents were Seth Halsey, a substantial citizen of that town, and Julia D. B. Halsey, *nee* Peters, a woman of strong character and great worth. He was sprung from excellent English stock, being one of the numerous descendants of Thomas Halsey, who came to America in 1633, in connection with one of the colonization enterprises of which John Winthrop was the leader, settled first in Lynn, Massachusetts, and afterwards became a prominent citizen of Southampton, Long Island, where he died in 1679, at the ripe old age of ninety. He was a Puritan, but as has been quaintly said "of a milder type than those who settled at Plymouth Rock." The ancestral line in England has been traced back without break to 1512, and apparently to 1458, while English bearers of the name have been found as early as 1189, though these cannot be directly connected. The family residence is still standing at Great Gaddesden, in Hertfordshire, England, and is known now as it has been for centuries, as the "Golden Parsonage," being one of those old church properties which were taken possession of by the crown in the 15th and 16th centuries. John Halsey is known to have lived there in 1512, and the King (Henry VIII) granted this rectory to William Halsey, by a deed dated March 12, 1548, and it has remained in unbroken possession of the Halsey family ever since. The present owner and occupant, Thomas Frederick Halsey, Esq., M. P., is described as a most amiable and cultivated gentleman.

Young Halsey's boyhood was spent in and around Lynchburg, where he went to school to the famous Peter Nelson, who taught in a

little house still standing on Clay street. He also went to other schools in Lynchburg, and then to a boarding-school kept by Mr. William Claytor, at Liberty, now Bedford City. From there he went to Emory and Henry College where he graduated with distinction in 1855. In the fall of that year he assumed the duties of the Chair of Ancient Languages in Roanoke College, to which he had been unanimously elected, but being then only 19 years of age, concluded that he was too young for such a position and determined to further cultivate his own mind. With this end in view he entered the University of Virginia in February, 1856, and remained there until the close of that session. His course there cannot be otherwise described than as brilliant. Colonel William E. Peters, his uncle, Emeritus Professor of Latin, University of Virginia, says that no student within his knowledge ever accomplished more than he did within the same space of time. To use Colonel Peters' exact language, he writes: "It was my good fortune to take part in his education from his earliest boyhood in Lynchburg, afterward at Bedford City and again at Emory and Henry, where he graduated. After his graduation he was elected Professor of Latin and Greek (I believe) in Roanoke College, Virginia. The position there did not suit him. He gave it up late in the fall and on my earnest insistence his father sent him to the University of Virginia. I was confident that he would be able to graduate (here) in Latin, Greek, French and Spanish which he studied with me at Emory and Henry. He did graduate in these subjects, a most unusual achievement, considering the fact that he entered the University late in the session. I doubt whether any student had accomplished so much here in so short a time. Your father was a brilliant student and an exceptionally fine scholar. * * * I have never known a truer and braver spirit, nor a finer intellect."

This testimony is corroborated by others who were at the University at the same time, among whom may be named Professor E. S. Joynes, of South Carolina College, and Dr. J. A. Quarles, of Washington and Lee University, the latter of whom was his roommate. Dr. Quarles says that he was the most indefatigable student he ever saw, and that he does not recollect ever having seen him asleep, but that when he would retire at night he would leave Halsey awake with book in hand, and when he awoke in the morning he would find him in the same position, although, of course he supposed he went to sleep some time during the night.

After his distinguished career at the University of Virginia, he

went in the fall of 1856 to Europe, where he remained several years, pursuing his studies at the various German universities. He studied at Bonn, Berlin and Heidelberg, all three, and at each won the highest encomiums from the learned teachers under whom he sat, and received several diplomas showing the courses he had successfully taken. His studies in Europe were not confined to the languages, in which he was specially adept, but embraced the study of science and philosophy as well. More particularly he gave attention to the law, at the University of Heidelberg, and studied chiefly the civil law, based upon the Roman law or Code of Justinian, and became profoundly versed in that system of jurisprudence, so that at one time he contemplated going to Louisiana to practice, where the civil law prevails instead of the common law. He was thoroughly learned in the common law, however, and it is doubtful if any lawyer in the State during the time of his practice, surpassed him in knowledge of the history and principles of that great juridical system which most of the American States have received as a common heritage from the mother country.

His talent for acquiring languages was remarkable, and it was as a linguist that he most excelled, his accomplishments as such being of such a high order that it may be questioned whether his equal could have been found in the South. His grasp of the ancient languages of Greece and Rome was that of the profound and erudite student, while the modern languages of France and Germany, Spain and Italy, were to him as his native tongue. Indeed it was often remarked by educated natives of those countries, who had conversed with him, that he spoke their language without a trace of foreign accent, yet with the grammatical precision and fluent correctness that at once betokened the trained scholar and intellectual gentleman that he was. In speaking English he always observed the same elegance of diction, yet never in such a manner as to appear pompous or pedantic, but even in private conversation recognizing the desirability of preserving "the well of English pure and undefiled," and showing by his example that it is always in good taste to speak correctly. Slang and colloquialisms jarred on his ear, like as the discordant blare of an unskilled trumpeter, or the squeak of a wheezy hand-organ, must grate on the nerves of the trained musician. He wrote with the same ease and fluency with which he spoke, his letters always being models of correct expression, and even legal documents drawn by him evinced the scholarly use of English which was his invariable habit.

It is as a soldier, however, that his career deserves especial notice. At the end of the year 1860, it had already become evident that the differences between the two sections of the Union were irreconcilable, and that the "irrepressible conflict" could not be repressed much longer, but must soon be fought out to a final determination. When this condition of affairs became apparent, the young student at the German universities saw where his duty lay, and with that same unflinching steadiness of purpose and devotion to duty which afterwards characterized his conduct on many a bloody field of battle, he at once made ready to return to his native land and devote his talents and energies to the service of his beloved State. To him the quiet and sequestered cloisters of learning, the classic shades of university life, were at once charming and engrossing, but now he saw from afar that the red lightning of war was beginning to flash over his home, and heard its deep thunders as they were beginning to growl in the distance before the storm burst in wrath over the devoted heads of his people; and so, casting aside the student's gown for the uniform of the soldier, and laying aside his books to take up the sword, he embarked for America, and arrived before the hostilities were actually begun, or his State had taken the final step of secession which was to be to her the crossing of the Rubicon, and to make her soil the stamping-ground of armies and the battlefield of the greatest war of modern times. In the debate which was then in progress he took sides with those who believed that the differences should be settled inside the Union, and like General Lee and many others who afterwards became the mainstay and support of the Southern cause, endeavored to delay the tide which was then setting in towards the disseverance of the Union, and the bloody war which would inevitably follow. To this end he spoke and worked for the election of Union delegates to the State convention; a speech of his at Holcombe Hall, when the matter was up for discussion being still remembered by many residents of Lynchburg for its earnestness and ability. The die was cast against his views, however, and when this was the case he did as General Lee and General Early and so many ardent supporters of the Union felt it their duty to do—he "went with his State," and thereafter there was on his part no repining and no holding back, and naught save the most steadfast devotion and heroic sacrifice for the sake of the cause to every Southern heart so dear.

In May, 1861, when the clans were gathering for the contest he, with two of his brothers, was mustered in at Forrest Depot, Vir-

ginia, becoming second lieutenant in Company G, of what was known as the 2nd Virginia Cavalry, or 30th Virginia Regiment Mounted, but which was really the first regiment of Virginia cavalry to be organized, and would probably have been known as the 1st Regiment, but that this distinction was given to the regiment of Colonel (afterward General) J. E. B. Stuart. This regiment was commanded by Colonel R. Carleton W. Radford and the company of which he was an officer was under the command of Captain Winston Radford. Soon after the organization of the regiment it was ordered to the neighborhood of Manassas, and participated gallantly in the first battle of Manassas in July, 1861. Captain Winston Radford was killed at Manassas, in a most dashing charge, in which Lieutenant Halsey participated in such manner as to be mentioned in Colonel Radford's report among those who distinguished themselves on that occasion (*War Records*, Vol. II, pp. 458 and 533), and in the election of company officers which followed that sad event, Lieutenant Halsey was promoted from second lieutenant to first, and this rank he held until the following spring, when at the re-organization of his company he withdrew and went as a volunteer aide-de-camp upon the staff of General Longstreet, his company, with four others of his regiment under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel T. T. Munford, having belonged to Longstreet's Brigade. This position he held but a short time, being soon commissioned as aide on General Garland's staff. His efficiency as a staff officer was such as to elicit golden opinions from every general upon whose staff he was employed, and while doubtless his advancement in rank would have been greater if he had continued as a line officer and remained with Virginia troops, his usefulness to the cause he loved so devotedly was such as to deserve promotion to high rank even if he did not receive it. The rules of the service, however, were such that promotion for staff officers was hard to obtain, and especially was promotion slow to those who served with troops of other States than their own. It so happened that Captain Halsey for the greater part of the time was thrown with troops from North Carolina instead of Virginia and this may have been one of the causes why he was not advanced to higher rank. His record as a soldier, nevertheless, is one of which his descendants may ever be justly proud, as it is the unvarying testimony of his comrades and all with whom he served, that no man of his rank in the armies of the Confederacy made a better record for zeal, efficiency and bravery. That fine old Virginia gentleman, General T. T. Munford, who served with him

during a great part of the war, has repeatedly made the statement that there was no better, braver, truer soldier in the army than Don Halsey. Such is the testimony also of Captain B. M. Collins, of the 12th North Carolina Regiment, who was with him constantly, General G. C. Wharton, General R. D. Johnston, and many others still living who with one voice say that a more gallant officer, or one more ready and fitted to do his duty on all occasions could not be found in the service. To their testimony is added that of the official records, which so fortunately for the truth of history, have been preserved and published by the United States Government in the series of volumes entitled *War of Rebellion, Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*. From these records it appears that he served successively on the staffs of Generals Garland, Iverson, R. D. Johnston, Ramseur and Wharton, and perhaps others, and that he saw as much active service as any other officer of the Southern armies, having participated in many of the heaviest battles of the war, such as Manassas, Seven Pines—and other great battles of the Peninsula Campaign, South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and also in many minor battles and skirmishes which do not figure so extensively in the reports, but which were no less a test of bravery and efficiency than the great historic battles whose names are household words throughout the world.

His conduct at the battle of Seven Pines is worthy of all praise. It was here that he received a severe wound from a minie ball, over the right eye, which deprived him of the sight of that organ, but which, strange to say did not materially disfigure him, so that few persons would have been able to detect from looking at him that he had lost an eye. In his official report of that great battle, General D. H. Hill, who was in command of a division that was prominently engaged says (*War of the Rebellion Records*, Vol. XI, pp. 945-6): "General Garland, when his brigade was not actually engaged, reported to me with his aide and adjutant to serve in my staff. In that capacity he rendered the most valuable services and was much exposed. His adjutant, Meem, was killed, and his aide, Halsey, severely wounded near me. I had frequent occasion to notice the gallant bearing of these two officers." General Garland in his report (same volume, pp. 962-966), mentions the activity he displayed in carrying orders and attending to the usual duties of a staff officer, and uses these words: "My aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Don P. Halsey, having attracted universal applause throughout my entire command by his handsome behavior, was rallying a disordered regiment

and leading it forward with their colors in his hand when he received a dangerous wound in the head which will deprive me of his valuable services for a long time to come." Colonel William E. Peters, in a letter to the writer, refers to his behavior at Seven Pines as follows: "I did not serve with him during the war, but he had the reputation as a soldier second to none. I remember one thing, I was on the field of the battle of Seven Pines. The works of the enemy were assaulted by his brigade. The brigade recoiled from the assault, when he seized the brigade colors, rallied and led the brigade, and fell within a short distance of the enemy's works. It was reported that he had been killed. I went in search of his body, but he had been removed, desperately wounded, to a hospital in Richmond. I have always considered that your father was in a great measure responsible for carrying the enemy's works in this desperate battle." It would seem from a comparison of this statement with General Garland's report, that the brigade movement described by Colonel Peters was that of a regiment instead.

He returned to active service as soon as recovery from his wound would permit, and in the fall of that same year (1862), he took part in the Maryland campaign and participated in the hot fighting which took place at Boonsborough, South Mountain and Sharpsburg. On September 14, 1862, at the battle of South Mountain, General Garland was killed. It is said that when he fell, mortally wounded, his aide, Lieutenant Halsey, was the first to reach his side and to receive his dying message: "I am killed, send for the senior colonel." This turned out to be Colonel D. K. McRae, of the 5th North Carolina, who promptly took command of the brigade and directed its movements in the fighting that followed. He also mentions the activity of Lieutenant Halsey, of General Garland's staff. General D. H. Hill speaks feelingly of General Garland's death in his report, calling him "a pure, gallant and accomplished Christian soldier, who had no superior and few equals in the service," and saying that his brigade had behaved nobly. At the battle of Sharpsburg, a day or two later, Captain Halsey was again wounded, and this time was captured, but his wound was not serious, and he was soon exchanged and returned to active service.

At the battle of Chancellorsville (May 3-6, 1863), Captain Halsey was among those mentioned in General Rodes' report as having been "under fire," and Brigadier-General Alfred Iverson, upon whose staff he was now serving, says in his report of that battle: "My thanks are due Captain D. P. Halsey, Assistant Adjutant-Gen-

eral, for his promptness and readiness in carrying my orders to any part of the field." (*War Records*, Vol. XXV, Part I, p. 987.)

Perhaps the most conspicuous services rendered by Captain Halsey during the war were those at the battle of Gettysburg, that great decisive conflict of the war, where so many won immortal fame. On the first day of the battle, when the 2d and 3d Army Corps, under Generals Ewell and A. P. Hill, so splendidly attacked and routed the enemy, Iverson's Brigade, with which he was still serving, while taking part in the attack of Rodes' Division, had become demoralized and was in danger of being driven back, when it was rallied and led forward by Captain Halsey, in what must have been a most effective and brilliant charge. The accounts in the official reports, slightly differing as to the details, clearly show that Rodes' Division bore the brunt of the fighting and was mainly responsible for the victory of that occasion, and unanimously agree that the conduct of Captain Halsey was chivalrous to the highest degree, and that the services rendered by him in rallying the disordered brigade of Iverson were most opportune and valuable. Lieutenant-General R. S. Ewell, who commanded the second army Corps at Gettysburg, explains this movement by saying that on the 1st of July, General Rodes had drawn up his division for the attack, with Iverson's Brigade on the right, Rodes' old Brigade under Colonel O'Neal in the center, and General Doles on the left, with Generals Daniel and Ramseur in reserve, about two hundred yards in the rear of Iverson. In the forward movement O'Neal, who was advancing in a direction different from that indicated in General Rodes order, was soon forced to fall back, and thus the left of Iverson's Brigade became exposed to the fire of the enemy, but gallantly stood its ground until the greater part of three regiments had fallen. At this critical juncture General Iverson made the unfortunate mistake of sending word to General Rodes that one of his regiments had raised the white flag, and of changing his own advance so as to uncover the whole of Daniel's front, with the result that Daniel was compelled to order the advance of his whole brigade, which, supported by General Ramseur, he did with great success, sweeping the field and taking several hundred prisoners. "About the time of the final charge," says General Ewell, "Ramseur with his own and Rodes' Brigades, and remnants of Iverson's, under Captain D. P. Halsey, assistant adjutant-general of the brigade (who rallied the brigade and assumed command), had restored the line in the center."

In mentioning those who distinguished themselves at Gettysburg,

the first name mentioned by General Ewell is that of "Captain D. P. Halsey, assistant adjutant-general of Iverson's Brigade," who, he says, "displayed conspicuous gallantry and rendered important service in rallying the brigade, which he led in its final attack."

General Rodes, the division commander, describes the disposition of the brigades employed in this movement just as described by General Ewell, and seems to think, too, that the movement through which the line in the center became broken was made by Colonel O'Neal, who commanded the center brigade. He agrees, also, that when Iverson's left became exposed, heavy loss was inflicted upon his brigade, and adds: "His men fought and died like heroes. His dead lay in a distinctly marked line of battle."

When General Daniel became engaged, and made the charge which General Ewell says "swept the field," and which General Rodes describes as "most gallant, desperate and entirely successful," he was splendidly supported by General Ramseur, who hurled his brigade, General Rodes says, "with the skill and gallantry, for which he is always conspicuous, and with irresistible force, upon the enemy just where he had repulsed O'Neal and checked Iverson's advance."

In the meantime General Early's Division had been brought into action on General Rodes' left, and General Doles, who commanded the left Brigade of Rodes' Division, being thus relieved, attacked the enemy in front "with unsurpassed gallantry," and drove them before him, achieving on the left of the division the same brilliant success which attended Ramseur in the centre and Daniel on the right. O'Neal's troops, shattered, but brave, still rushed forward in the charge, and then, General Rodes says:

"The 12th North Carolina, which had been held well in hand by Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, and the shattered remnants of Iverson's Brigade, which had been rallied and organized by Captain D. P. Halsey, assistant adjutant-general of the brigade, made under his guidance a dashing and effective charge just in time to be of considerable service to Ramseur and Daniel, and with them pressed closely after the enemy." (*Records*, Vol. XXVII, Pt. 2, p. 554).

Here, then, we see war at its finest. Where upon history's page do we find the record of a deed more inspiring? In the midst of deadly conflict, when the issue of a great battle hangs in the balance, a young officer sees that the troops are wavering and falling

back. At the very crisis, when a moment more of faltering may turn the tide in the wrong direction, he leaps into "the imminent deadly breach," seizes the colors, gives the command, "Forward!" *himself leading the way*, rallies and reforms the broken line and wrenches victory from the very grasp of defeat! If such a deed had been performed in olden times by a mailed Knight in glittering armor, it would have been embalmed among the treasures of chivalrous romance and furnished inspiration for the pen of the poet and the harp of the minstrel. Be it remembered, also, that it was in just such manner that he received his wound at Seven Pines.

• Further on in his report General Rodes uses this language (p. 559):

"I cannot close this portion of my report without expressing my pride and admiration of the conduct of the men and officers of this division from the time it left Grace Church until our return to Virginia. Better marching, less straggling, hardships most cheerfully borne, conduct in an enemy's country more commendable, and more generally marked by gentlemanly and soldierly characteristics, and finally, better behavior in battle, than was exhibited by this division during that period has not been, and I believe will never be, exhibited by any other troops in the service. By their conduct at Gettysburg I claim to have won the expression from the General commanding the army, who saw their attack on July 1st, 'I am proud of your division.' While I cannot mention all who won distinction during this campaign, it is my duty to record here the names of those officers whose conduct, either from my own observation or from the voluntary testimony of many competent witnesses, I know to have been such as to entitle them to the admiration of brave men and to the gratitude of a good people. First among them are Brigadier-Generals Junius Daniel, George Doles and S. D. Ramseur, Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Carter, *Captain D. P. Halsey*, assistant adjutant-general of Iverson's Brigade, Colonel D. H. Christie, 23rd North Carolina (who has since died from the wounds he received), and Lieutenant Harvey, Company F, 14th North Carolina, of my division, and Brigadier-General A. C. Jenkins and Major Sweeny, of the cavalry brigade."

To be thus mentioned in this brief, but bright, roll of honor, by that gallant and chivalrous leader who later on was to yield up his life in the cause, is an honor of which any soldier might be proud, and is like receiving the accolade on the field of battle from the stainless Excalibur of Arthur himself.

It is only just to General Iverson to say that his version of what General Ewell called his "unfortunate mistake" in sending word to General Rodes that some of his men had displayed the white flag, is that when the center brigade under Colonel O'Neal was driven back by the Federals, the enemy then charged in overwhelming force upon his brigade and completely shattered three regiments, capturing many prisoners. He then says: "When I saw white handkerchiefs raised and my line still lying down in position, I characterized the surrender as disgraceful; but when I found afterwards that 500 of my men were left lying dead and wounded on a line as straight as a dress parade I exonerated, with one or two disgraceful individual exceptions, the survivors, and claim for the brigade that they nobly fought and died without a man running to the rear. No greater gallantry and heroism have been displayed during the war." General Iverson also gives high praise to Captain Halsey for his services in rallying his brigade, and says: "I advanced the 12th North Carolina and fragments of the other regiments which Captain D. P. Halsey had already prepared for a forward movement into the woods overlooking the town and took possession of them," and again in the concluding part of his report he says: "Captain D. P. Halsey, assistant adjutant-general, was very conspicuous throughout the day for his distinguished gallantry and energy." (*Records*, Vol. XXVII, p. 580.)

Colonel Thomas M. Garrett, commanding the 5th North Carolina Regiment, in a report to Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, dated December 14th, 1863 (*Records*, Vol. XXIX, p. 415), concerning fighting which took place at Morton's Ford and Raccoon Ford, says: "The adjutant-general, Captain D. P. Halsey, displayed his usual spirit and self-possession in the field." And so we find repeatedly the highest testimony to the bravery, skill and devotion of this knightly warrior on every occasion where the opportunity was afforded him to serve his country. Even when that country's cause was wavering and the victorious legions of the conquering North were advancing to the consummation which their "overwhelming numbers and resources" made assured, he was always found at the post of duty, ready to do and dare to the uttermost, and if need be to die, in the defence of what he conceived to be the vital principles of liberty, and with the same high faith that characterized his great leaders, Lee and Jackson, in a letter home he wrote, speaking of the enemy, "He boasts of his numbers. We rely upon our just cause and the kindness of an overruling Providence."

During the most of the year 1864, he served on the staff of General R. D. Johnston, participating in the famous Valley Campaign of General Jubal A. Early, and towards the last of that year, after the battle of Winchester, he was transferred to the staff of Major-General G. C. Wharton, who had succeeded to the command of General J. C. Breckinridge's Division when that officer entered the cabinet of the Confederacy.

On March 2nd, 1865, at the battle of Waynesborough, he had his horse killed under him, and was captured by the enemy's troops under Sheridan. This time he was not exchanged, but remained in prison at Fort Delaware until after the war had closed, not receiving release until about June, 1865.

Major James P. Smith, that gallant Christian soldier, who is now the editor of the *Central Presbyterian*, and who served with Captain Halsey on General Wharton's staff, writes of his capture as follows:

"At the retreat from Waynesboro he and I were among the few officers that escaped the town. I overtook him on the east side of the Shenandoah and we rode together half-way up the mountain toward the mountain top, when a squadron of Federal cavalry came charging up behind us shouting and firing. His horse was wounded and he was captured. The head of the Federal column stopped to make him a prisoner, and that delay enabled me to get over the mountain into Albemarle."

Major Smith also says he is sure that he was entitled to the rank of major, and it is certain that he was usually addressed as such by his comrades after the war, but as the writer is unable to secure definite information as to whether his commission as major was actually made out, he is referred to here by the designation of captain, as found in the official reports. General G. C. Wharton, in reply to a letter of inquiry about this, writes:

"Your letter making some inquiries in regard to your gallant and honored father, and my personal friend, is received. *Major* Don P. Halsey was assigned to the division which I commanded when and after General J. C. Breckinridge assumed the duties of Secretary of War. This was the latter part of September, 1864. About the same time Major J. P. Smith was assigned as inspector-general. Major Halsey as adjutant-general served in this capacity until the unfortunate affair at Waynesboro, when General Early, thinking that Sheridan would take the same route to Lynchburg that Hunter had taken, viz: through Lexington, placed our troops on the west side of Waynesboro, with the river in our rear, effectually preventing

any retreat. As we had only about 800 men to oppose 7,500 splendidly equipped cavalry, of course we had no show and fell an easy victim. Your gallant father had charge of my left wing and held his position as long as possible. When forced back he reported to me his old horse, that he so loved, was fatally shot, and when he rode up was about to fall. I told him to put 'old John' (I think he called his horse) out of the way, and try to get to a place of safety, as the Yankee cavalry was getting all around us, and all would be killed or captured. This was the last I saw of him, as in a few minutes the Federal cavalry was riding over or around our men and ordering them to halt and surrender. This was the end of our Division, as all, except a few who were with the baggage or on picket or by accident escaped, were captured. I am quite sure your gallant father held a commission as major, as I remember the order assigning named him major and adjutant-general as did the order of Major Smith as inspector-general. I esteemed your father most highly as a brave and cool officer and valued his advice. Our relations were most cordial and intimate."

In a similar letter General R. D. Johnston wrote:

"He was certainly a most capable and efficient man, and participated in all the engagements in which we took part with gallantry, and was commended in all the reports as well as I can remember. He was promoted to a majority, and assigned to a division as adjutant-general, I think, in 1864 or '65, and of course I did not see him again."

After the war he took up the burden of life, as did most Confederate soldiers, under far more disadvantageous circumstances than would have surrounded him had the result of the war been different, and began the practice of law in Lynchburg. On the 7th of March, 1866, he was united in marriage with Miss Sarah Ann Warwick Daniel, the daughter of Judge William Daniel, Jr., and the granddaughter of John M. Warwick, Esq., from whose house the wedding took place, and his home-life, as husband and father, was of the happiest and most exemplary character.

For a while he was in partnership with Judge Daniel and his son, now Senator John W. Daniel, under the firm name of Daniel, Halsey and Daniel. Later on he decided to move to Richmond, where he resided several years, during which time he was the recipient of an extensive practice, being especially popular with the large German element of that city on account of the facility with which he spoke

their language. The wounds and hardships he had endured during the war, however, had left their mark upon him, the exposure and privations of long marches, the discomforts of camp life and the sufferings of his long confinement in prison, had weakened his system and sown in him the seeds of disease, and so in 1880 he was compelled to abandon the active practice of law, and retired to his farm near Tye river, in Nelson county, in the hope that his health would improve. This hope was not to be realized, and in spite of the ministrations of the best medical talent in the country, he grew steadily worse.

He was a splendid rider, and a most enthusiastic sportsman and fisherman, and much of his time at "Fern Moss," as his place was called, was spent in the open air. In the summer months he would sit for hours on the river bank, fishing, and as he was as skillful as he was enthusiastic, he rarely failed to bring home substantial evidence that he had not been unsuccessful. He was even fonder, perhaps, of hunting than he was of fishing, as he was an excellent shot, and during the hunting season he gave much time to this sport, generally shooting from horseback, which he did with such accuracy as to rarely fail in bringing down his bird.

In the fall of 1882 he went to Philadelphia where he spent several weeks under the treatment of the eminent physician, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and upon his return home was apparently much improved. He caught cold, however, shortly after getting home, while attending church, and in his weak condition pneumonia set in, and other complications, which caused his death.

On the 1st of January, 1883, in the 47th year of his age, surrounded by the faithful circle of his loved ones, the end came in perfect peace. He had ever been a steadfast Christian, and now when the time came for him to meet the last great enemy, he met him as he had ever met an enemy, with calm front and unshaken courage, and went out into the great beyond, murmuring the grand old hymn, "Just as I am."

His funeral services were conducted at St. Paul's Church, Lynchburg, of which he had at one time been a vestryman, by Rev. T. M. Carson, the rector (who spoke of him with great feeling and appreciation), assisted by Rev. E. S. Gregory, of Epiphany Church, who had long been a faithful friend of his and of his family. The interment took place at Spring Hill cemetery, where he rests in the family section, and hard by are the remains of his two little daughters, Carrie and Julia, who followed him to the grave in August of

the same year in which he died. He is still survived by his widow and four sons.

In appearance Captain Halsey was exceedingly prepossessing, being tall—fully six feet—and well proportioned, carrying himself with soldierly grace and erectness. His features were noble and intellectual, and his manners those of the Virginia gentleman of the old school, as courtly and polished as natural kindness of heart and cultivated refinement of mind could make them.

As a lawyer he was able, learned and conservative, safe in counsel and sound in opinion, carrying weight with both court and jury for his strong reasoning and clear expression of legal principles. As a draughtsman of legal papers he was a master, while in the court room or office, wherever professional duty might call him, he ever evinced the broad learning and painstaking accuracy which made him one of the most accomplished lawyers of the bars at which he practiced. He made no pretensions as an orator, but there were few speakers who could excel him in the forcible and convincing expression of his views on any topic, legal, political or literary, while his powers of logic and polished purity of diction were such as to enable him to successfully compete in any forum or intellectual gathering.

In conclusion, the writer feels impelled, not only in filial pride and devotion, but as the mature judgment of his mind, to say of him as Hamlet said of his father:

“He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.”

DON P. HALSEY (JR.)

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE.**By ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.**

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright
 Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
 Led us to Victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
 Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare,
 To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
Or purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
 That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
 Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.

[From the *Baltimore Sun*, January 19, 1904.]

MARYLAND AND THE SOUTH.

Some of the State's Claims Advanced for Column in Davis Monument.

HER AID TO THE CONFEDERACY.

Nine Generals in Her Army Were Among the State's Contributions— Notable Heroism of Some of Her Sons.

Following is the text of the address made by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, president of the Maryland Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at the State convention held in Baltimore, December 7, 1903:

"As we meet together to-day for our annual convention and I gather up the threads of the work done by the Maryland Division during the past year to make my report to you, one great fact stands out like a silhouette clearly defined against the background of all the achievements of the last twelve months. Whatever we have or have not done, one thing is sure, and I speak with no uncertain tongue, but glory exceedingly in making the assertion, that the Maryland Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy has erected the most beautiful and appropriate Confederate monument in the South, and I challenge the world to produce anything superior in beauty and conception, design and execution.

"When we met together this time last year we were busy with the discussion of plans for its unveiling; to-day we look in retrospect upon the successful completion of every detail of that ceremony from inception to finish, and if any reward were needed to repay us for the labor and anxiety concurrent with the raising of the fund and the choosing of the design and site, I think we have it when, our footsteps being drawn like the needle to the pole, we pause before the consummation of our dearest hopes and view with enraptured gaze this memorial, the magnificent result of years of indomitable work. And the sweetest thought to me, and I am sure to all of us, is this, that we did it all ourselves; it was our own unaided work of love. No help from city or State did we ask or receive; even the

smallest detail of expenditure, the repairing of the pavement at the base, was paid for from our fund. And now, as a final touch to its completed beauty, a railing made of pure bronze and exquisite in design has been placed around it, and all is done.

"The next thing to which I would call your attention is the recent convention of the United Daughters at Charleston, in which several matters of deep interest to our Maryland Division were discussed, and notably among them the design of the proposed 'Jefferson Davis Memorial,' which was approved by the committee and presented to the convention. It is not proper that I should speak further at present on this subject, which in due order will be reported by the chairman of the delegation of the Baltimore Chapter, who also acted as proxy for our other chapters and who so ably represented us in the convention, and who will later make her report of the proceedings. But I think it is permissible for me to say what directly bears on the subject; what my heart dictates; what justice demands, and what love impels me to say for the great old Commonwealth, which has been my home for nearly two-thirds of my life, as a tribute, however inadequate, to the glory of the State and her service to the Confederacy, as shown by the deeds of her sons and daughters by the part they bore in the war between the States.

"Maryland's position in that gigantic struggle was unique; lying between the two great conflicting powers, held in the grip of an overpowering military force, her people were helpless. In her streets was shed the first blood of the war, and the sufferings of her citizens during that awful four years of conflict can never be told in words. The best men in the State were thrown into prison; justice, as administered, was a farce; ladies and children were arrested on trivial charges and subjected to insult and terror. The days were spent by the women in agonized waiting for tidings of their loved ones who had gone to the help of the South, and the anxiety was doubled by the difficulty of obtaining news of the fathers, husbands, sons and brothers who were fighting under the crimson banner of the Confederacy.

"The dear ones left behind, while suffering anxiety worse than death and knowing all the privation and misery endured, were unable to minister to their comfort or relief, for even medicines, the anodynes which might ease the dying agony of our wounded, were declared 'contraband of war.'

"Meanwhile, in the Confederate army and navy Maryland forged to the front.

“Who was the ranking admiral of the navy of the Confederacy? Who commanded the famous *Merrimac* and won the victory in Hampton Roads? Franklin Buchanan, a Maryland man.

“Who floated the starry cross from sea to sea and flung to the breeze the pure folds of our stainless flag, until the name and fame of the *Alabama* was wafted on every wind that blew, echoing along the shores of Spain and France and England, until the old *Victory*, Nelson’s ship, lying in safe harbor this hundred years, could she have spoken, would have dipped her colors to the daring young Confederate cruiser!

“Raphael Semmes, a Maryland man, was her commander!

“Who made the great charge at Gaines’ Mill and sacrificed his life for the South, leading the Stonewall Brigade at Cedar Mountain? Charles Sydney Winder, of Maryland! Who, ‘while helmets cleft and sabres clashing, shone and shivered fast around him,’ who led his dashing battalion of horse to victory in many a bloody field? Who but our gallant ‘Light Horse Harry’ Gilmor, of Maryland, and peerless Ridgely Brown, slain in battle.

“Who was the brave soldier who commanded ‘the Maryland Line,’ and, ever foremost in the fight, captured the famous ‘Buck-tail’ flag of the Pennsylvania regiment? It was Bradley T. Johnson, of Maryland!

“Who captured the first Federal flag of the war on the waters from the steamer *St. Nicholas* in Chesapeake bay? Colonel Richard Thomas Zarvona and Commodore Hollins—two Maryland men.

“And who was it that Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederacy—he to whom this memorial is to be erected—who was it he called to his side in the flush of victory at glorious first Manassas and greeted before the whole army with ‘Hail, the Blucher of the day?’ This was Arnold Elzey, of Maryland.

“And who shall tell of Trimble, commander of Stonewall Jackson’s old division, and Steuart and Breathed, with his superb battery of horse artillery, and Herbert and Zollinger, who won laurels for themselves and their native State by distinguished service in many a hard-fought battle? And young Murray, who gave his life at Gettysburg, where the noble men of Maryland, leaping up the deadly heights of Culp’s Hill, a hundred yards ahead of their gallant comrades, planted their flag and won eternal fame and the gratitude of the South—for whom the glorious deed was done. And a stone—to my mind the greatest monument on the field of Gettysburg—marks the spot! Maryland had nine generals in the Confederate

army. These names and a host of others are linked forever with the glory and the sacrifice of the 'cause that was lost.'

"And when the final blow was struck on the fateful field of Appomattox, what was the action of this State and her people toward the South? Her legislature voted \$200,000 for the relief of the Southern widows and orphans, and the noble women of Baltimore sent \$200,000 more to swell the fund. And more, far more than even this munificent gift, Maryland opened wide her doors and bade her suffering brethren of the South come in and share her plenty. As Captain McHenry Howard, another gallant Maryland Confederate soldier, so beautifully expressed it in his oration on our 'Monument Day:' She became a veritable 'Land of the Sanctuary' to the impoverished, broken and wounded Confederate. And thousands seeking escape from the horrors of the reconstruction period found Baltimore verily a city of refuge. And having offered them a haven, the Maryland people gave them of their best. Within her borders to-day, in every sphere of life, you find represented the natives of the Southern States. In the learned professions, in law, medicine and the church; in the marts of trade; in offices of trust and honor in the city and State, no discrimination has been made, and to-day in the Confederate Soldiers' Home, supported, to her honor be it said, by an appropriation from the State, I am told more of the inmates, cared for by her liberality, are natives of the Southern States than of Maryland—unselfish, generous Maryland! Her people are an honor to our race!

"And when I pay tribute to Maryland as a State, and to her people as unexampled in liberality and sacrifice of self—when I hold up to your admiration the gallant deeds of her generals and admirals in the army and navy of the Confederate States—what shall be said of the Maryland private in the ranks? Of him who went forth at the clarion call of Potomac to Chesapeake? Of him who had everything to lose and nothing to gain! 'Old Virginia needs assistance.' That, in the words of his old camp song, that was the cry that moved him to lay down the pen and the pruning hook and the quiet arts of peace and prosperity and rally to the aid of the old Mother State whose green hillsides were bristling with the spears of the foe, whose fair fields and valleys were to be plowed and harrowed with sorrow and drenched with the red blood of her martyr sons! The men of Maryland answered her call, and like the knights of old rushed into the conflict, their battle cry on their lips: 'A rescue! A rescue! Virginia and the South!' And there, 'wherever death's

brief pang was quickest and the battle's wreck lay thickest,' there old Maryland's flag was held aloft by her dauntless sons.

"And we, the wives and mothers of Maryland men, for us the proudest heritage to be handed down to our children's children is that their fathers fought as privates in the ranks of the Confederate army! That marching, footsore and weary, under the burning rays of the summer sun; or, illy clad, half frozen, shoeless and hungry, shivering through the icy winds and snows of winter, in camp and on picket duty; starving in Northern prisons in the midst of plenty; dying of disease, far away from home and friends in Northern hospitals; they gave the best four years of their beautiful young manhood, and often life itself for principle and the cause of freedom. Think of that glorious host of heroes, 20,000 of the flower of Maryland's youth and chivalry, who left home and luxury and comfort for bitter privation, prison, wounds and death—for what? In defense of the firesides of their Southern brethren and the homes of the women of the South! This was their prayer voiced by a Maryland poet:

" 'Still let the light feet rove
Safe through the orange grove.
God keep the Land we love
Safe from thy wrath.'

"Can we women of the South ever forget?

"See them hastening across the dark river in little companies of twos and threes; the tears of their loved ones yet wet on their cheeks; without money and without price was their sacrifice made, and, throwing themselves into the deadly breach before the foe, they stood the shock of the first charge and led the last rally. They shed the first blood of the war in Baltimore and were the last of Lee's heroes at Appomattox. Who is greater, the man who fights for home and country, or the friend who, for pure love of him, throws himself between him and the foe? In their own noble hearts they received the death wound, aimed at another, and 'Virginia's green fields were crimsoned with the blood of the Maryland boys!' They fought and died for principle and the South, not for themselves. In the words of the Divine Master, and very reverently I use them, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'

"And would you see with a clearer knowledge the vision called forth by these words of mine, go and stand by the monument which

the Maryland women have erected to their soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, and see the perfect type of young Maryland manhood—the private in the Confederate ranks—the true descendant of the Maryland cavalier. This shows what he was, and this, because the Maryland Daughters of the Confederacy have made manifest the truth in imperishable bronze, this is what will be seen and known of him in the ages to come; and as we gaze with tear-dimmed eyes on that beautiful, heroic form and watch the death agony stealing over that perfect face, can you not see Murray and Blackstone and Hoffman and Williamson, and Gill and Bowly, and Grogan and Snowden and the two McKims, and a host of other stainless heroes who laid down their precious lives as a free gift to justice and the right! The Maryland soldier in life and in death clung with unconquerable tenacity to principle; and, dying, bequeathed to his people and his State the glorious fact of his service to the Confederate States. And shall we not thank God that we were given the strength and means to make this memorial to him, and to know that as long as time shall last the grief of the women who loved him, there portrayed, shall follow him, and the glory, which the false enemy shall wrest from him, shall fold him forever to her breast, while the light of the Divine patience of his sacrifice of self shall shine ever round and about him, and more and more shall illumine our path from the dark mysteries here of pain and death to the heaven where we shall know the reason of it all! Is it a wonder, then, standing as we do, encompassed with the memories of the sufferings and glories of the past, that we should accept for Maryland no smaller recognition of heroic endurance and sacrifice for the South than that accorded to her sister States in suffering?"

[From the Richmond, Va., *Dispatch*, August 5, 1904.]

NEGROES IN OUR ARMY.

General Pat. Cleburne the First to Advocate their Use.

HIS PLAN WAS TURNED DOWN

But a Similar One was Afterwards Adopted—Some Interesting Reminiscences on the Subject, which Show the Circumstances Prompting the Suggestion.

In the spring of 1897 I had a letter from the War Department at Washington, asking me to authenticate a document in the files of the Confederate Record Office. Considering that paper of the first interest and value, I send, herewith, a copy, and will give your readers the circumstances surrounding it, viz: After the disgraceful defeat of the Confederate army, at Missionary Ridge, in front of Chattanooga, on the 25th of November, 1864, the bulk of it retreated to Dalton, Ga. Cleburne's Division, which was the rear guard, on the 27th made a stand at Ringgold Gap, and without assistance, and single handed, checked and defeated the attempt of the pursuing army under General Hooker to capture the wagon, artillery, and ordnance train of Bragg's army. Holding the position until the safety of these were assured, the division retired, under orders to Tunnel Hill, some ten miles north of Dalton, where it remained on outpost.

CLEBURNE ABSORBED.

In December following, I noticed that General Cleburne was for several days deeply preoccupied and engaged in writing. Finally he handed me his MS., which upon reading, I found to be an advocacy of freeing the negroes and their enlistment in our military service. In reply to his question as to what I thought of it, I said while I fully concurred in his opinion as to the absolute necessity of some such step to recruit the army, and recognized the force of his arguments, still I doubted the expediency, at that time, of his formulating these views. First, because the slave holders were very sensitive as to such property, and were totally unprepared to con-

sider such a radical measure, and many, not being in our service, could not properly appreciate that it had become a matter of self-preservation that our ranks should be filled to meet, in some degree, the numerical superiority of the enemy—consequently, it would raise a storm of indignation against him. And next that one of the corps of our army was without a lieutenant-general, that he, General Cleburne, had already achieved, unaided, a signal success at Ringgold, for which he had received the thanks of Congress, and stood in reputation first among the major-generals, and might justly expect to be advanced to this vacancy, and I felt assured the publicity of this paper would be used detrimentally to him, and his chances of promotion destroyed.

To that he answered that a crisis was upon the South, the danger of which he was convinced could most quickly be averted in the way outlined, and feeling it to be his duty to bring this before the authorities, he would try to do so, irrespective of any personal result. To my question as to whether or not the negroes would make efficient soldiers, he said that with reasonable and careful drilling, he had no doubt they would, and as deep as was his attachment to his present command he would cheerfully undertake that of a negro division in this emergency.

COPIES OF THE PLAN.

Under his instructions I made, from his notes, a plain copy of the document, which was read to, and free criticisms invited from members of his staff, one of whom, Major Calhoun Benham, strongly dissented, and asked for a copy with the purpose of writing a reply in opposition.

The division brigadiers were then called together, and my recollection is, that their endorsement was unanimous—namely: Polk, Lowery, Govan, and Granberry. Later, a meeting of the general officers of the army, including its commander, General Joseph E. Johnston, was held at General Hardee's headquarters, and the paper submitted. It was received with disapproval by several, and before this assemblage Major Benham read his letter of protest. Not having been present, I am unable to state the individual sentiment of the higher officers, but my impression is, that Generals Hardee and Johnston were favorably disposed, though the latter declined to forward it to the War Department, on the ground that it was more political than military in tenor.

That was a sore disappointment to Cleburne, who supposed his

opportunity of bringing the matter before the President was lost, as he was too good a soldier and strict a disciplinarian to think of sending it over the head of his superior.

QUEER OUTCOME.

The day following, Major-General W. H. T. Walker addressed him a note, stating that this paper was of such a dangerous (I think he said incendiary) character, that he felt it his duty to report it to the President, and asking if General Cleburne would furnish him a copy and avow himself its author.

Both requests were promptly complied with, Cleburne remarking that General Walker had done him an unintentional service, in accomplishing his desire, that this matter be brought to the attention of the Confederate authorities. Communication with Richmond was then very slow and uncertain. General Cleburne, naturally, felt somewhat anxious as to the outcome of the affair, though manifesting no regrets, and in discussing the matter and possibilities, said the worst that could happen to him would be court-martial and cashiering, if which occurred, he would immediately enlist in his old regiment, the 15th Arkansas, then in his division; that if not permitted to command, he could at least do his duty in the ranks.

After the lapse of some weeks the paper was returned endorsed by President Davis, substantially, if not verbatim, as follows:

“While recognizing the patriotic motives of its distinguished author, I deem it inexpedient, at this time, to give publicity to this paper, and request that it be suppressed. J. D.”

Upon receipt of this, General Cleburne directed me to destroy all copies, except the one returned from Richmond. This was filed in my office desk, which was subsequently captured and burned with its contents by the Federal cavalry during the Atlanta campaign.

COMES TO LIGHT.

After the war, I was several times solicited, from both Confederate and Federal sources, to furnish copies, which was impossible, as I felt sure the only one retained had been destroyed, as above stated, and that no other existed. A few years ago Major Benham died in California, and to my extreme surprise and delight, a copy—the one supplied him at Tunnel Hill—was found among his papers. This was forwarded to Lieutenant L. H. Mangum, Cleburne’s former law

partner and afterwards aide-de-camp, who sent it to me to identify, which I readily did. Mangum afterwards placed it in the hands of General Marcus J. Wright, agent of the War Department, for collection of Confederate records, and it was this paper I was called upon to authenticate, the reason for which being that as it is a copy and not an original, some such official certification was desirable.

HIS POLICY ADOPTED.

A short while before his death, on the fatal field of Franklin, Cleburne had the gratification of knowing that a bill, embodying exactly his proposition, was advocated upon the floor of the Confederate Congress. This was subsequently passed and became a law, by executive approval.

It is scarcely a matter of speculation to tell what the result of this measure would have been, had it gone promptly into effect early in the spring of 1864. General Hood, whose opinion is entitled to weight, probably states it correctly in his book, *Advance and Retreat* (page 296), when referring to Cleburne, says: "He was a man of equally quick perception and strong character, and was, especially in one respect, in advance of many of our people. He possessed the boldness and wisdom to earnestly advocate at an early period of the war the freedom of the negro and enrollment of the young and able-bodied men of that race. This stroke of policy and additional source of strength to our armies would, in my opinion, have given us our independence."

IRVING A. BUCK,

Former Assistant Adjutant-General Cleburne's Division,
Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

THE PAPER IN QUESTION.

Here is the document referred to:

*To the Commanding General, the Corps, Division, Brigade,
and Regimental Commanders of the Army of Tennessee:*

GENERAL,—Moved by the exigency in which our country is now placed, we take the liberty of laying before you, unofficially, our views on the present state of affairs. The subject is so grave and our views so new, we feel it a duty both to you and the cause that before going further we should submit them for your judgment, and receive your suggestions in regard to them. We, therefore, respect-

fully ask you to give us an expression of your views in the premises. We have now been fighting for nearly three years, have spilled much of our best blood, and lost, consumed, or thrown to the flames an amount of property equal in value to the specie currency of the world.

LONG LISTS OF DEAD AND MANGLED.

Through some lack in our system, the fruits of our struggle and sacrifices have invariably slipped away from us and left us nothing but long lists of dead and mangled. Instead of standing defiantly on the borders of our territory, or harrassing those of the enemy, we are hemmed in to-day into less than two-thirds of it, and still the enemy menacingly confronts us at every point with superior forces. Our soldiers can see no end to this state of affairs except in our own exhaustion; hence, instead of rising to the occasion, they are sinking into a fatal apathy, growing weary of hardships and slaughters, which promise no results.

In this state of things it is easy to understand why there is a growing belief that some black catastrophe is not far ahead of us, and that unless some extraordinary change is soon made in our condition we must overtake it. The consequences of this condition are showing themselves more plainly every day—restlessness of morals spreading everywhere, manifesting itself in the army in a growing disregard for private rights; desertion spreading to a class of soldiers it never dared to tamper with before; military commissions sinking in the estimation of the soldier; our supplies failing, our finances in ruins. If this state continues much longer we must be subjugated. Every man should endeavor to understand the meaning of subjugation before it is too late. We can give but a faint idea when we say it means the loss of all we now hold most sacred—slaves and all other personal property, lands, homesteads, liberty, justice, safety, pride, manhood. It means that the history of this heroic struggle will be written by the enemy; that our youth will be trained by Northern school teachers; will learn from Northern school-books their version of the war; will be impressed by all the influences of history and education to regard our gallant dead as traitors, our maimed veterans as fit objects for derision. It means the crushing of Southern manhood, the hatred of our former slaves, who will, on a spy system, be our secret police. The conqueror's policy is to divide the conquered into factions and stir up animosity among them, and in train-

ing an army of negroes the North, no doubt, holds this thought in perspective.

THE THREE GREAT CAUSES.

We can see three great causes operating to destroy us:

1. The inferiority of our armies to those of the enemy in point of numbers.
2. The poverty of our single source of supply, in comparison with his several sources.
3. The fact that slavery, from being one of the chief sources of strength at the commencement of the war, has now become, in a military point of view, one of our chief sources of weakness.

The enemy already opposes us at every point with superior numbers, and it is endeavoring to make the preponderance irresistible.

President Davis, in his recent message, says the enemy "has recently ordered a large conscription and made a subsequent call for volunteers, to be followed, if ineffectual, by a still further draft." In addition, the President of the United States announces that "he has already in training an army of 100,000 negroes as good as any troops," and that every fresh raid he makes and new slice of territory he wrests from us will add to this force. Every soldier in our army already knows and feels our numerical inferiority to the enemy. Want of men in the field has prevented him from reaping the fruits of his victories, and has prevented him from having the furlough he expected after the last reorganization, and when he turns from the wasting armies in the field to look at the source of supply, he finds nothing in the prospect to encourage him.

Our single source of supply is that portion of our white men fit for duty and not now in the ranks. The enemy has three sources of supply; first, his own motley population; secondly, our slaves; and, thirdly, Europeans, whose hearts are fired into a crusade against us by fictitious pictures of the atrocities of slavery, and who meet no hindrance from their governments in such enterprise, because these governments are equally antagonistic to the institution.

In touching the third cause, the fact that slavery has become a military weakness, we may rouse prejudice and passion, but the time has come when it would be madness not to look at our danger from every point of view and to probe it to the bottom.

A SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

Apart from the assistance that home and foreign prejudice against slavery has given to the North, slavery is a source of great strength to the enemy in a purely military point of view by supplying him with an army from our granaries; but it is our most vulnerable point, a continual embarrassment, and in some respects an insidious weakness. Wherever slavery is once seriously disturbed, whether by the actual presence or the approach of the enemy, or even by a cavalry raid, the whites can no longer with safety to their property openly sympathize with our cause. The fear of their slaves is continually haunting them, and from silence and apprehension many of these soon learn to wish the war stopped on any terms. The next stage is to take the oath to save property, and they become dead to us, if not open enemies. To prevent raids we are forced to scatter our forces, and are not free to move and strike like the enemy. His vulnerable points are carefully selected and fortified depots; ours are found in every point where there is a slave to set free. All along the lines slavery is comparatively valueless to us for labor, but of great and increasing worth to the enemy for information. It is an omnipresent spy system, pointing out our valuable men to the enemy, revealing our positions, purposes, and resources, and yet acting so safely and secretly that there is no means to guard against it. Even in the heart of our country, where our hold upon this secret espionage is firmest, it waits but the opening fire of the enemy's battle-line to wake it, like a torpid serpent, into venomous activity.

In view of the state of affairs, what does our country propose to do? In the words of President Davis:

"No effort must be spared to add largely to our effective force as promptly as possible. The sources of supply are to be found in restoring to the army all who are improperly absent, putting an end to substitution, modifying the exemption law, restricting details, and placing in the ranks such of the able-bodied men now employed as wagoners, nurses, cooks, and other employees as are doing service for which the negroes may be found competent."

MEN IMPROPERLY ABSENT.]

Most of the men improperly absent, together with many of the exempts and men having substitutes, are now without the Confederate lines and cannot be calculated on. If all the exempts capable

of bearing arms were enrolled, it will give us the boys below 18, the men above 45, and those persons who are left at home to meet the wants of the country and the army; but this modification of the exemption law will remove from the fields and manufactories most of the skill that directed agricultural and mechanical labor, and, as stated by the President, "details will have to be made to meet the wants of the country," thus sending many of the men to be derived from this source back to their homes again. Independently of this, experience proves that striplings and men above conscript age break down and swell the sick lists more than they do the ranks. The portion now in our lines of the class who have substitutes is not, on the whole, a hopeful element, for the motives that created it must have been stronger than patriotism, and these motives, added to what many of them will call breach of faith, will cause some to be not forthcoming and others to be unwilling and discontented soldiers.

The remaining sources mentioned by the President have been so closely pruned in the army of Tennessee that they will be found not to yield largely. The supply from all these sources, together with what we now have in the field, will exhaust the white race, and though it should greatly exceed expectations and put us on an equality with the enemy, or even give us temporary advantages, still we have no reserve to meet unexpected disaster or to supply a protracted struggle. Like past years, 1864 will diminish our ranks by the casualties of war, and what source of repair is there left us? We, therefore, see in the recommendations of the President only a temporary expedient, which at the best will leave us twelve months hence in the same predicament we are in now. The President attempts to meet only one of the depressing causes mentioned; for the other two he has proposed no remedy. They remain to generate lack of confidence in our final success, and to keep us moving down hill as heretofore.

Adequately to meet the causes which are now threatening ruin to our country, we propose, in addition to a modification of the President's plans, that we retain in service for the war all troops now in service, and that we immediately commence training a large reserve of the most courageous of our slaves; and further, that we guarantee freedom within a reasonable time to every slave in the South who shall remain true to the Confederacy in this war.

SLAVERY OR LOSS OF SLAVES.

As between the loss of independence and the loss of slavery, we

assume that every patriot will freely give up the latter—give up the negro slave rather than be a slave himself. If we are correct in this assumption it only remains to show how this great national sacrifice is, in all human probabilities, to change the current of success and sweep the invader from our country,

Our country has already some friends in England and France, and there are strong motives to induce these nations to recognize and assist us; but they cannot assist us without helping slavery, and to do this would be in conflict with their policy for the last quarter of a century. England has paid hundreds of millions to emancipate her West India slaves and break up the slave trade. Could she now consistently spend her treasure to reinstate slavery in this country? But this barrier once removed, the sympathy and the interests of these and other nations will accord with our own, and we may expect from them both moral support and material aid. One thing is certain, as soon as the great sacrifice to independence is made and known in foreign countries, there will be a complete change of front in our favor of the sympathies of the world.

This measure will deprive the North of the moral and material aid which it now derives from the bitter prejudices with which foreigners view the institution, and its war, if continued, will henceforth be so despicable in their eyes that this source of recruiting will be dried up. It will leave the enemy's negro army no motive to fight for, and will exhaust the source from which it has been recruited.

The idea that it is their special mission to war against slavery has held growing sway over the Northern people for many years, and has at length ripened into a bloody crusade against it. This baleful superstition has so far supplied them with a courage and constancy not their own. It is the most powerful and honestly entertained plank in their war platform. Knock this away, and what is left? A bloody ambition for more territory; a pretended veneration for the Union, which one of their own most distinguished orators (Dr. Beecher in his Liverpool speech), openly avowed was only used as a stimulous to stir up the anti-slavery crusade, and, lastly, the poisonous and selfish interests which are the fungus growth of the war itself. Mankind may fancy it a great duty to destroy slavery, but what interest can mankind have in upholding this remainder of the Northern war platform? Their interests and feelings will be diametrically opposed to it.

A STRONG MEASURE.

The measure we propose will strike dead all John Brown fanaticism, and will compel the enemy to draw off altogether, or, in the eyes of the world, to swallow the Declaration of Independence without the sauce and disguise of philanthropy. This delusion of fanaticism at an end, thousands of Northern people will have leisure to look at home and see the gulf of despotism into which they themselves are rushing. The measure will at one blow strip the enemy of foreign sympathy and assistance, and transfer them to the South; it will dry up two of his three sources of recruiting; it will take from his negro army the only motive it could have to fight against the South, and will probably cause much of it to desert over to us; it will deprive his cause of the powerful stimulous of fanaticism, and will enable him to see the rock on which his so-called friends are now piloting him. The immediate effect of the emancipation and enrollment of negroes on the military strength of the South would be to enable us to have armies numerically superior to those of the North, and a reserve of any size we might think necessary; to enable us to take the offensive, move forward, and forage on the enemy. It would open to us in prospective another and almost untouched source of supply, and furnish us with the means of preventing temporary disaster and carrying on a protracted struggle. It would instantly remove all the vulnerability, embarrassment, and inherent weakness which result from slavery. The approach of the enemy would no longer find every household surrounded by spies, the fear that sealed the master's lips, and the avarice that has in so many cases tempted him practically to desert us would alike be removed. There would be no recruits awaiting the enemy with open arms; no complete history of every neighborhood with ready guides; no fear of insurrection in the rear or anxieties for the fate of loved ones when our armies moved forward. The chronic irritation of hope deferred would be joyfully ended with the negro, and the sympathies of his whole race would be due to his native South. It would restore confidence in an early termination of the war with all its inspiring consequences; and even if, contrary to all expectations, the enemy should succeed in overrunning the South, instead of finding a cheap, ready-made means of holding it down, he would find a common hatred and thirst for vengeance which would break into

acts at every favorable opportunity; would prevent him from settling on our lands, and render the South a very unprofitable conquest. It would remove forever all selfish taint from our cause and place independence above every question of property.

The very magnitude of the sacrifice itself, such as no nation has ever voluntarily made before, would appall our enemies, destroy his spirit and his finances, and fill our hearts with a pride and singleness of purpose which would clothe us with new strength in battle.

NEED FOR FIGHTING MEN.

Apart from all other aspects of the question, the necessity for more fighting men is upon us. We can only get a sufficiency by making the negro share the dangers and hardships of the war. If we arm and train him and make him fight for the country in her hour of dire distress, every consideration of principle and policy demand that we should set him and his whole race who side with us, free. It is a first principle with mankind that he who offers his life in defense of the State should receive from her in return his freedom and his happiness, and we believe in acknowledgment of this principle the constitutions of the Southern States have reserved to their respective governments the power to free slaves for meritorious services to the State. It is politic besides. For many years—ever since the agitation of the subject of slavery commenced—the negro has been dreaming of freedom, and his vivid imagination has surrounded that condition with so many gratifications that it has become the paradise of his hopes. To attain it he will tempt dangers and difficulties not exceeded by the bravest in the field. The hope of freedom is, perhaps, the only moral incentive that can be applied to him in his present condition. It would be preposterous, then, to expect him to fight against it with any degree of enthusiasm; therefore, we must bind him to our cause by no doubtful bonds; we must leave no possible loophole for treachery to creep in. The slaves are dangerous now, but armed, trained, and collected in an army they would be a thousandfold more dangerous. Therefore, when we make soldiers of them we must make freemen of them beyond all question, and thus enlist their sympathies also. We can do this more effectually than the North can now do, for we can give the negro not only his own freedom, but that of his wife and child, and can secure it to him in his old home. To do this we must immediately make his marriage and parental relations sacred in the eyes of the law and forbid their sale. The past legislation of the South concedes that a large

free middle class of negro blood, between the master and slave, must sooner or later destroy the institution. If, then, we touch the institution at all, we would do best to make the most of it, and by emancipating the whole race upon reasonable terms, and within such reasonable time as will prepare both races for the change, secure to ourselves all the advantages, and to our enemies all the disadvantages that can arise, both at home and abroad, from such a sacrifice. Satisfy the negro that if he faithfully adheres to our standard during the war he shall receive his freedom and that of his race; give him as an earnest of our intentions such immediate immunities as will impress him with our sincerity and be in keeping with his new condition; enroll a portion of his class as soldiers of the Confederacy, and we change the race from a dread weakness to a position of strength.

THE SLAVES AS FIGHTERS.

Will the slaves fight? The helots of Sparta stood their masters good stead in battle. In the great sea fight of Lepanto, where the Christians checked forever the spread of Mohammedanism over Europe, the galley slaves of portions of the fleet were promised freedom, and called on to fight at a critical moment of the battle.

They fought well, and civilization owes much to those brave galley slaves. The negro slaves of St. Domingo, fighting for freedom, defeated their white masters and the French troops sent against them. The negro slaves of Jamaica revolted, and under the name of maroons held the mountains against their masters for 150 years; and the experience of this war has been so far that half-trained negroes have fought as bravely as many other half-trained Yankees. If, contrary to the training of a lifetime, they can be made to face and fight bravely against their former masters, how much more probable is it that with the allurements of a higher reward, and led by those masters, they would submit to discipline and face dangers?

ARGUMENTS AGAINST IT.

We will briefly notice a few arguments against this course:

It is said republicanism cannot exist without the institution. Even were this true, we prefer any form of government of which the Southern people may have the moulding to one forced upon us by a conqueror.

It is said the white man cannot perform agricultural labor in the

South. The experience of this army during the heat of summer from Bowling Green, Ky., to Tupelo, Miss., is that the white man is healthier when doing reasonable work in the open field than at any other time.

It is said an army of negroes cannot be spared from the fields. A sufficient number of slaves is now ministering to luxury alone to supply the place of all we need, and we believe it would be better to take half the able-bodied men off a plantation than to take the one master mind that economically regulated its operations. Leave some of the skill at home and take some of the muscle to fight with.

It is said slaves will not work after they are freed. We think necessity and a wise legislation will compel them to labor for a living.

It is said it will cause terrible excitement and some disaffection from our cause. Excitement is far preferable to the apathy which now exists, and disaffection will not be among the fighting men. It is said slavery is all we are fighting for, and if we give it up, we give up all. Even if this were true, which we deny, slavery is not all our enemies are fighting for. It is merely the pretence to establish sectional superiority and a more centralized form of government, and to deprive us of our rights and liberties.

We have now briefly proposed a plan which, we believe, will save our country. It may be imperfect, but, in all human probability, it would give us our independence. No objection ought to outweigh it which is not weightier than independence. If it is worthy of being put in practice, it ought to be mooted quickly before the people, and urged earnestly by every man who believes in its efficacy. Negroes will require much training, training will require time, and there is danger that this concession to common sense may come too late.

P. R. CLEBURNE, Major-General Commanding Division;
D. C. GOVAN, Brigadier-General;
JOHN E. MURRAY, Colonel 5th Arkansas;
G. F. BAUCUM, Colonel 8th Arkansas;
PETER SNYDER, Lieut.-Col. Commanding 6th and 7th
Arkansas;
E. WARFIELD, Lieutenant-Colonel 2d Arkansas;
M. P. LOWRY, Brigadier-General;
A. B. HARDCASTLE, Colonel 32d and 45th Mississippi;
F. A. ASHFORD, Major 16th Alabama;
JOHN W. COLQUITT, Colonel 1st Arkansas;

RICHARD J. PERSON, Major 3d and 5th Confederate;
G. L. DEAKINS, Major 35th and 8th Tennessee;
J. H. COLLETT, Captain, Commanding 7th Texas;
J. H. KELLY, Brig.-Gen., Commanding Cavalry Division.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, February 7, 1904.]

PICKETT'S CHARGE.

The Story of It as Told by a Member of His Staff.

CAPTAIN ROBERT A. BRIGHT.

Statement as to Where the General Was During the Charge.—Why
the Attack Failed.

The following statement of what I saw and heard on the third day at Gettysburg was in the main written about thirty years ago, and was rewritten for publication in 1903, but the issue of it was prevented until now by an attack of gout, from which I suffered. I earnestly wish that it had come out before the death of my corps commander, the brave General Longstreet.

Early in the morning Pickett's Virginians, forty-seven hundred muskets, with officers added, five thousand strong, moved from the camping ground of the second day, two miles in rear, to the battlefield, and took position behind the hill from which we charged later in the day. Then came the order from headquarters: "Colonel E. P. Alexander will command the entire artillery in action to-day, and Brigadier-General Pendleton will have charge of the reserve artillery ammunition of the army." Later, General Pickett was informed from General Longstreet's headquarters that Colonel Alexander would give the order when the charge should begin. Several hours later the batteries on both sides opened. Had this occurred at night, it would have delighted the eye more than any fire works ever seen.

ENGLISH GORDON.

Shortly before the artillery duel commenced, I returned from

looking over the ground in our front, and found General Pickett talking to a strange officer, to whom he introduced me saying: "This is Colonel Gordon, once opposed to me in the San Juan affair, but now on our side."

In explanation of this I will state here that the San Juan affair occurred on the Pacific coast when General Pickett was captain in the United States army, and when he held the island against three English ships of war and 1,000 English regulars, he having one company of United States infantry and part of another company. General Winfield Scott was sent out by this government to settle the trouble.

After the introduction, Colonel Gordon, who was an Englishman, continued speaking to General Pickett, and said:

"Pickett, my men are not going up to-day."

The General said—

"But, Gordon, they must go up; you must make them go up."

Colonel Gordon answered:

"You know, Pickett, I will go as far with you as any other man, if only for old acquaintance sake, but my men have until lately been down at the seashore, only under the fire of heavy guns from ships, but for the last day or two they have lost heavily under infantry fire and are very sore, and they will not go up to-day."

This officer was on foot, there was no horse in sight, and he must have come from Pettigrew's Brigade on our left, only some 200 yards distant.

I have written and asked about the command to which this officer belonged, but have met with no success.

Three times General Pickett sent to Colonel Alexander, asking: "Is it time to charge?" The last messenger brought back this answer: "Tell General Pickett I think we have silenced eight of the enemy's guns, and now is the time to charge." (Some Federal officers after the war informed me that they had only run these guns back to cool.)

MOUNTED OFFICERS.

General Pickett ordered his staff-officers, four in number (Major Charles Pickett, Captain Baird, Captain Symington and myself), to Generals Armistead, Garnett and Kemper, and to Dearing's Artillery Battalion, which earlier in the day had been ordered to follow up the charge and keep its caissons full. Orders to the other staff officers I did not hear. But I was sent to General Kemper with this order:

"You and your staff and field officers to go in dismounted; dress on Garnett and take the red barn for your objective point."

During the charge I found Kemper and Garnett apparently drifting too much to the left, and I believe it was because the red barn was too much to Kemper's left. General Pickett would have altered the direction, but our left being exposed by the retreat of Pettigrew's command, our men and 10,000 more were needed to the left.

When I reached General Kemper, he stood up, removing a handkerchief from under his hat, with which he had covered his face to keep the gravel knocked up by the fierce artillery fire from his eyes. As I gave the order, Robert McCandlish Jones, a friend and schoolmate of mine, called out: "Bob, turn us loose and we will take them." Then Colonel Lewis Williams, of the 1st Virginia Regiment, came to me and said: "Captain Bright, I wish to ride my mare up," and I answered: "Colonel Williams, you cannot do it. Have you not just heard me give the order to your general to go up on foot?" and he said: "But you will let me ride; I am sick to-day, and besides that, remember Williamsburg." Now Williamsburg was my home and I remembered that Colonel Williams had been shot through the shoulder in that battle and left at Mrs. Judge Tucker's house on the courthouse green. This I had heard, for I missed that fight, so I answered: "Mount your mare and I will make an excuse for you." General Garnett had been injured by a kick while passing through the wagon train at night, had been allowed to ride; Colonel Hunton of the same brigade also rode, being unable to walk. He fell on one side of the red barn and General Kemper on the other side.

So there were eight mounted officers, counting General Pickett and staff, mounted in the charge.

Colonel Williams fell earlier in the fight. His mare went up rideless almost to the stone wall and was caught when walking back by Captain William C. Marshall, of Dearing's Battalion. His own horse, Lee, having been killed, he rode Colonel Williams' mare away after the fight. When I returned to General Pickett from giving the order to General Kemper, Symington, Baird and Charles Pickett were with the General, they having less distance to carry their orders than I, as Kemper was on our right, and Armistead not in first line, but in echelon.

WHERE PICKETT WAS.

The command had moved about fifty yards in the charge. General Pickett and staff were about twenty yards in rear of the column.

When we had gone about four hundred yards the General said: "Captain, you have lost your spurs to-day, instead of gaining them." Riding on the right side, I looked at once at my left boot, and saw that the shank of my spur had been mashed around and the rowel was looking towards the front, the work of a piece of shell, I suppose, but that was the first I knew of it. Then I remembered the Irishman's remark, that one spur was enough, because if one side of your horse went, the other would be sure to go.

When we had charged about 750 yards, having about 500 more to get over before reaching the stone wall, Pettigrew's Brigade broke all to pieces and left the field in great disorder. At this time we were mostly under a fierce artillery fire; the heaviest musketry fire came farther on.

General Pettigrew was in command that day of a division and his brigade was led by Colonel Marshall, who was knocked from his horse by a piece of shell as his men broke, but he had himself lifted on his horse, and when his men refused to follow him up, he asked that his horse be turned to the front. Then he rode up until he was killed. If all the men on Pickett's left had gone on like Marshall, history would have been written another way. General Pickett sent Captain Symington and Captain Baird to rally these men.

They did all that brave officers could do, but could not stop the stampede.

LONGSTREET AND FREEMANTLE.

General Pickett directed me to ride to General Longstreet and say that the position against which he had been sent would be taken, but he could not hold it unless reinforcements be sent to him. As I rode back to General Longstreet I passed small parties of Pettigrew's command going to the rear; presently I came to quite a large squad, and, very foolishly, for I was burning precious time, I halted them, and asked if they would not go up and help those gallant men now charging behind us. Then I added, "What are you running for?" and one of them, looking up at me with much surprise depicted on his face, said, "Why, good gracious, Captain, ain't you running yourself?" Up to the present time I have not answered that question, but will now say, appearances were against me.

I found General Longstreet sitting on a fence alone; the fence ran in the direction we were charging. Pickett's column had passed over the hill on our side of the Emmettsburg road, and could not

then be seen. I delivered the message as sent by General Pickett. General Longstreet said: "Where are the troops that were placed on your flank?" and I answered: "Look over your shoulder and you will see them." He looked and saw the broken fragments. Just then an officer rode at half speed, drawing up his horse in front of the General, and saying: "General Longstreet, General Lee sent me here, and said you would place me in a position to see this magnificent charge. I would not have missed it for the world." General Longstreet answered: "I would, Colonel Freemantle; the charge is over. Captain Bright, ride to General Pickett, and tell him what you have heard me say to Colonel Freemantle." At this moment our men were near to but had not crossed the Emmettsburg road. I started and when my horse had made two leaps, General Longstreet called: "Captain Bright!" I checked my horse, and turned half around in my saddle to hear, and this was what he said: "Tell General Pickett that Wilcox's Brigade is in that peach orchard (pointing), and he can order him to his assistance."

WILCOX AND PICKETT.

Some have claimed that Wilcox was put in the charge at its commencement—General Gordon says this; but this is a mistake. When I reached General Pickett he was at least one hundred yards behind the division, having been detained in a position from which he could watch and care for his left flank. He at once sent Captain Baird to General Wilcox with the order for him to come in; then he sent Captain Symington with the same order, in a very few moments, and last he said: "Captain Bright, you go," and I was about the same distance behind Symington that he was behind Baird. The fire was so dreadful at this time that I believe that General Pickett thought not more than one out of the three sent would reach General Wilcox.

When I rode up to Wilcox he was standing with both hands raised waving and saying to me, "I know, I know." I said, "But, General, I must deliver my message." After doing this I rode out of the peach orchard, going forward where General Pickett was watching his left. Looking that way myself, I saw moving out of the enemy's line of battle, in head of column, a large force; having nothing in their front, they came around our flank as described above. Had our left not deserted us these men would have hesitated to move in head of column, confronted by a line of battle.

When I reached General Pickett I found him too far down towards the Emmettsburg road to see these flanking troops, and he asked of me the number. I remember answering 7,000, but this proved an over estimate. Some of our men had been faced to meet this new danger, and so doing somewhat broke the force of our charge on the left. Probably men of the 1st Virginia will remember this.

ARTILLERY AMMUNITION OUT.

I advised the General to withdraw his command before these troops got down far enough to left face, come into line of battle, sweep around our flank and shut us up. He said, "I have been watching my left all the time, expecting this, but it is provided for. Ride to Dearing's Battalion; they have orders to follow up the charge and keep their caissons filled; order them to open with every gun and break that column and keep it broken." The first officer I saw on reaching the battalion was Captain William C. Marshall (Postoffice, Morgantown, West Virginia). I gave him the order with direction to pass it down at once to the other three batteries. Marshall said: "The battalion has no ammunition. I have only three solid shot." I then asked why orders to keep caissons filled had not been obeyed, and he answered, "The caissons had been away nearly three-quarters of an hour, and there was a rumor that General Pendleton had sent the reserve artillery ammunition more than a mile in rear of the field." I directed him to open with his solid shot, but I knew all hope of halting the column was over, because solid shot do not halt columns. The second shot struck the head of column, the other two missed, and the guns were silent.

I found General Pickett in front about 300 yards ahead of the artillery position, and to the left of it, and some 200 yards behind the command which was then at the stone wall over which some of our men were going, that is, the 53rd Regiment, part of Armistead's Brigade, led by Colonel Rawley Martin, who fell next to the gallant General Armistead, had reached the enemy's guns and captured them. All along the stone wall, as far as they extended, Kemper and Garnett's men were fighting with but few officers left.

THE RETREAT—LEE'S REMARK.

I informed the General that no help was to be expected from the artillery, but the enemy were closing around us, and nothing could now save his command. He had remained behind to watch

and protect that left, to put in first help expected from infantry supports, then to break the troops which came around his flank with the artillery; all had failed. At this moment our left (Pickett's Division) began to crumble and soon all that was left came slowly back, 5,000 in the morning, 1,600 were put in camp that night, 3,400 killed, wounded and missing.

We moved back, and when General Pickett and I were about 300 yards from the position from which the charge had started, General Robert E. Lee, the Peerless, alone, on Traveler, rode up and said: "General Pickett, place your division in rear of this hill, and be ready to repel the advance of the enemy should they follow up their advantage." (I never heard General Lee call them the enemy before; it was always those or these people). General Pickett, with his head on his breast, said: "General Lee, I have no division now, Armistead is down, Garnett is down, and Kemper is mortally wounded.

Then General Lee said: "Come, General Pickett, this has been my fight and upon my shoulders rests the blame. The men and officers of your command have written the name of Virginia as high to-day as it has ever been written before." (Now talk about "Glory enough for one day;" why this was glory enough for one hundred years.)

LEE AND KEMPER.

Then turning to me, General Lee said: "Captain, what officer is that they are bearing off?" I answered, "General Kemper," and General Lee said: "I must speak to him," and moved Traveler towards the litter. I moved my horse along with his, but General Pickett did not go with us. The four bearers, seeing it was General Lee, halted, and General Kemper, feeling the halt, opened his eyes. General Lee said: "General Kemper, I hope you are not very seriously wounded."

General Kemper answered: "I am struck in the groin, and the ball has ranged upwards; they tell me it is mortal;" and General Lee said: "I hope it will not prove so bad as that; is there anything I can do for you, General Kemper?" The answer came, after General Kemper had, seemingly with much pain, raised himself on one elbow:

"Yes, General Lee, do full justice to this division for its work to-day."

General Lee bowed his head, and said: "I will."

I wish to mention here that Captain William I. Clopton, now judge of Manchester, told me after the war that while General Pickett was trying to guard his left, he saw twenty-seven battleflags, each with the usual complement of men, move out on our right flank, but we did not see this, as all our thoughts were fixed on our left flank.

Captain Symington and Captain Baird could each give many interesting incidents if they could be induced to write for publication. My article of the 10th of December, 1903, in *The Times-Dispatch*, should be read before this account, to show how and when General Pickett's command reached Gettysburg.

PERSONAL.

Should I write again, it will be about the 4,000 prisoners we guarded back to Virginia, Kemper's supposed death bed, and General Lee's note to General Pickett a few days after Gettysburg. To those seeking the truth about this great battle, I will say, the very great losses in other commands occurred on the first and second days. The third day, at this exhibition, was most decidedly Virginia day, and a future Virginia Governor, Kemper by name, was present. I wish here to state that some of the men of Garnett's Brigade told me they saw up at the stone wall, fighting with them, some men and officers, mostly the latter, of two other States, and in answer to my questions as to numbers and organization, answered, numbering in all, less than sixty, and without formation of any military kind, Alabamians and North Carolinians.

Now, as to the position of Armistead's Brigade in the charge. He was ordered to go in on the left of Garnett, but Captain Winfree, a most gallant officer of the 14th Virginia, now living in this city, agrees with my memory, that Armistead's brigade went in between Garnett and Kemper. I also wish to give such information as I can to Senator Daniel, who asked for it in the Confederate column of Sunday's *Times-Dispatch*, 24th of January, about the losses of Pickett's three brigades on the third day. No official returns came to us until long after the battle, because no one was left to make report, and hardly any one was left to receive such report. General Pickett's staff officers who encamped the command on the night of the third day counted sixteen hundred. I find Senator Daniel since the war always turning from Washington to Virginia, like the needle to the pole, but, strange to say, during the war I

found him always turning from Virginia to Washington as though he wanted that city.

Very respectfully,

RO. A. BRIGHT,
Formerly on the staff of Major-General George E. Pickett.

[From the *Augusta, Ga., Herald*, February, 1861.]

GEORGIA'S FLAG.

Replaced Stars and Stripes Before Sumter Was Fired On.

A flag which forms a part of the decoration of the office of R. E. Allen will be an object of interest to every visitor and every citizen of Augusta. The flag is a plain white one, with a red star in the center, emblematic of Georgia, which, at the time the banner was first unfurled to the breezes, was an independent State, having by act of legislature broken the bonds uniting her to the United States government, and not having at that time become an integral part of the Confederate States of America.

The flag is no other than the one which was run up on the flagstaff at the arsenal when that post was captured by the State militia, and the stars and stripes were pulled down from the place of honor. The flag was the first one placed by an independent government in the South, and takes precedence over the claims made by other States and cities.

Those were stirring times. South Carolina had seceded in December, Mississippi and Alabama had followed, and on January 19, 1861, the legislature of Georgia, in session at Milledgeville, severed its connection with the Union, and it became a sovereign and independent State. On the 21st the official hand and seal of Governor Joe Brown was fixed to the proclamation, and on the 22nd the Chief Executive reached Augusta.

There was a hurrying to and fro of the military officers of the city and a gathering of the forces. Waynesboro was also communicated with, and up from Burke came two companies to take part in the

first victory against the Federal troops, which, however, was without conflict, and the first flag was not born with a baptism of blood.

On the 23rd Governor Brown made a formal demand on Captain Arnold Elzey, of the 2nd United States Artillery, in command of the arsenal, that the post be turned over to him. In his demand he stated that Georgia was no longer a part of the general government, and, while she desired to be on good terms with the United States, the arsenal was needed by this State, and an armed force of an alien nation would not be tolerated within her borders.

After communication with Washington Captain Elzey held a parley and agreed to evacuate, his troops being allowed to march out with the honors of war and to leave the State without molestation. This was agreed to, and on January 24, 1861, nearly three months before the guns were trained on Fort Sumter, the surrender of the arsenal was made, and a new flag supplanted the one of the republic.

[From the *New Orleans Picayune*, September 20, 1903.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARMY LIFE WITH GENERAL LEE.

By FRANK H. FOOTE.

In chronicling the events of the late war, many points in regard to campaigns, battles and adventures have been ably touched upon by active participants in the armies of the Confederate States, but how the Southern soldier lived and contrived for partial comfort in the last twelve months of the Confederacy's existence has not as yet been touched upon in small details which show the actual state of hardship he had to endure.

The most vulnerable point of the private soldier was his stomach. He managed to get along very well in rags and tatters, half shoeless, if necessary; but with a pinched stomach many as brave and true soldiers as the world ever produced felt their love and cause of country gradually succumb to the cravings of hearty digestive organs, their patriotism taxed, and in evil, disgraceful hour they left their standards, turned their backs upon comrades and past glories, and

singly or in bodies went over to the enemy. Many of these men enlisted in the Federal army as teamsters, or stipulated to fight the Indians in the far West. Whilst they would desert their cause in its extremity, they were honorable (?) enough not to fire upon their former comrades.

Writing from a personal knowledge, those who left us were mainly of foreign birth, though many of our foreign-born comrades remained as true as steel to their adopted government.

The principal cause of this great and disturbing evil was the Commissary Department, as managed. Just where the fault lay is hard to divine—whether with the department in general, or with the wretched railway and other transportation facilities, or all combined, is not germane to this now, but the fact is potent that the line did thus suffer, and in suffering, the cause collapsed. All the arts and resources of the North in men and war material never affected the private soldier of the line as did the lack of his rations. To him the sounds of strife brought visions of full haversacks, warm clothing, shoes and blankets when the field was won. Often in the thickest of the fray it was not uncommon to see the soldier grasp a haversack from the ground or displace it from a dead enemy, and quickly swing it to his shoulder, and its contents shared with others at the close of the action if he survived.

As to how we lived, *i. e.*, eked out an existence on scant grub, I will try to pen in detail. Three years of warfare, notwithstanding the many brilliant but barren victories that perched upon the battle-flags of the Confederacy, had well-nigh exhausted the South, both in soldiers and supplies. Of the depleted ranks we speak not, for the disciplined armies yielded only to physical causes, not force. Active Federal cavalry had curtailed the resources of the South to a great extent. Its granaries in the Shenandoah Valley, Tennessee and Georgia were overrun and devastated. The torch completed what was not consumed, and barns, vehicles and implements were destroyed, so as to prevent even an attempt at a crop. The boast was made that over some of its sections “a crow could not fly without carrying rations.” Dilapidated railways and wheezy steamboats that presaged death and disaster, were inadequate to supply the demand of the armies and trade. When a railroad was badly damaged, it was seldom repaired, for we had not the material to repair it with, and, for sake of protection, governmental restrictions were thrown around them, limiting the speed to ten or twelve miles only

per hour, and it took a nerry crew, indeed, to run a steamboat on Southern inland waters.

In the month of August, 1864, I came on furlough from the front at Petersburg, Va., passing througn North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, walking many, many miles, as the trains were then in Georgia, laden with the wounded from the front of Sherman. A survey of the country in North Carolina, as glimpsed from the railroad, showed nothing but pine wastes and resin piled at rotten depots.

The nearness of North Carolina to Lee's army had well-nigh exhausted its resources. South Carolina, being more remote, and naturally then a richer agricultural section, the people more thrifty, or, what is perhaps more to the point, being imbued with a greater degree of secession proclivities, and thereby more interested in maintaining an army, naturally showed more vim and thrift, even with the then shadowing clouds of dire disaster looming up on the horizon. In Georgia much push and stir was evidenced. Abundant crops greeted the eye, and all along the line of railway to Demopolis, on the Tombigbee, the same cheering features existed. On both banks of the Tombigbee vast heaps of corn, racked and cribbed, were to be seen. I wondered at the sight of so much provender for man and beast exposed to wind and weather, and rotting daily in the summer sun. These were neighborhood collections of "tax in kind," a necessary feature of the Confederacy. These immense piles of corn, if speedily transported to the front, would have given new lease of life to our troops and restored the wasted strength of our animals, but we had no transportation facilities. Cotton was scarcely cultivated, except in the remote districts free from raids of Federal cavalry, and even of our own troops, who generally, under orders, burned all they could find. Field peas, sweet potatoes, peanuts and melons varied the aspect of the fields, and I longed for peace, sweet peace, to come, so that I, too, could once more enjoy the bountiful harvest that looked so tempting. Here I bought a small watermelon for a one-dollar bill, and thought what a time I would have with it. I even refused, in my selfishness, to divide with a forlorn soldier, and found that, from a long-enforced contraction of the stomach, I could not devour one-half of it, and, in disgust, pitched the remainder to a cow near-by.

After this digression that gives to some degree an inside view of the Confederacy, I resume the thread of a soldier's life in the

trenches. Our enlistment was for the war, and the pay \$11 per month, board and bedding free; services, anything your officers said had to be done, from shooting Yankees and getting shot, to starving to death, almost; in a word, to obey any and all orders. This was done with the best grace possible. The events of a gigantic struggle rolled on; shooting and getting shot was endured (when it didn't kill); our wages—at least mine were paid up to October, 1864, for I signed away my pay roll at Augusta, Ga., for clothing—were sometimes paid in Confederate notes, but they had little value. Eloquently it has been said of them: "Worthless as were these 'promises to pay,' they cost more than any tender ever issued by a nation on earth. They were issued in integrity, defended in valor, and bathed in priceless blood." Our country was—

“ Too poor to possess the precious ores,
And too much of a stranger to borrow,
We issued to-day our promise to pay,
And hoped to redeem on the morrow;
But the faith that was in us was strong, indeed,
And our poverty well we discerned;
And this little check represented the pay
That our suffering veterans earned.
We knew it hardly had a value in gold,
Yet as gold each soldier received it;
It gazed into our eyes with a promise to pay,
And each Southern patriot believed it.
But our boys thought little of price or of pay,
Or of bills that were overdue;
We knew that if it brought us our bread to-day,
'Twas the best our poor country could do.”

Campaigns waxed hotter and hotter, paymasters became scarcer and scarcer, and the commissariat rapidly followed suit; in fact, evolved itself down to sheer nothing, and in thus contracting, the vitality of the army contracted also. Our rations were reduced to the minimum of one-quarter of a pound of salt meat, or one pound of beef, one pound of flour, or one pint of meal *per diem*. Coffee and sugar were luxuries, and what little we had was gotten from some victorious field. This we eked out with parched cornmeal and sweetened it sometimes with "long sweetening," *i. e.*, sorghum molasses. This syrup, if used in other form than cooking would work you like a "flywheel." Our flour rations we utilized in its most convenient form for bread, to-wit, "pancake." Having but few cooking utensils, we took turn about in baking. We mixed the

batter up in the skillet, or perhaps on a corner of a tent fly, seasoning it with a bit of dirty salt. Our meat was too scarce to fry out any for grease, hence salt and water were the only components of our bread. We did not even have soda. I have seen leached ashes tried as a substitute; except as to color, it was a dismal failure. This form of bread we called "short bread," presumably because it was short of every ingredient necessary for good bread. I have seen the dough wrapped around ramrods and toasted brown; also encased in wet shucks and baked in hot embers.

One campaign we marched far ahead of the wagons, and at night as one of a detail was sent back to cook rations. Were we puzzled? Not a bit. We went to work and made up a big batch of dough on a tent cloth; next we wrenched a wide plank from a neighboring fence, duly cleaned it, and then placed a dozen or so batches of kneaded dough upon the plank, and then gradually inclined the plank so as to catch the full heat of the coals, and there propped it to brown. When sufficiently browned, we turned the cakes over and repeated the process. Thus, by a little ingenuity, we had our bread baked by the time the wagons arrived with the camp utensils, and all we had to do was to boil the beef and distribute the rations.

The latter part of the war we had no hard tack, flour and meal being issued dry. This did well enough in camp, but on the march we frequently lost it by rain. When we had hard tack—a form of bread baked very hard and dry, and issued as part of rations—and later on stale light bread, we knew how to utilize them to the best advantage. We would break it into bits, put it into a cup of water, season with a pinch of salt and wee bit of meat, and then boil it "tender." The boiling increased the quantity of the mess, apparently, and when done we enjoyed this dish, the soldiers' friend, surnamed "cush." I lately saw some soldier lines dedicated to this dish, the author evidently having often made of it a substantial meal. With meal, good, bad or indifferent, we had our bane when the march came with three days' rations. In camp we made flapjacks or mush, and parched some of it for coffee. When cooked into pones, it readily mildewed and soured; besides, it was bulky and bothered one no little to carry along with other camp accoutrements. Even if soured, we, perforce, had to use it best we may, for it was "our all in all." In winter quarters of 1864-'65 we had brigade bake ovens, and light bread was issued in lieu of flour. For awhile we enjoyed it, but as soon as it became stale we tired of it as a nuisance, and preferred our one pound of flour. Three loaves of this

bread, weighing nearly two pounds each, issued to a soldier on the eve of a march down the Weldon railroad, or across the country to head a cavalry raid, was a positive burden and nuisance. Not having knapsacks and haversacks that would turn snow or sleet, it would get wet, then musty and unfit to eat. I have seen soldiers leaving camp with one loaf in the knapsack and one in the haversack, whilst the third one was spitted on a fixed bayonet, ready for use when wanted. Salt meat, when issued, was generally used raw as more economical. One pound of beef, poor, skinny, onion-flavored stuff, was poor rations, but we made out on it. We utilized the butcher pens to the fullest extent. The head, feet, liver, hoofs, sweetbreads and even the melt were eagerly sought for, and bought if not purloined, and the possessor envied his happy lot. The feet were boiled to pieces, picked clear of bones, strained through a rough, improvised sieve, then seasoned, mixed with flour and fried with tallow. We thought "cow hoofs" were a delicacy indeed. On several occasions extract of beef in large twelve-pound cans was issued as rations. One spoonful three times a day was issued. We found it pleasant and wholesome, added to flour paste and cooked.

The hardest piece of rations we were subjected to was a kind of meat called Nassau bacon (Nausea would have been better). It came through the blockade, and we believed it was made from the hog of the tropics and cured in the brine of the ocean. More likely it was discarded ship's pork or "salt junk;" some called it salt horse. It was of a peculiar scaly color, spotted like a half-well case of smallpox, full of a rancid odor and utterly devoid of grease. If hung up it would double its length. It could not be eaten raw and imparted a stinking smell when boiled. It had one redeeming quality—elasticity. You could put a piece in your mouth and chew it for a long time, and the longer you chewed the bigger it got. Then, by a desperate effort, you would gulp it down, "out of sight, out of mind."

We ransacked old fields for beans that had fallen out of the pods in harvesting, and frequently, after a hard shower, a good mess could be gathered. Poke-weed was used as "greens;" in fact, anything green and palatable was eagerly sought for.

In the summer of 1864 our division took position in the trenches at Petersburg near the lead works. The 49th Virginia Regiment of Mahone's Brigade (our division) was made up in the city. In a few days thereafter we were agreeably surprised by receiving a large lot of vegetables, compliments of the 49th Virginia to our brigade. It

was a hearty token of soldierly regard to an "orphan brigade" from a remote Gulf State, cut off from home and supplies, and was greatly appreciated by all. If we camped near a barn woe be to the contents, if edible, for an entrance would be found somehow. Soap, even, became a luxury, and was hard to get, except when in proximity to the Federal lines, where we could readily exchange for it tobacco, which was issued as rations to us. Our blacking, if we fancied it, we would make out of powdered charcoal, and set it with molasses. It answered well enough in dry weather, but drew myrads of flies to our feet. We made a march in February, 1865, down the Meherrin river, in North Carolina, to head off a raid. Returning to camp, with a comrade, we struck through the country to "pick up something."

Passing through a farmyard we saw a large pot full of boiled turnips, corn and shucks for cattle and hog feed. While it did not look so tempting, it smelled appetizing. Yielding to our appetites, we dipped in our tin cups and drew up some of the mess. The soft corn was real good, and, stripping the turnips of the peel, we found a savory meal indeed. Filling our empty haversacks with the soft-boiled corn, we soon overtook our messmates and divided our find. Next day we crossed a turnip patch concealed in the woods. I went into the patch and pulled up a liberal supply. My companion had sought the house, and the owner gave him a peck of cowpeas. Here was a feast, and nine miles from camp, the ground partly covered with sleet and snow, and the streams frozen over. Nothing daunted, we spread a blanket on the ground and made a long row of turnips, three high, on it, wrapping carefully the blanket around the pile. Pinning it securely with skewers of wood we then gave the whole a twist, tied the ends, then swung it to one of our rifles and started for camp, determined to "do or die." This load consisted of 124 turnips, two rifles and accoutrements, ammunition, two knapsacks, one peck of peas, one ax, two haversacks, etc.

About 3 P. M. it suddenly dawned upon my comrade that he was that day in charge of the company's ax, and its delay or absence involved a serious punishment. Finally he took the peas, ax and both knapsacks and set off for the probable camp. The turnips were a load in themselves, and I soon found it becoming a burden. One of my shoes rubbed my heel sore. I cut a hole in it, and that made it worse. I finally cut the whole heel out, and then it wouldn't stay on; so, pulling it off, I trudged along in wet and cold, and was soon overcome with a chill. I lay down by the lonely roadside to await

recovery. About sundown the largest drove of wild turkeys I ever saw flew by and alighted on the pines overhead. I sprang to my feet and tried my best to shoot one, but failed. The exercise restored my circulation, and I again plodded on to camp, which I reached about 9 o'clock, and, under cover of a good fire, I slept the sleep of the just. My comrade, for getting into camp late, was put back in the ranks, and I still had my load to carry or give it up. Wearily I went on, and about three miles from winter quarters our regimental surgeon, in his ambulance, overtook me. I never saw a more surprised man in my life, and his exclamation, "What in the world have you got there, Frank?" rang out with a laugh. I told him all about it, and he kindly let me put the turnips in his ambulance and delivered them to my messmates in camp, and for a long time we feasted on roasted turnips.

I cite this to show the endurance of a boy soldier, half-starved, barefooted and sick, yet swinging like grim death to a load ample for a horse. I have seen men frequently eat one day's rations at once, saying "one good bite is better than two or three pinched ones."

Our shoes, especially those made by the Confederate department, were pitiable specimens indeed. Generally made of green or at best half-cured leather, they soon took to roaming; after a week's wear the heel would be on the side, at an angle to the foot, and the vamp, in turn, would try to do duty as a sole. It was impossible to keep them straight, and to judge by your tracks you could hardly tell whether you were going or coming. They conformed to the weather also. While hot and dry they would shrink like parchment, and when wet they just "slopped" all over your feet. English-made shoes were nearly as bad. They were lined and filled with stiff paper, and after fording a few times they usually came to pieces. I have seen men while in winter quarters take a piece of beef hide, soak it well and then fit it over their shoes, hair part inside. These they allowed to dry on the feet, so as to retain the shape of the foot, and also to prevent contracting too much. When well made, they answered the purpose very well, and when the march came in the spring of the year they would cut them off and they would have a well-broke new shoe to trudge the pike with. Socks were patched at heels and toes to save wear, as were our trousers. It was a common sight to see all sorts of re-enforcements to the men's seats. On a pair of brown or butternut-colored trousers you would see a huge heart, square or star-shaped patch, according to the whim of the

owner. Our hats and caps were taken from "our friends, the enemy," and you could see all styles, shapes and makes, generally ornamented with letters denoting the command of the owner. The "alpine hat" or "Excelsior," of New York, was the most common, and were preferred to all others. Caps were not sought after, as they neither turned sun nor rain. Slouch hats are peculiar to the South, and were affected a great deal. We also had palmetto, pine straw and quilted cloth hats. At Petersburg our captain went up to Richmond and purchased some thirty-odd hats for his company, paying for the same ninety dollars each. "Oh, what a swell we did cut." They were a drab color, and took well as long as the weather was fine.

The first rain took out all pretension of style, and in place of a neat, nobby-looking hat, we were the possessors of a limp mass of rabbit fur and glue. When the sun shone out the hats, in spite of all contrary efforts, dried to suit themselves, and cracked when again pressed into shape, and before long drooped again and fell to pieces as we trudged the ways of the march. Our buttons were made of wood, and soon parted company with our wretched garments. In camp we boiled our underwear in the mess kettle. A good boiling of our clothes twice a month got rid of the vermin, but enough was always left for spring seed, for you could not get all the men to clean up at the same time. On the long march, not having time to boil, and our body servants having unlimited rations, increased rapidly. To find some comfort we would, where an opportunity offered, strip off and hunt them with fire. The usual and most effective way was to heat the end of a stick into coal, and with this run it up and down the several seams of your garments until all were destroyed.

A favorite yarn of the times runs thus: "A soldier was seated by the wayside, shirt off, busily hunting the vermin. A farmer passing by stopped and watched the operation for awhile, and then exclaimed: 'Mister! be those fleas you are killing?' With wrathful mien, the soldier responded: 'Say, you look here, do you think I am a dog? No, sir; these be lice.''" These clothes being always of heavy and coarse material, always dried rough. To obviate the disagreeable feeling and to prevent chafing, we rubbed them around smooth-barked saplings. On the winter marches we fared wretchedly, for our clothing was not "overly warm," nor was it material that would turn water readily. When we got into camp we were soon comfortable before huge fires. When we "retired" it was on the side of the fire over which the smoke curled, as affording us more warmth.

On the march once near Culpeper Courthouse, we tried a plan suggested by General Longstreet and never repeated it again. We built a large fire and allowed it to burn down. We then raked it off clean, spread some pine straw, on this a blanket, and, wrapped in another blanket, we slept like a top; in fact, too warm. We sweltered, and next day had violent influenza, and suffered acutely.

In the absence of pocket handkerchiefs we had to slip our nose on our rough coat sleeves, which soon produced an inflamed organ, rivaling John Barleycorn in that respect.

Our clothes, mostly cotton, were coarse and heavy, and of every hue and cut—not a full uniform of one material except those of the staff. The prevailing color was what is familiarly known as “butternut,” a dry dye made from copperas. Its commonness gave rise to the nickname of “butternuts” to the Confederate soldiers. Our shelters, when in winter quarters, were varied, distinct and original. We had the “dug out,” the thatched arbor-shaped dog kennel, a log pen opened at one end, chimney at the other, and covered with tent flies, or riven boards, and these frequently heaped with earth. The double cabin or hut was the one most preferred, and was large enough to shelter six or eight men. This was built with a brick and mud chimney at each end. When properly chinked and daubed, and well covered, it was very comfortable. As the fireplace was ample we put on huge back logs and defied the worst of weather. Very little bedding sufficed in these huts. Many of the soldiers would, on the summer’s march, throw away their blankets and superfluous clothing, trusting to luck to provide others ere winter set in. Often failing in this they had to resort to such as they could get—bed quilts or pieces of carpet, which, as soon as they became wet through, trebled in size and weight, and were finally thrown away as too cumbersome even for the frail comfort they afforded.

The latter part of the war in Virginia, and, I suppose, everywhere else, was often characterized with wretched battle scenes. I have seen hundreds of dead Federals, and many Confederates, too, stripped of every vestige of clothing. Even the wounded were robbed of their outer clothing sometimes. No matter if the underwear was soaked with life-blood, reeking with vermin and the filth of a long campaign, it was readily taken and used, because needed, and beat none badly. This robbery of the gallant dead was not done as a desecration, but on the ground of personal suffering and need of the living, and the plea was advanced that the garment was of no further service to the dead. It seems barbarous and terrible

that the brave who fell in defense of their cause should thus be maltreated, but it is claimed that the exigencies of the times palliated it to some extent, even if it did not justify it altogether. Even the Confederate dead, clad in his wretched raiment, fared but little better if friends were not near to prevent it. It is easily seen by whom these ghastly trophies were sought and obtained. Such ghouls belong to all armies, and are the dread of the wounded. The character of the Southern soldier, those to the manner born, in every detail of the war, was above reproach. They never robbed the living nor stripped the dead. They endured personal suffering and misery in preference to the use of such vile means of obtaining comfort. Brave, gallant and chivalrous; generous at all times, either in victory or defeat, the instinct of their breeding showed forth in most conspicuous forms.

History records that in all countries and communities, and nowhere oftener shown up than in armies, is an element—a disturbing one—who bring upon their associates odium and reproach by overt acts, which condemn all as a whole. For these we can offer no excuse. As they were for us and with us, we must be content to abide the sequence of circumstances beyond our control. We shared their glory, for many of them were brave as the bravest, as far as that goes, and can but disclaim personal participation only.

In conclusion, such was the way the Southern soldier lived and fared; how with rifles and bayonets bright as sunbeams he fought the world knows how, and when the starry-cross battle flag was furled in defeat by starvation and privation, he returned to a ruined home and sought to build anew his fortunes, and again suffered the hardships incidental thereto with the same enduring patience and fortitude he displayed as a soldier, and to-day his proudest boast is: "I was a Confederate soldier and fought with Lee, Johnston and Bragg. I have nothing to be ashamed of while in the ranks, and now, under the flag under which I was born, I allow none to surpass me in loyalty and allegiance to a reunited country. Our bonnie blue flag is furled in defeat—a defeat that reflects honor. I cherish its glories and traditions, and have no animosity to its rival, the Stars and Stripes. Its memories are the proudest heritage I shall bequeath my children."

Port Gibson, Miss.

HUNTER HOLMES McGUIRE, M. D., LL. D.

Unveiling a Statue of in the Capitol Square, Richmond, Va.,
January 7, 1904.

WITH THE ADDRESSES DELIVERED ON THE OCCASION.

The monument of the distinguished surgeon and beloved physician, Dr. Hunter McGuire, a seated figure in bronze, on granite plinth, the cost of which was subscribed by his friends and admirers, and which stands near the entrance at 11th and Capital streets, and east of and near that of his redoubtable chieftain, "Stonewall" Jackson, was unveiled in the midst of an immense throng on Thursday, January 7, 1904, with impressive ceremonies.

The following is the inscription:

TO
HUNTER HOLMES McGUIRE, M. D., LL. D.,
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL
AND OF THE
AMERICAN SURGICAL ASSOCIATIONS;
FOUNDER OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF
MEDICINE;
MEDICAL DIRECTOR, JACKSON'S CORPS
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA;
AN EMINENT CIVIL AND MILITARY SURGEON
AND BELOVED PHYSICIAN.
AN ABLE TEACHER AND VIGOROUS WRITER;
A USEFUL CITIZEN AND BROAD
HUMANITARIAN;
GIFTED IN MIND AND GENEROUS IN HEART,
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED BY HIS MANY
FRIENDS.

OPENING EXERCISES.

The invited guests and the officers of the Association, having assembled on the platform erected for their accommodation, the assembly was called to order by the Hon. George L. Christian,

chairman, who requested Rev. James Power Smith, D. D., to open the exercises with prayer.

PRAYER.

Almighty and ever Gracious God, Thou art from everlasting to everlasting! Thy days are without end and Thy mercies cannot be numbered! Men come and pass away, and the procession of our humanity moves rapidly beyond the veil; but Thou remainest and thy grace fails not. O Lord, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee!

We thank Thee for the many blessings that attend our days and enfold us for our protection, our elevation and our happiness; for the institution of free government; for civil and religious liberty; for just laws and their administration; and for the blessings of education and literature, of charity and religion.

We thank Thee for the gift of strong men, wise and brave and faithful, the pillars of the social fabric. The Commonwealth is safe and strong when men are true to duty, brave in the time of peril and upright and steadfast in time of peace. We bless Thee for the great company of good men, whose names are not written on monuments, but who have done well in their generation; have offered their lives for the honor and safety of the State, or have lived for the welfare of their fellow-men!

We thank Thee for the blessed Healing Art, and for that profession which has given so many who have blessed their generation by their genius and skill, and their sympathy with the troubled and suffering. Unto one of them we have builded a monument, and into the bronze and stone have gone the grateful affection of many hearts. We have placed it here, that his name may be long remembered, and that his memory may abide for the good of the city and of his native Commonwealth, which he loved so ardently, and to which he gave so much of the devotion and power of his life.

Let Thy protecting power be about this monument, that through long years to come, its silent lesson may speak to generations that shall come after us, and its presence here beside the old Capitol of Virginia, and among the memorials of men great in war and great in peace, may animate many in coming years with the same desire to defend the State and to serve well their generation.

Let Thy favor ever abide upon the institutions to which he gave so much of his life and strength; upon his comrades, the men who wore the gray; upon the home he loved so dearly, and upon the

Commonwealth of Virginia; and to Thy name shall be the praise forever. Amen!

PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

At the conclusion of the prayer, Hon. George L. Christian, on behalf of the Association, made the presentation address as follows:

Ladies, my Countrymen and my Comrades:

We are assembled to-day to perform a patriotic as well as a proud and pleasant task; to unveil and to donate to Virginia a monument to one of her most eminent, devoted and patriotic sons. My friends, we Virginians of to-day have a heritage of glory of which we have a right to be proud. If there should be struck from the history of this country the record of the achievements of Virginians, in almost every line; nay, if there should be struck from the territory of our country the contributions made thereto by Virginia and Virginians, the annals of our country would be stripped of their brightest pages, and our land would be shorn of its fairest and richest domain.

Look at yonder pile! Where in all this, or in any other land, can you find the effigies of so many men that were both good and great? There stands Washington, the "Father of his Country," the foremost soldier and statesman of his day, the leader of our Revolutionary armies, as well as the wisest and best of our civic leaders. There stands Henry, the leading "rebel" of his time, he whose eloquent voice not only stirred our ancestors to revolt against the oppressions of their then sovereign, but who with almost prophetic vision saw the dangers lurking in the constitution subsequently framed, which dangers brought forth another revolution in an attempt to escape oppressions tenfold more galling than those which produced the first revolution. There stands Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, and the most profound political philosopher of any time. There stands Mason, author of the "Bill of Rights" of Virginia, the model for all such declarations for all States and for all time. There stands Marshall, the great expounder of the Constitution; universally conceded to have been one of the greatest jurists of any age. There stands Nelson, the financial support of the Revolutionary army; one of the truest patriots of his day, who insisted that his own house should be fired upon, because it shielded for the time the enemies of his country; and lastly, there stands

Lewis, the hero of Point Pleasant, and the man who with his own hands fired one of the guns which drove the hated Dunmore and his minions from our soil.

We can't stop even to name the great events which occurred between 1787 and 1861, in which Virginians figured, both as the civic and military leaders of the country, and can only say that during thirty-six out of the seventy-four years, then intervening, Virginia furnished the Chief Magistrate of the nation, whilst two others of those who filled that high office were the product of her fruitful loins.

But the great crisis in our history came with 1861. The deeds of virtue and of valor, of daring and devotion, of suffering and of sacrifice, of the men and women of the South from '61 to '65, form as proud a heritage of glory as was ever bequeathed from sire to son.

Need I tell the people of the capital of the "storm cradled" but meteoric Confederacy, how Virginia bore herself in those dark and trying days? I need only say that some of the greatest names which the muse of history has inscribed upon her pages were enrolled there during that period, and among the greatest of these was that of "Stonewall Jackson." The poet wrote of him—

"A hero came among us, as we slept;
At first he lowly knelt, then rose and wept,
Then gathering up a thousand spears,
He swept across the field of Mars,
Then bowed farewell, and walked among the stars
In the land where we were dreaming."

Within two years he so filled the world with his fame, that the people of another continent have erected and donated to Virginia yonder monument as a token of their respect for his character, and admiration for the brilliancy of his achievements. Where in all history will you find the counterpart of this tribute to character and to genius?

Old Thomas Carlyle, in his *Latter Day Pamphlets*, has written:

"Whom doth the King delight to honor? That is the question of questions concerning the King's own honor. Shew me the man you honor; I know by that symptom better than by any other, what kind of a man you yourself are. For you shew me there what your ideal of manhood is; what kind of a man you long inexpressibly to be, and would thank the gods with your whole heart for being if you could.

“Who is to have a statue, means whom shall we consecrate and set apart as one of our sacred men. Sacred; that all men may see him, be reminded of him, and by new example added to old perpetual precept, be taught what is real worth in man.”

My friends, the man to whom we have reared this statue is one whom we delight to honor, and, in honoring him, we not only honor ourselves, but we say to the world, this statue represents one of our ideals of real worth and true manhood.

Dr. McGuire played an important part in one of the greatest dramas that was ever performed on the stage of human history. He was assigned that part by one of the greatest leaders in that drama of war, and that great leader has put it on record that our hero performed his part well, so well indeed, that the name and fame of Jackson, both living and dying, will be forever associated with that of his great Medical Director.

It is, therefore, fitting that the friend and companion of the great “Stonewall,” the man who shared his tent and his mess in the days of his trials and his triumphs, who at the same time enjoyed his friendship and his confidence, and to whom he assigned great and important trusts for execution, should have his statue placed near that of his illustrious and incomparable chieftain.

But not only did Dr. McGuire win such fame as should entitle him to this statue by his great services as the Medical Director of the Second Corps of the immortal Army of Northern Virginia, but he rendered even greater services and won even greater fame after the war was over. It was then amid the desolations left by that conflict that he did so much to help to rebuild the waste places of our ruined land; to relieve the sufferings and the sorrows of our stricken people, and to keep the history of their deeds, and of the principles for which they fought, right and true.

In recognition then of his great services to his State and people, both in war and in peace; of his exalted character as a man and citizen, and especially in recognition of his eminence and achievements in the line of his chosen profession, the friends and admirers of Dr. McGuire, soon after his death, formed the HUNTER MCGUIRE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION for the purpose of erecting this memorial of their love and admiration for their friend, and to perpetuate in imperishable bronze the record of his achievements and great worth. The task undertaken has been completed, and, it is due to the distinguished artist to say, it is well done.

By the authority of the General Assembly of Virginia, this statue is placed on these grounds, along with those of so many others of her sons who have won fame in Virginia's service, and whom she so much delights to honor.

On behalf, and in the name of the HUNTER MCGUIRE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION, I am commissioned to present this monument to Virginia, and to ask your Excellency, as the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, to accept the same on her behalf. In doing this I affirm that, in the many similar gifts which she has received in the past to commemorate the deeds of her illustrious sons, Virginia has never received one *from* more loving and devoted hands, or one *of* a more patriotic, noble and devoted son than HUNTER HOLMES MCGUIRE.

ACCEPTANCE BY THE GOVERNOR.

Governor A. J. Montague responded as follows:

Mr. Chairman :

In consummation of the affection and energies of this Association, and in conformity to the statute of the Commonwealth, I accept this monument to HUNTER HOLMES MCGUIRE with the confidence that it will be cherished as an evidence of his rich contribution to science, humanity and country; for the "counterfeit presentment," in whose shadow we now stand, will proclaim with duration and eloquence of bronze the memory of a patriot, soldier and scientist, whose life powerfully impressed his day and generation.

THE ORATION.

Hon. HOLMES CONRAD, chosen orator of the occasion, was then presented to the assembled throng, and addressed them as follows:

Enlightened humanity, in all ages of the world, has sought to perpetuate the memory of its noblest types, and most important experiences, by the erection of enduring monuments.

These commemorate those crises in a nation's life in which radical departures were made from its earlier form and character, or they keep in remembrance some fine achievement in science or in art by which the conditions of the human race were improved or its happiness increased, or else they preserve the form and features of some illustrious personage, who, in such crises, by the display of

lofty virtue, or the performance of heroic deeds, has won the admiration and the gratitude of his countrymen.

We meet here to-day for the dedication of such a monument.

In future years some curious, or earnest, enquirer into the sources of Virginia's real greatness, may pause before the statue of her unique and most efficient soldier, and, recalling with enthusiasm those marvellous deeds which won for him the warrior's crown of Amaranth, may discern in them the presence of that same spirit of unselfish patriotism, that striving for the attainment of high and pure ideals, that unstinted devotion of life and substance to the public welfare which animated those kindred souls whose forms Virginia has clothed in marble and in bronze, as she has enshrined in her history their lives and deeds, as the truest and loftiest expressions of her people's character.

Passing on, this searcher after the truth will reach another figure, not clothed in martial garb, or arrayed in robes of state, but bearing on his countenance the impress of heroic mold. And here, this enquirer may ask: What hath this man wrought; what service hath he rendered, that the memory of him should be thus preserved? And to this enquiry some might answer: "He was the friend of Stonewall Jackson." But to those of us who knew him, and esteemed him for what he was in himself, and the good deeds he had done, such answer would be held scant and inadequate, because we know that the qualities which in his youth endeared him to his great commander, did, through all the years of his maturer manhood, gain for him the love and confidence, the admiration and applause of his country and his kind.

The character of Dr. McGuire, like the portico of Solomon's temple, rested upon the firm pillars of strength and stability. He acquired these traits by rightful inheritance. They had been the characteristics of his race. It might prove of deepest interest, did the occasion serve, to note how in dramatic incident and romantic adventures these traits of his family character had prevailed, but it is appropriate now to notice only his immediate ancestry. His grandfather, Captain Edward McGuire, held that rank and station in the Continental Line, and had fought with success for the establishment of that republican form of government, the integrity of which his more distinguished grandson, near one hundred years later, fought in vain to preserve.

His father, Dr. Hugh Holmes McGuire, was a physician and surgeon of the older type, and it is not invidious to say that his fame

exceeded that of any other member of his profession in all the regions west of the Blue Ridge mountains. Many came to him from afar to be healed. As a surgeon, his operations down to the close of his life fully sustained his well-earned reputation. His specialty, if any he had, was the eye, and multitudes came from Maryland, from Pennsylvania, and from beyond the Alleghanies to receive treatment at his hands. He was the frankest and the most unassuming of men; bluntness well-nigh to the verge of brusqueness marked his deliverances of speech, but no man had nicer perceptions of the proprieties of life, and none more free than he from intentionally wounding the sensibilities of others. His correctness and rapidity of diagnosis were marvellous. His originality in the selection of remedies, and in his methods of treatment, were matters of wonder and approval by his profession. Although sixty years of age at the outbreak of the war, he instantly offered his services, was commissioned as surgeon, and placed in charge of the hospitals at Lexington.

He had married Ann Eliza Moss, of Fairfax county, his first cousin, their mothers being daughters of Colonel Joseph Holmes, an officer in the Continental Line, and county lieutenant of Frederick county during the Revolutionary war.

Of this marriage was born, on the 11th of October, 1835, Hunter Holmes McGuire, who was called after his great uncle, Major Andrew Hunter Holmes, an officer of the United States army, who had fallen at the battle of Mackinaw.

Hunter received his academic education at the Winchester Academy, where he might have seen his father's name graven on the desks, and where a succession of Scotch and Irish schoolmasters had done so much to give strength and form to the characters of several generations of men. He was a grave, earnest, manly boy, taking little part in the games and sports of his school-fellows, but always held by them in deepest respect and affection for his frank, amiable disposition, his unswerving devotion to truth, and his unflinching courage. He was not a brilliant student and gave no other promise of his future distinction than was implied in his striking traits of character. His father, in association with other physicians, had founded a Medical College at Winchester, which, for many years before the war, was largely attended by students. Here Hunter McGuire received his early medical training, which was developed further at the medical schools in Philadelphia. From 1856 to 1858 he held the Chair of Anatomy in the college at Winchester,

but in the latter year he removed to Philadelphia to conduct a "Quiz Class," in conjunction with Drs. Pancoast and Lockett. In this congenial work he was engaged when the John Brown raid, that doleful harbinger of the war, occurred. This gave occasion for the outspoken declarations of intense and bitter feeling which had long smouldered, and from which the medical students enjoyed no exceptional immunity.

When the body of the executed felon was borne through Philadelphia, the dwellers in that city of Brotherly Love gave free and full expression to the sentiments which prevailed in their bosoms.

Now did the powers which lay dormant in the soul of this young physician play their first and most dramatic part on the public stage. His acquaintance among those with whom he lived and worked was of necessity limited. Himself, comparatively unknown, without the graces of person, the seductiveness of manner or powers of speech which so often win the attention and control the conduct of the masses of mankind, we find him, in the midst of winter, leaving Philadelphia at the head of three hundred medical students, who, forfeiting all they had staked, of present investment and of hope of future advantage from those schools, followed their leader with unfaltering tread into unknown and apparently hopeless fields. What now, we may enquire, was the secret of that marvellous power in the exercise of which a youth of twenty-four years of age was enabled to induce 300 men, many of whom were doubtless older and far more experienced than himself, to forsake the present means of earning a livelihood and cast their fortunes with him? What is the foundation of that confidence, under the potent sway of which legions of veteran soldiers and the people and statesmen of great empires have been induced to place their destinies in the hands of young and inexperienced leaders? How did the youthful Alexander so win over the trained legions of Philip as to achieve by them the conquest of Greece, and lead them across wide fields of Asia until their victorious march was stayed on the banks of the far distant Hyphasis? How did the younger Pitt so lead captive the Commons of England, make impotent the resistless logic of Fox, the profound philosophy and the gorgeous rhetoric of Burke, and hold them unbroken, in his resistance to Napoleon's pride, until he himself was stricken to his death by the baleful rays of the Star of Austerlitz? In every human heart, however benighted by ignorance, debauched by sin, or depraved by crime, there remains a susceptibility to the ennobling influences of heroism.

Thomas Carlyle has said: "It will ever be so. We all love great men; love, venerate and bow down submissive before great men; nay, can we honestly bow down to anything else? Ah, does not every true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him? No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart; and to me it is very cheering to consider that no skeptical logic or general triviality, insincerity and aridity of any time and its influences can destroy this noble, inborn loyalty and worship that is in man."

And is it not true that these three hundred students followed that young and earnest teacher because they recognized in him a born leader of men, and attested by their implicit confidence his genius for command? This was on his part no stroke of policy, no low preferment of his own selfish interests, no vulgar greed for popularity. He exacted no conditions from his followers, and imposed on them no terms of future allegiance; but, having conducted them to Richmond, and seen them established in suitable schools, he withdrew in self-effacement to earn his living in another field.

The alarm of war recalled him from his new-found home in New Orleans to his birthplace in Virginia. At the first call to arms he stood not on any claim which his conspicuous conduct might afford, but took his place in the ranks of the first volunteer company that marched out from Winchester, ready to perform the duties of the humblest station. Very soon, however, the obvious need for his professional skill called him to the medical staff of the army, and here the discerning eye of Jackson fell upon him, and singled him for the high place of Medical Director of his army. To Dr. McGuire's sense of just proportion this distinction appeared to be unfair to others of his profession, who, older and more experienced than himself, had from like motives entered the service. He pointed this out to General Jackson, and asked to be relieved, but his only solace was the stern reply: "Sir, I appointed you." And from that day on, till the "Dolorous Stroke" at Chancellorsville, there was no official report of battle by General Jackson that did not contain express acknowledgment of the efficient service of Surgeon McGuire.

Throughout their long and interesting association the relation between these two men was not that alone of commander and chief surgeon, but in camp, in bivouac and in battle, Dr. McGuire was always the trusted friend and close companion of his reticent chief. With what delightful satisfaction do we recall those charming reci-

tals that our friend did make in social intercourses, and on more formal occasions, of his conversations with General Jackson—of the vehement and impetuous outbursts of intense emotion that at times, though rarely, escaping from that strange man, opened to view the workings of his mighty soul, as a chasm in *Ætna's* rugged side lays bare the awful fires within. But what infinite tenderness and love was there displayed as in his last visit and interview with the dying Gregg and his impassioned grief—indeed, his rage—at the supposed neglect of that young soldier, who had been committed to his care, when the wounded boy lay dying on the field. We recall, too, the earnest and emphatic declaration he made to Dr. McGuire when, yielding to the advice of those he had called into council, he had abandoned Winchester to the uncontested occupation of General Banks: “I will never hold another council of war ;” and to this resolution he steadfastly adhered.

How modestly and how reverently our friend would recall those memories of deepest interest to all. How free from vulgar boasting and self-exploitation were all his references to that association which was his reasonable pride and his unfailing comfort. Well might he say: “The noblest heritage I shall hand down to my children is the fact that Stonewall Jackson condescended to hold me and treat me as his friend.”

And what more priceless heritage can any man transmit to his posterity than that he was held in trustful friendship by one whom the whole world lauds.

His brethren of both opposing armies unite in according to Hunter McGuire the entire credit of the inauguration of many reforms in the interest of economy and humanity. One, his comrade on Jackson's staff, who had opportunity for knowing whereof he spoke, has said of him:

“With his personal skill as an army surgeon and ability to advise and direct in the treatment and the operations of others, Dr. McGuire rapidly developed remarkable administrative ability. There was an extensive and immediate work of organization devolved upon him—appointments, instructions, supplies to be secured, medical and hospital trains to be arranged, hospitals to be established. All this work, of immense importance, was to be done in the midst of active campaigns, with the army in motion, and often in battle. And in this Dr. McGuire displayed such qualities of comprehension, of promptness, of energy, of command, and of winning confidence and support on every side, that the rising genius

of the Confederacy found himself supported in the medical department in such a way as gave him entire satisfaction."

And those who were sometime his enemies in war, now at his death come forward with cordial words of commendation and praise. From Boston comes the plaudit: "He humanized war by originating the custom of releasing all medical officers immediately on their capture." From New York came the recognition: "To Surgeon McGuire belongs the credit of organizing the Reserve Corps hospitals of the Confederate army and perfecting the Ambulance Corps." Accident alone, it may be, has preserved the record of these excellent works. What other reforms were inaugurated by him, and on what other objects his vast and fertile administrative powers were exercised are known only to those who witnessed them, and whose knowledge lies buried with them.

The operations of the Confederate army, in all its varied departments of service, in the ordnance, the commissary, the quartermaster, as in the medical departments, stimulated the faculties of invention and contrivance in directions, and to an extent of which the world has but little knowledge, and for which those deserving of lasting honor and of rich reward have died impoverished and unknown. Not only from the crudest and most ill-adapted material were devices effective and adequate constructed, but the principles of science received new applications, and the resources of art a marvellous development.

The world was shut out from personal knowledge of the interior workings of the Confederate government and of its domestic secrets, and the only medium of knowledge as to such matters has been one that cannot be approved for its manifest fitness to transmit rays of truth.

After the untimely death of his loved commander and comrade, Dr. McGuire served as Medical Director of the Second Corps, under its succeeding commanders, to the close of the war. It is enough to say that from each of them there came the same admiring and approving expressions of his official conduct, as had never failed to appear in the official reports of General Jackson, and that from his brethren of the medical staff he continued to receive the same generous support and the same frank expressions of trust and confidence that had marked their earlier relations. No petty jealousies disturbed the harmony of that relation, but to the close of his military career Dr. McGuire retained the warm friendship and the fullest confidence of each and all of his associates. And do we not all know,

did we not learn it forty years ago, that the truest and most infallible touchstone of any man's real worth and merit is the esteem in which he was held by his comrades in the army? Long continued privation, suffering, danger, these bring out in clearest lines the real disposition and features of a man's character. All false pretenders, shams and frauds disappear under the burning test of that stern trial. Selfishness, in none of its Protean forms, can long escape detection, and the bluster of the bully and the braggart, and the vulgar feats of the swashbuckler and the bruiser are not mistaken for true courage. All men, in that relation, receive a just and lasting appraisalment.

Of these displays of professional skill from the binding of General Jackson's earliest wound at first Manassas to the last sad offices to his dying chief at Chancellorsville, and on down to the parting scenes at Appomattox, the achievements of this great master of his art must be recounted by more apt and fitter tongues than mine. It is now well known that the demands upon his skill as surgeon and physician did not exhaust or even employ the full measure of his large capacity. In other and more extended fields he displayed a genius for compact organization, a contemplation and grasp of broader needs of humanity, and a clear perception and an effective employment of the adequate means for their complete relief. From his own experience, and from that of his fellow-surgeons, he made broad and intelligent inductions, which, in later years, were expressed in his chapter on the "Treatment of Gun Shot Wounds," which found place in the standard works of his profession, and obtained ready acceptance by the masters of surgical art the wide world over.

At the close of the war Dr. McGuire settled in the city of Richmond, to make that his future home, and was elected to fill the Chair of Surgery in the Medical College of Virginia, then recently made vacant by the death of Dr. Charles Bell Gibson, and he held this chair until 1878.

In 1883, he founded the St. Luke's Home for the Sick, with its attendant training school for nurses. The increasing demands upon this institution soon required an enlargement of space and facilities; it was removed in 1899 to a new building erected for the purpose in the western part of the city, which remains another monument to his wise sagacity and pious zeal.

Impressed with the need for a larger and more thorough culture,

to keep pace with the vast strides which modern explorations were making in surgery and medicine, he, associated with others, founded in 1893 the University College of Medicine, which was opened in October of that year, and at once by its surprising success confirmed the wisdom of its creation. In connection with this new college there was established the Virginia Hospital. Of each of these fine institutions Dr. McGuire was the president, and in the college was also the Clinical Professor of Surgery.

He was one of the founders of the Medical Society of Virginia in 1870, and for several years was the chairman of its Executive Committee, and in 1880 became its President.

Honorary degrees and preferments have in this age lost much of their original significance, but never were these more worthily bestowed than upon this most deserving person.

In 1887, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon him by the University of North Carolina, and in 1888, by the Jefferson College, of Philadelphia.

In 1869, he became President of the Richmond Academy of Medicine, and in 1875, President of the Association of Medical Officers of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States.

In 1889, he was made President of the Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association.

In 1876, he was Vice-President of the International Medical Congress.

In 1893, the Vice-President, and 1896, the President of the American Medical Association.

He was a member and officer in many other scientific associations throughout this country, and his attainments and usefulness received significant marks of recognition and appreciation from scientists and scientific associations of foreign lands.

His contributions to the ephemeral and permanent literature of his time, while not numerous, were weighty and influential. Of his potential and timely aid to Southern literature we shall presently speak.

Dr. McGuire was in no sense a politician, or a blind partisan or factionist. He was an earnest lover of the truth in every relation of life, and in no cause was his courage so conspicuously displayed, or his sustained zeal more intelligently directed than in his untiring efforts to rescue his own land and people from the machinations of those who were seeking to make lies their refuge, and under solemn falsehoods to hide themselves.

Some philosopher of the modern school has announced that a lie plausibly told and strenuously maintained is often more potent than the truth, and this appears to have been the moral axiom by which certain historians of political and social events in this country of ours have been guided in their works.

Of the biographical encyclopedias, in which persons of whose existence we never heard are recorded as "American Statesman," while George Mason, of Virginia, and many others of almost equal eminence are noticed only as "local politicians," and of the more imposing histories of the United States which have obtained general currency, we do not complain, or do no more than point out follies in a passing review. But, of one class of such literature we have complained, and have done more than complain, we have rooted it out from our public schools because of its tendency to inculcate falsehoods which were vicious in their intent and pernicious in their consequences. The aphorism is attributed to Fletcher of Saltoun: "Let me write the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their Laws." The writers of these meretricious books, with hope of more far-reaching results, might, with more of practical wisdom, say: "Let me write the school books of a people, and I care not who writes their songs or their Laws."

To no man in the land is the credit for this work of wholesome expurgation in the South more due than to Hunter McGuire.

The engrossing demands of his professional life, on its many sides, as practitioner, operator, instructor, founder and writer, had prevented more than a superficial and passing thought, by Dr. McGuire, of the alarming extent and growth of this mischievous evil. It has been stated that while Dr. McGuire was 'spending a vacation at Bar Harbour a few years ago in company with that gallant soldier and gentleman, Captain John Cussons, their talk was of the efforts of Northern writers and their friends to pervert the world's judgment and secure a world verdict in their favor, and yet more, of the threatening danger that success would attend their efforts to secure a verdict from Southern children against their fathers, through the instrumentality of blinded Southern teachers—subjects upon which Captain Cussons had already written some trenchant articles. Dr. McGuire then for the first time studied *Barnes' History*, the most notorious instrument then being used for our injury and the profit of Northern publishers. Some desultory effort had been made in Virginia, during preceding years, for the removal of this book. These gentlemen resolved that on their return to Virginia such a

movement should be inaugurated, and pressed with their own energy and that of the men they could gather for the work, as would not stop nor stay until the truth should be taught in our public schools, and books and men opposed to it be removed.

Such a movement was inaugurated and a committee appointed, consisting of Professors Dabney, of the University of Virginia; White, of Washington and Lee; Abbott, of Bellevue; J. P. McGuire, of Richmond, and Vawter, of the Miller School, to take the matter in hand. The Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia appointed a committee for the same purpose, of which committee, Hunter McGuire was the chairman. On October 1, 1899, he submitted the report of the committee, prepared by himself. In that report is expressed his deepest convictions of the evil to be encountered, of the sources of that evil, and of the remedies to be employed for its eradication. In this report, he says:

“No longer concerning ourselves with the sentimental unionists and the honest abolitionists—whose work seems to be over—we still struggle against the two parties we have described. These exist in their successors to-day—their successors who strive to control the opinions of our people, and those who seek to make gain by their association with us. Co-operating with these, and representing motives common to them all, is the new form of another party, which has existed since sectionalism had its birth, the party which has always labored to convince the world that the North was altogether right and righteous, and the South wholly and wickedly wrong in the sectional strife. This party is to-day the most distinctly defined and the most dangerous to us. Its chief representatives are the historians against whose work we are especially engaged. We are enlisted against an invasion organized and vigorously prosecuted by all of these people. They are actuated by all the motives we have described, but they have two well defined (and, as to us, malignant) purposes. One of them is to convince all men, and especially our Southern children, that we were, as Dr. Curry expresses their view, ‘a brave, rash people, deluded by bad men, who attempted in an illegal and wicked manner to overthrow the Union.’ The other purpose, and for this especially they are laboring, is to have it believed that the Southern soldier, however brave, was actuated by no higher motive than the desire to retain the money value of his slave property. They rightly believed that the world once convinced of this, will hold us degraded, rather than worthy of honor, and that our

children, instead of reverencing their fathers, will be secretly, if not openly, ashamed of them."

The report then reviews certain publications of one of the most learned and forceful writers of the North, and points out with clearness and conclusiveness the errors of statement as to facts in our history which are beyond dispute, and which can be accounted for only by the blindness of sectional prejudice which disfigures the otherwise admirable work of that learned writer.

Dr. McGuire's life and services afford many and strong claims to the profound regard and affection of the people of the South. They offer none, however, stronger than this, that by his intelligent and persistent efforts the fountains of knowledge from which our children are supplied have been cleansed and purified, the stream has been restored to its proper channels, and its living waters will henceforward bear to the children of the South the truth that may make them free.

Thus briefly and crudely enough we have reviewed some of the grounds on which this man's wide and brilliant reputation is founded, and which, in the estimation of his people, entitle him to this earthly crown.

But his words and his works are not of themselves the man; indeed, they but dimly and most inadequately disclose the vast powers, the infinite variety and the ineffable charm of his mind and character.

He was primarily a veracious man, not in his written and spoken words alone, but in every instinct of his nature, in every impulse of his lofty soul, in every act of his noble life, as in all the varied expressions of his countenance the truth was the distinguishing feature. Deceit and guile had no place in his heart, but candor in thought and sentiment, and frankness in his declarations was his typical characteristic.

Simplicity in the operations of his mind, in the exercise of his soul, and in the conduct of his life was one of the sources of his unfailing success.

Courage of that pure and exalted type which is unconscious of self, and of that quality which grows in strength as the danger which confronts it thickens and continues; that courage which has its sanction in purity of heart, in unselfishness of aim and elevation of purpose. His soul was never daunted by the suddenness or the extremity of peril, and his eye never quailed before the face of mortal

man. It is in this feature of his character that we may find the power which sustained him in the projection and in the ultimate achievement of those important movements which, throughout his life, he inaugurated for the advancement of his profession and for the alleviation of the wants and sufferings of humanity.

In his intellectual life the qualities of which we have spoken played a conspicuous part. Singleness of aim, simplicity of methods, and unswerving devotion to his object will account for much. His mind was never clouded by misty speculations, but in all its operations it was guided by a knowledge which he believed to be accurate and sufficiently full for the object sought. His perceptions were clear and vigorous, never distorted by passion or perverted by prejudice. His impressions were always thoroughly digested and his reflections were free and candid. His conclusions were often reached with a rapidity that appeared to be instinctive. They were honestly formed, and not lightly surrendered.

It was these qualities and habits of mind that in large measure imparted to his social conversation and his more formal narrations that lucidity of style, that graphic delineation of character or incident, which so charmed his listeners. But intellect alone never wins the love of men, it makes no appeal to the affections. History holds no record of any man crowned as a hero by virtue of his intellect alone. Intellect never swayed senates or led confiding legions to victory. Those faculties of the soul which constitute character are the potential factors in life. It is the character of man that commands our confidence and controls our affections. It is that which most essentially distinguishes one man from another and fixes for each man his place and power in life. A man's impulsive words and acts, the unpremeditated and instinctive expressions of his aspirations and desires, these disclose the real man.

It was by these that Hunter McGuire was made more clearly known, and it is by these that his image is most deeply graven on the fleshly tablets of human hearts. His claims to greatness rest upon the fact that in all the manifestations of his personal character he was great. The scope of his moral vision was broad. He was magnanimous, no petty piques or prejudices or resentments disturbed the serenity of his soul. He harboured no revenge, nor bore malice to any. His charity was broad; the weak, the helpless, the poor and the friendless were the objects of his tender care, on whom, without stint, he expended of his time and substance. No open record may exist on earth of that vast multitude whose racking

bodies found relief or their anxious hearts found solace in the retirement of St. Luke's, but it will not be forgotten by those grateful hearts that these ministrations were without other reward than the gratitude they excited and the consciousness that he was doing the will of his Master.

The Confederate soldier and the Confederate cause, as he interpreted it, stood nearer than any other to his heart. No appeal to him in their behalf was ever made in vain.

To his fellowmen he was generous, sympathetic and ever ready to aid by his counsel and his co-operation and his means. His brethren of his profession have attested by tongue and pen their recognition and appreciation of his valuable fellowship. The younger members of that profession bear willing witness to the abundant aid and cheerful support which at all times he afforded to them.

He loved the South, her people and her interests, and gave thought and labor to their advancement. He loved with a love that knew no bounds, Virginia, and her people, his brethren of her soil. These were the objects of his deep solicitude, and upon them the final labors of his life were spent.

And when all the labors of his life were ended, when from the pains and trials of those closing days he would find relief, he crossed over the waters of Death's unfear'd river, to rejoin his great commander, under the shade of the trees—

“And gave his body to this pleasant country's earth, and his pure soul unto his Captain Christ, under whose colours he had fought so long.”

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, August 2, 1906.]

THE BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG, PENN.

Ordered by General Early in Retaliation for the Wanton
Destruction of the Private Property of Citizens of
Virginia.

By General JOHN McCAUSLAND, C. S. A.

The wanton destruction of the private property of citizens of Virginia by orders of General Hunter, a Federal army officer, may be considered as one of the strongest reasons for the retaliation by Early's orders upon the city of Chambersburg. Andrew Hunter

lived in the county of Jefferson, near Harper's Ferry, and was a relative of General Hunter. A. R. Boteler and E. J. Lee also lived in the same vicinity. No reasons that I have ever heard have been given for the burning of their houses. Governor Letcher's property was in Lexington, Va., and the Military Institute was also near Lexington. I do not think any better reasons can be given for the destruction of these houses than could have been given if General Hunter had destroyed every house, barn or other building that was standing and in good order upon his line of march from Staunton to Lynchburg.

The property of J. T. Anderson was in the county of Botetourt, and located near the banks of the James river, at Buchanan. Mrs. Anderson and a lady relative were the only occupants at the time. I destroyed the bridge across the James to retard Hunter in his march, and it did detain him for two days, during which time he occupied this house as his headquarters. He promised the ladies protection, and after his departure an officer and some soldiers returned with a written order from him to destroy everything about the premises. A few days later, as General Hunter was passing another Virginia mansion, a lady asked him why he had destroyed the magnificent home of Colonel Anderson. He replied that "Virginia women were worse traitors than their husbands, and he would burn the houses over their heads in order to make them personally and immediately experience some punishment for their treason;" and, on another occasion, he said to a Virginia lady that he "would humble the Virginia women before he left the State." I could enumerate many other acts of actual destruction, threats and wanton violence on the part of Hunter, all of which make up the public sentiment that prevailed at that time in Virginia, and which required steps on the part of the military authorities to prevent their recurrence in the future, as well as to stop the useless destruction then going on; but what I have given is considered sufficient to explain the reason why the city of Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, was burned.

LOCATION OF FORCES.

It may be considered indispensable to give the location of the force composing the Federal and Confederate armies during the latter part of the month of July, 1864, in order to properly understand the raid that was made into the State of Pennsylvania which resulted in the destruction of Chambersburg.

Hunter's army was scattered along the northern bank of the Po-

tomac river, in Maryland, from near Hancock to Harper's Ferry, the main body being near the latter place. Early was located on the opposite side of the same river. My command was on the left of Early's army, and I think that Averill's cavalry was located opposite to me—at least a portion of it was there.

When I speak of cavalry in the course of this sketch, I am aware that the term is not properly applied, for so far as the Confederate troops which I commanded were concerned, they were badly armed, badly mounted, and worse equipped—in fact, they were mostly mounted militia. The men would have made good soldiers if there had been time to discipline them, and arms and equipments to furnish them. The horses were nearly worn out, and there was no supply to draw from. We tried to get horses in Pennsylvania, but found them removed from the line of march, and we had no time to look for them elsewhere.

In July, 1864, a cavalry brigade which I commanded was encamped near the Potomac river, in the county of Berkeley, West Virginia. It made the advance post of the army under General Early that was guarding the approaches into Virginia through the Shenandoah Valley. On July 28 I received an order from General Early to cross the Potomac with my brigade and one under General Bradley T. Johnson, and proceed to the city of Chambersburg. My orders were to capture the city and deliver to the proper authorities a proclamation which General Early had issued, calling upon them to furnish me with \$100,000 in gold or \$500,000 in greenbacks, and in case the money was not forthcoming I was instructed to burn the city and return to Virginia. The proclamation also stated that this course had been adopted in retaliation for the destruction of property in Virginia by orders of General Hunter, and specified that the homes of Andrew Hunter, A. R. Boteler, E. J. Lee, Governor Letcher, J. T. Anderson, the Virginia Military Institute, and others in Virginia had been burned by orders of David Hunter, a Federal commander, and that this money demanded from Chambersburg was to be paid to the parties specified as compensation for their loss of property. It appears that General Early adopted this policy after proper reflection; that his orders were distinct and final, and that what was done on this occasion by my command was not the result of inconsiderate action or want of proper authority, as was alleged by many parties at the North, both at the time and since the close of the war.

SITUATION ON JULY 29.

On the 29th of July the two cavalry brigades that were to make

the dash into Pennsylvania, by turning the right of Hunter's army, were assembled at Hammond's Hill, in Berkeley county, W. Va. During the night the Federal pickets on the opposite side of the river were captured, and our troops crossed just as daylight appeared on the morning of the 30th, and moved out and formed the line of march on the National road. Major Harry Gilmor drove the Federal cavalry from the small village of Clear Spring, and pushed on toward Hagerstown to create the impression that the rest of the troops were following. At Clear Spring we left the National road and turned into the Mercersburg road to the north. We reached Mercersburg about dark, and stopped to feed our horses and give the stragglers time to catch up. After this stop the march was continued all night, notwithstanding the opposition made at every available point by a regiment of Federal cavalry. Major Sweeney, with his cavalry battalion, kept the roads clear, and we reached Chambersburg at daylight on the 31st. The approach to the town was defended only by one piece of artillery and some irregular troops, who were soon driven off, and the advance of our force took possession of the town. The main part of our two brigades was formed into line on the high ground overlooking the town.

I at once went into the city with my staff and requested some of the citizens to inform the city authorities that I wanted to see them. I also sent my staff through the town to locate the proper officials and inform them that I had a proclamation for their consideration. Not one could be found. I then directed the proclamation to be read to as many citizens as were near me, and asked them to hunt up their town officers, informing them I would wait until they could either find the proper authorities, or by consultation among themselves, determine what they would do. Finally, I informed them that I would wait six hours, and if they would then comply with the requirements, their town would be safe; but if not, it would be destroyed, in accordance with my orders from General Early.

EVERYTHING WAS EXPLAINED.

After a few hours of delay many citizens came to see me—some were willing to pay the money, others were not. I urged them to comply, giving them such reasons as occurred to me at the time, and told them plainly what they might expect in the event of their failure to pay the money demanded. I showed to my officers and to the citizens who came to see me, my written authority and orders of General Early, and before a single house was burned both the citi-

zens and the Confederate officers fully understood why it was done and by whose orders.

After waiting until the expiration of the six hours, and finding that the proclamation would not be complied with, the destruction was begun by firing the most central blocks first, and after the inhabitants had been removed from them. Thus the town was destroyed, and the citizens driven to the hills and fields adjacent thereto. No lives were lost among the citizens, and only one soldier was killed, he being killed after the troops had left the place. About noon the troops were reformed on the high ground overlooking the town, where most of them had been posted in the early morning, and the return to the Potomac was begun. We encamped at McConnellsburg that night, and reached the river the next day at or near Hancock, Md.

In confirmation of what I have here written, Major Gilmore says in his book, *Four Years In the Saddle*, page 210:

"He showed me General Early's order."

General Early, in his *Memoir*, page 57, says:

"A written demand was sent to the municipal authorities, and they were informed what would be the result of a failure or refusal to comply with it."

On page 59, General Early says:

"On the 30th of July McCausland reached Chambersburg and made the demand as directed, reading to such of the authorities as presented themselves the paper sent by me."

Colonel W. E. Peters, who commanded one of the regiments in Johnson's Brigade, when the burning commenced, came and asked me if it was being done by my orders. I showed him the order of General Early, which he refused to obey, declaring that he would break his sword and throw it away before he would obey it, as there were only defenseless women and children in Chambersburg. He was put under arrest for this defiance, but was released the same day and returned to his command when it was pressed by two brigades of Federal cavalry, and his valorous presence needed.

In this expedition our troops passed through more than 100 miles of hostile territory, executed all orders that were issued with promptness regularity, and never have I heard of any complaint of acts unauthorized by their superior officers, of competent authority to order it, and, moreover, that it was an act of retaliation perfectly justified by the circumstances, and was at all times in keeping with the rules governing civilized warfare.

[From the Richmond, Va., *News Leader*, November 24, 1903.]

BATTLE OF THE CRATER, JULY 30, 1864.

Roster of the Members of the 12th Virginia Infantry, Mahone's Brigade, Who Were Engaged.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Weisiger, Colonel David A., commanding brigade; wounded.

Jones, Captain Richard W., of Company I, commanding regiment.

Hinton, Lieutenant Drury A., Aide-de-Camp of brigade commander.

Smith, Adjutant Hugh R.

Maclin, Sergeant-Major Joseph J.

COMPANY "A"—PETERSBURG CITY GUARD.

Bain, Sergeant John W.

Eckles, Private Benjamin F.; wounded.

Hawthorne, Private John W.

Harrison, Private William Henry.

Ivey, Private George W.

May, Private George W.

Stainback, Private Francis Charles.

COMPANY "B"—PETERSBURG "A" GRAYS.

Brown, Private Samuel E.

Chappell, Private Robert; wounded.

Cayce, Private Milton; wounded.

Chase, Private Henry E.; wounded.

Dean, Private Leonidas H.; killed.

Fowlkes, Private Joseph C.; wounded.

Leavitt, Private Ithman M.

Lufsey, Private Henry.

Morrison, Private William H.

Pollard, Captain Thomas P.

Simmons, Private Napoleon B.

Smith, Sergeant William C.

Tatum, Private L.; killed.

Valentine, Private Thomas; wounded.

Weaver, Private Christopher; killed.

Waller, Private T. J.

COMPANY "C"—PETERSBURG "B" GRAYS.

Bird, Corporal Color Guard Henry V. L.

Caldwell, Private W. W.

Epes, Sergeant Richard; wounded.

Evans, George W.

Green, Private J. W.

Pugh, Private John J.; killed.

Rawles, Private W. R.; killed.

Sledge, Private Henry.

Thompson, Sergeant Robert G.

COMPANY "D"—PETERSBURG LAFAYETTE GUARD.

Clark, Private John H.

Hardy, Private James.

Harber, Private Charles; killed.

Laughton, Lieutenant John E., Jr.; seriously wounded.

Smith, Private George; wounded.

COMPANY "E"—PETERSBURG RIFLEMEN.

Butts, Private R. Emmett; killed.

Bernard, Private George S.

Bernard, Private D. Meade.

Blakemore, Private James H. (courier).

Crow, Sergeant John E.

Davis, Private Richard B.; wounded.

Fitzgerald, Private Henry W.

Farley, Private James W.; killed.

Harrison, Sergeant Marcellus W.; killed.

Harrison, Sergeant Hartwell B.

Hatcher, Private Robert.

Henry, Private Robert R. (courier).

Johnson, Sergeant William C.

Stith, Private Putman; wounded.

Scott, Private William H.

Turner, Sergeant John R.

Taylor, Orderly Sergeant W. W.

COMPANY "F"—HUGER GRAYS.

Barnes, Private Hezekiah.

Barnes, Private John R.

Cardwell, Private George W.; wounded.

Ferguson, Private Alexander.

Mitchell, Private William.
McKenney, Private Peter; killed.
Phillips, Private J. J. M.
Spence, Private Joseph.
Whitehorne, Sergeant J. Edward; wounded.
Welton, Private George; wounded.
Welton, Private William; killed.

COMPANY "G"—RICHMOND GRAYS.

Burke, Private Edmund; killed.
Brett, Sergeant William P.
Bowers, Private N. M.
Ford, Private William H.; wounded.
Fisher, Private Charles.
Gibson, Private Jedeth; killed.
Gibson, Private, Jr.
Hankins, Private James F.
Kelley, Sergeant Oscar R.
Kelly, Lieutenant Patrick H.
Lovenstein, Private Isadore.
McConnochie, Private David.
Muhl, Private Oscar O.
Phillips, First Lieutenant James F.
Rogers, Private Augustus F.
Robins, Private Albert H.
Robbins, Private Augustus F.
Sacrey, Private J. B.; killed.
Walsh, Private Thomas C.

COMPANY "H"—NORFOLK JUNIORS.

Baldry, Sergeant John R.; killed.
Beale, Lieutenant Charles L.; wounded.
Guffin, Private A. J.; wounded.
Gale, Private William B.
James, Private Edward.
Lewis, Private Thomas J.
Murray, Private James T.; wounded.
Norwood, Private —.
Spence, Private George A.
Woodhouse, Private W. Smith; wounded.
White, Private Edward J.; killed.
White, Private W. J.
Williamson, Private John T.

COMPANY "I"—MEHERRIN GRAYS.

Avery, Private John W.
Brewer, Private Jesse.
Butler, Private I. A.
Crump, Sergeant George R.
Delbridge, Private Joseph.
Delbridge, Private William.
Edwards, Private Joseph.
Finn, Private D. B.
Ferguson, Lieutenant Erastus.
Hall, Private Jesse.
Harrison, Private N. L.; wounded.
Howard, Private A. W.
Jean, Private J. L.
Jones, Private John J.
Johnson, Private Samuel.
Lee, Private George W.
Manson, Lieutenant J. R.
Moore, Private Joseph.
Newsom, Private George W.
Phillips, Private Deb. M.
Phillips, Private James W.
Pollard, Private George W.
Pepper, Sergeant Joseph H.
Rook, Private B. S.
Rose, Private ——.
Rook, Private James M.
Talley, Private William T.
Welton, Private James L.
Williams, Private ——.
Woodruff, Sergeant Marcellus G.

COMPANY "K"—PETERSBURG ARCHER RIFLES.

Burton, Private William.
Fuqua, Private Robert; killed.
Huddleston, Private R. F.
Litchford, Sergeant; mortally wounded.
Mann, Private William.
Richardson, Sergeant Thomas Emmett.
Stringer, Private John; killed.
Phillips, Private James.

HISTORY OF CRENSHAW BATTERY,

Pegram's Battalion, Third Corps, Army of Northern
Virginia—With a Roster of the Company.

THIS FAMOUS ORGANIZATION PARTICIPATED IN FORTY-EIGHT
ENGAGEMENTS AND MANY SKIRMISHES.

Written by Private Charles P. Young, and Revised by Captain Thomas
Ellett, Thirty-eight Years after Close of the War.

On Friday, March 14, 1862, there assembled at the wholesale warehouse of Messrs. Crenshaw & Co., on the Basin bank, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, Richmond, Va., one of the jolliest, most rollicking, fun-loving crowd of youngsters, between the ages of 16 and 25, that were ever thrown together haphazard, composed of clerks, book-keepers, salesmen, compositors, with a small sprinkling of solid business men, from Richmond, reinforced with as sturdy-looking a lot of farmer boys from the counties of Orange, Louisa, Spotsylvania and Culpeper as one generally comes across.

The occasion of the gathering was the formation of an artillery company for active service in the field, and after the usual preliminaries, an organization was soon effected, with the following officers:

Captain, William G. Crenshaw.

Senior First Lieutenant, James Ellett.

Junior First Lieutenant, Charles L. Hobson.

Senior Second Lieutenant, Andrew B. Johnston.

Junior Second Lieutenant, Thomas Ellett.

The battery consisted of six guns: Two 10-pound Parrotts, two 12-pound brass Howitzers, and two 6-pound brass guns.

The company was christened "The Crenshaw Battery," in honor of its first captain. His gallant bearing on the field of battle subsequently, and his noble generosity to the company, always, proved that the name was fitly chosen. Captain Crenshaw equipped the battery with handsome uniforms, overcoats, blankets, shoes, underclothing, and everything necessary for its comfort, at his own expense, and advanced the money necessary for the purchase of horses and guns to the Confederate government, thereby getting into the

field much earlier than would have been the case under ordinary circumstances.

The battery was sent first to Camp Lee for instruction, and in an incredibly short time had become so proficient in drill and field movements as to be ordered to the front. It saw its first service in the fields around Fredericksburg, being attached to a South Carolina brigade of infantry under Brigadier-General Maxey Gregg, where the bugles almost daily sounded an alarm, with the harnessing and hitching of horses and a gallop down the Telegraph or Catharpin road, with cannoneers mounted; but no enemy to be found, was the usual result. The men became so accustomed to these alarms that they began to enjoy them, and they in no small degree preferred them to the long, tedious, and bloody campaign they were soon to enter upon.

In the mean time McClellan had landed his hosts on the Peninsula, Williamsburg had been fought, and his army was soon thundering at the gates of Richmond. Lee had concentrated his army in front of him, and the Crenshaw Battery was ordered to take position on the left of the line, and was soon to receive its baptism of fire in one of the most hotly-contested and hardest-fought battles of the war.

The Battery, with Gregg's Brigade, moved to about six miles north of Richmond, where the Light Division was formed under Major-General A. P. Hill, the Brigade and Battery being a part of it. Remained in this vicinity and at Friend's farm on the Chickahominy river, where the battery was engaged in several artillery duels with Federal batteries, one specially severe on the 20th of June, 1862, where several horses were killed and wounded, but fortunately no men were hurt.

On the 26th day of June, 1862, the Light Division, with this and other batteries, crossed the Chickahominy swamp and made an attack on the Federals at Mechanicsville, with the Purcell Battery in front, the Crenshaw Battery being immediately in the rear, where they were exposed to a very heavy fire, without the satisfaction of replying.

The Light Division continued the advance the next morning with the battery in the same position. In the mean time our forces in front had flanked the fortifications of the enemy, and forced them to evacuate and beat a hasty retreat. The Crenshaw Battery was hurried to the front to take part in the attack on Gaines' Mill; it went into battery in an open field just in rear of the Gaines house, where

it fought for several hours a large force of artillery and infantry strongly entrenched, losing one sergeant and many men and horses, and having the guns (the axle of one broken) and caissons badly damaged, it held its position on the field until the ammunition was exhausted, when it was ordered to retire. As soon, however, as the ammunition chests could be refilled, the battery was again ordered back to the same position it had occupied, where it remained under a very hot artillery and infantry fire until nearly sundown, when ordered to retire, Marmaduke Johnson's battery taking its place.

The battery went into action with about eighty or ninety men, and came out after a six hours' fight with one killed and eight wounded. Sergeant Sydney Strother was mortally wounded, and died the next day, and was buried by the battery on Sunday, June 29th, in Hollywood Cemetery. In this action three guns were disabled, about twenty-five horses killed and wounded, three caissons damaged, and harness very much injured.

The next morning the battery was ordered forward to join the division. Captain Crenshaw sent word that he could only bring three pieces. General Gregg's reply was: "Bring them along; they are as good as six of the enemy's." When the battery reached the brigade, Major-General A. P. Hill ordered it to go to Richmond and refit. Captain Crenshaw insisted, with the wish of General Gregg, that it should be allowed to go with the brigade, but General Hill said: "No! I have plenty of artillery, and you deserve to be sent to the rear, and go you shall."

And go it did.

On July 3d, after being nicely refitted, the battery started to re-join General A. P. Hill's Light Division, which, with the rest of the army, was driving McClellan towards the Federal gunboats on James river.

The battery was then assigned to Maj. R. Lindsay Walker's Battalion of Light Artillery, and the scene of operations having shifted to Northern Virginia, we were soon on the road to Culpeper, and on the 9th of August, 1862, when Jackson came up with Pope at Cedar Run, took part in that battle, where "Stonewall" pretty effectually disposed of the man who "had no lines of retreat," and whose "headquarters were in the saddle."

Pushing on to Warrenton Springs, on the 24th of August we took part in a furious artillery fight, preliminary to Jackson's move around Pope's army, which was soon accomplished, when the battery

struck General Taylor's Federal brigade (which had come from Alexandria unsupported to capture what was supposed to be a raiding party of Stuart's cavalry) at Manassas Junction on the 27th of August. The battery, which was put in position by General J. E. B. Stuart in person, disposed of Taylor in short order without the aid of infantry or cavalry, Stuart's cavalry (which had gotten in their rear), capturing nearly all of the brigade we failed to kill or wound.

Having loaded down the gun carriages and caissons with the plunder we had captured, Captain Crenshaw directed the head of the battery to move out into the road leading to the old Manassas battlefield, which we reached the 27th of August, and here, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th was fought

SECOND MANASSAS,

one of the most desperate and hard-fought battles of the campaign, where Jackson's Corps alone held the whole of Pope's army at bay for nearly two days, until Longstreet could unite with him. The Crenshaw Battery played no small part in this severe battle, but did not suffer a great deal because it fired from a concealed position most of the time.

CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Still driving Pope's army, the battery moved on to Harper's Ferry with the army, and reached there on the 15th of September, when the place was invested, guns being put in position on Maryland Heights, Bolivar Heights, and Loudoun Heights. A furious cannonade was soon opened, but the enemy still held out. Finally General Jackson sent word to General A. P. Hill to take the place at the point of the bayonet. General Hill returned answer to General Jackson that if he would give him twenty minutes he could take it with his artillery. Jackson assented. Hill immediately ordered the Crenshaw Battery and the Purcell Battery, which were in front of the main works, up to within 500 or 600 yards of the redoubt, a rapid and destructive fire was opened, and the place surrendered, half of a tent being used for the white flag of surrender.

General White (one of the garrison) had a leg shot away by one of the Crenshaw's 6-pounders. General Miles was the commanding officer. Upwards of eleven thousand prisoners, seventy-two pieces of artillery, all their small arms and munitions of war were captured.

Captain Crenshaw was detailed to look after and dispose of the artillery, horses, and supplies, which was done satisfactorily; but scarcely had the task been completed when, on the 17th, orders came to hasten to

SHARPSBURG,

where a battle was raging. The situation there was very critical—so critical, indeed, that the horses were not allowed to “water” in the Potomac while crossing it. The Light Division went immediately into action and the battery along with it. When we got to the position assigned us, with scarcely men enough to man the guns, we found a battery on the brow of the hill whose cannoneers had been driven from the guns, and saw a heavy column of the enemy moving up under cover of a stone wall to take possession of them. We at once opened a destructive fire on them and drove them back. But for the timely arrival of the Crenshaw Battery at this point, the result would have been disastrous in the extreme. In the meantime General A. P. Hill’s Division had formed in line of battle, struck Burnside’s Corps on their left flank, checked their victorious charge, and soon had it on an inglorious retreat. The fire of the sharpshooters was very severe, and Private Charles Pemberton was shot in the left side and died next day. This was a sad blow, for he had endeared himself to every one by his generous and affable conduct. Privates Edward Lynham and John Gray were slightly wounded.

We remained in line of battle all of the next day under fire of the enemy’s sharpshooters, and recrossed the Potomac that night.

CAPTAIN CRENSHAW ORDERED TO RICHMOND.

After the battle of Sharpsburg Captain Crenshaw, much to the regret of his company, which he had commanded with such great gallantry and such signal ability on ten hard-fought fields, was ordered to Richmond, and was subsequently sent to Europe as the commercial agent of the Confederate government, a position for which he was peculiarly fitted, and where he could render the government a greater service even than in the field. On the march back through Virginia Captain Crenshaw had the company drawn up on the roadside, and in a few feeling remarks bade the men farewell.

LIEUTENANT JAMES ELLETT.

Lieutenant James Ellett succeeded to the command of the battery, and proved as efficient and gallant a commander as he had been a second. When temporarily in command of the battery at Sharpsburg, when Captain Crenshaw had gone ahead to locate his position, the writer heard an artillery captain ask Lieutenant Ellett where he was taking his battery, he replied: "Just over yonder." The captain then suggested that the position was untenable; that he would lose his guns, as he (the captain) had examined the position. Lieutenant Ellett listened attentively, and when the captain had finished, simply said, "Forward!" and the Crenshaw Battery was soon in action and held the position until the battle ended.

On Friday, September 26, the following congratulatory order from General A. P. Hill was read at evening assembly:

HEADQUARTERS LIGHT DIVISION,

CAMP BRANCH, September 24, 1862.

Soldiers of the Light Division:

You have done well, and I am well pleased with you. You have fought in every battle from Mechanicsville to Shepherdstown, and no man can yet say that the Light Division has ever been broken. You held the left at Manassas against overwhelming numbers, and saved the army; you saved the day at Sharpsburg, and at Shepherdstown you were selected to face a storm of round shot, shell and grape, such as I have never before seen. I am proud to say to you that your services are appreciated by our general, and that you have a reputation in the army which it should be the object of every officer and private to sustain.

A. P. HILL, Major-General.

Official: R. S. WINGATE, A. A. A. G.

On Saturday, October 4, the following order from General Lee was read, which is worthy of a place in this history, and needs no comment:

General Orders, No. 116.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

October 2, 1862.

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign the Commanding General cannot withhold the expression

of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle, and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march.

Since your great victories around Richmond you have defeated the enemy at Cedar Mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and, after a conflict of three days, utterly repulsed him on the plains of Manassas, and forced him to take shelter within the fortifications around his capital.

Without halting for repose, you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than eleven thousand men, and captured upwards of seventy pieces of artillery, all their small arms and munitions of war.

While one corps of the army was thus engaged the other insured its success by arresting at Boonesboro the combined armies of the enemy advancing under their favorite general to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted from daylight until dark the whole army of the enemy, and repulsed every attack along his entire front of more than four miles in extent.

The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning without molestation across the Potomac.

Two attempts subsequently made by the enemy to follow you across the river have resulted in his complete discomfiture, and being driven back with loss.

Achievements such as these demanded much valor and patriotism. History records few examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited, and I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms.

Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens us with invasion, and to your tried valor and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety. Your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

R. E. LEE, Gen'l Comd'g.

After the battle of Sharpsburg our camp was several times changed in the Valley of Virginia, and finally landed down below Berryville,

where we rested up, and, with the exception of a small affair at Snicker's Gap, had a quiet time.

Saturday, November 22, received orders to take up the line of march for

FREDERICKSBURG,

where we arrived December 2, and at once began preparations for the conflict of the 13th—as Burnside's army was already strung along the Rappahannock river and beyond.

The hills near Hamilton's Crossing were soon crowned with artillery, and the guns of the Crenshaw Battery were not the least conspicuous. When the enemy advanced and opened fire the battery was soon enveloped in a storm of shot and shell, as well as subjected to a galling fire of infantry, but right well did the men acquit themselves, although they had to mourn the death of many brave men and one gallant officer, Lieutenant James Ellett, who fell early in the action. No officer of the company was more beloved than he, and none more deserved the affection of the men.

After Burnside's bloody repulse, came a lull for three or four months, and we amused ourselves in winter quarters until the roads dried up and the spring campaign opened. In the latter part of April we were again upon the march, and came up with the enemy on the 1st of May at

CHANCELLORSVILLE,

but this time under a new commander, General "Fighting Joe" Hooker having succeeded Burnside.

Ah! who of the Crenshaw Battery does not remember Chancellorsville? Who can forget the incessant fighting of the 1st, 2d, and 3d of May, when we struck the enemy first in front, and then in rear, in the race down the plank road behind Rodes' Division after the "Flying Dutchmen," of Howard's Eleventh Corps, when Jackson made his celebrated flank movement. (Howard's Corps was composed of Germans.) They were "easy marks." But on the 3d, when we had to cut a road through the woods to prevent annihilation before we could get in position, it was not so "easy," and as far as the eye could reach when we debouched from the road there was nothing to be seen but lines of battle. The Crenshaw Battery went into position near the centre of the battalion, and soon one of the hottest artillery fights of the war was on, while infantry engaged infantry on either side. After several hours' fighting our artillery

actually drove the enemy from their guns—there was no charging (in our front) to capture them by infantry; we captured them—a thing that did not occur on any other field during the war. The Crenshaw Battery was awarded two of the captured guns.

Hooker defeated, another idol shattered by Lee, we were destined to meet a new commander of the army of the Potomac when we came up again with our old-time enemy. General Meade had succeeded Hooker. With a rest from fighting from the 3d of May until the 1st of July, we headed for the Potomac for the second time. Once over that stream, what a refreshing sight from the devastated fields of Virginia to the green fields of Maryland and Pennsylvania, for we were en route to

GETTYSBURG.

We were greeted all along the route with remarks of all kinds from the ladies, some of them not very complimentary. But the “boys” kept their temper and laughed them off.

Pegram’s Battalion (of which the Crenshaw Battery was a part) marched behind the whole army into Pennsylvania, but when we got near the enemy it was hurried to the front, and we fired the first gun in the battle of Gettysburg, Braxton keeping down the Emmittsburg pike, and the Crenshaw turning to the right and opening almost simultaneously. Not only did we open the fight, but we bore a conspicuous part in all three days’ fighting, particularly in the terrific two-hours’ cannonade to shake the enemy’s infantry that preceded Pickett’s famous charge. Pickett’s men filed through the right of the Crenshaw Battery as they started in the charge, when we had ceased firing.

The Confederate artillery fire was very destructive, and the enemy’s caissons were frequently blown up.

After Gettysburg the battery was engaged in affairs of more or less importance at Gaines’ Cross Roads, on July 24, 1863, Shepherdstown on September 19th, Bristoe Station in October, Rixeyville on November 9th, Mine Run in December, and then had a resting spell until the spring of 1864, when Grant had been made commander-in-chief of all the Federal armies, and established headquarters with Meade. Grant first crossed swords with Lee in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.

SPOTSYLVANIA.

On the 10th of May, 1864, the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse

was fought, followed by bloody battles again on the 11th and 18th. In all the desperate fighting in Spotsylvania the Crenshaw Battery was always in the forefront, and always acquitted itself nobly.

It did the same thing again at Jericho Ford, on the North Anna, on the 23d of May, and on down at Turkey Ridge on the 9th of June, on the route to

PETERSBURG,

around which city, at Battery No. 40, on the 22d of July, Archer's Farm on the 12th, 13th, 18th, and 19th of August, Davis House 21st of August, Jones House 30th of September, Squirrel Level Road 1st of October, Pegram (or Dabney) House 2d of October, Burgess' Mill 27th of October, Jarratt's Depot 10th of December, Crow House 6th of February, 1865, Hatcher's Run 7th February, Five Forks April 1st, Appomattox April 8th.

Although but brief mention is made of these sixteen or seventeen battles around Petersburg, they were regular pitched battles, in which large numbers of troops were engaged, and where some as hard and desperate fighting was done as occurred on any field during the war. It was the series of battles which occurred when Grant was trying to get possession of the Southside Railroad. Wherever a battery or section of artillery was needed, at morn, noon or night, the Crenshaw Battery was hardly ever overlooked.

In the two last named battles—Five Forks and Appomattox—the part played by the company deserves more than a passing notice.

From incessant marching and fighting we were pretty well fagged out when we got to Five Forks, but there we found long lines of infantry (Warren's Corps) and Sheridan's cavalry, and fight we must. Lines of battle were soon formed and the Crenshaw Battery ordered to follow the cavalry over Stony creek, who were to attack Sheridan's cavalry, which was done in gallant style, and they were driven nearly to Dinwiddie Courthouse. But they wouldn't stay "driven," and were back again the next day, when the battery was put in position in a road overlooking the Gilliam field, supported by Pickett's Division. In fact the battery was placed among Corse's Brigade, with the left gun, and with two guns commanded by Lieutenant Early, in the five forks of the road, from which the place takes its name. We hadn't long to wait for the approach of the enemy. In a few minutes the whole of Gilliam's field in front of us was filled with blue horsemen, and they made a straight dash for our lines. The well-directed fire of our guns, with the aid of Corse's men, soon

drove them from our front, but the fighting on our left, where our left gun was stationed, was not so successful, for the enemy had massed their infantry there in four or five lines of battle outflanking the works and charged up the line, and finally captured the three guns, although the men behind them fought until the infantry were about to bayonet them. The lines then broke everywhere, but we got off with the three remaining guns of the Crenshaw Battery.

Then commenced the last act in the tragedy of four years—the retreat to Appomattox. Sleepless nights and days of hunger and fighting from the 3d to the evening of the 8th, when we unlimbered our guns for the last time, and repulsed the enemy's attack, supported only by a few artillerymen with muskets—the Otey Battery—when night came on. The next day we cut down our guns, and sorrowfully wended our way homeward. The curtain fell. That was the end.

INCIDENTAL.

Captain Crenshaw was ever mindful of the welfare of his old command, and one of his first acts after going to Europe for the government was to send a full uniform and a pair of boots to each member of the company. This gift was captured by a Federal cruiser in transit, but as soon as he heard of it, he duplicated it, and the second gift got through the blockade, and added much to the comfort of his men. .

Captain Crenshaw died at "Hawfield," near Orange Courthouse, his country residence, on the 24th of May, 1897, mourned and beloved by all his neighbors. His remains were brought to Richmond and buried in the family section in Hollywood. The bullet-ridden battle-flag of the Crenshaw Battery, draped in mourning, was placed at the head of the grave as the members of his old company filed in, and their sorrowful countenances betokened the high esteem in which their old commander was held.

Captain Crenshaw commanded the battery from its organization until October 1, 1862; Lieutenant James Ellett commanded until December 13, 1862, when he was killed; Lieut. A. B. Johnston commanded until November, 1863; Captain Thomas Ellett commanded until the surrender at Appomattox.

Captain J. Hampden Chamberlayne commanded temporarily for about two months until he was captured, a few days before the battle of Gettysburg, June, 1863.

The company participated in forty-eight hard-fought battles and a good many skirmishes from first to last.

The *morale* of the Crenshaw Battery was as good on the evening of the 8th of April, 1865, when it fired its last shot at Grant's army, as it was three years previously when its guns first belched forth defiance at McClellan's army on the Chickahominy.

The shell-torn battle-flag of the battery is still preserved, and is in the Soldiers' Home museum.

Only seven members of the company now reside in Richmond.

The history of the Crenshaw Battery is the history of Pegram's Battalion, the history of Pegram's Battalion is that of General R. Lindsay Walker's Third Artillery Corps, and when a true story of the prowess of the Army of Northern Virginia is written the deeds of this organization will shine forth conspicuously therein.

AT SPOTSYLVANIA COURTHOUSE.

At Spotsylvania Courthouse Sergeant Allegre's gun was placed in a redoubt, about 200 yards to the right of the other guns, it was actively engaged with a Federal battery in its front, when the muzzle of the gun was struck by a shell which exploded, wounding seriously, the sergeant, gunner and most of the gun's crew—which necessitated their removal to a hospital, leaving only one man with the gun. The captain, seeing the explosion, hurried over from the other guns to see what damage was done. On his arrival, he found the man who was left, alone—a boy about 18 years old—standing with his right arm resting on the breech of the gun, and, as the captain walked up, the boy asked in a cheerful but determined voice, "If he should keep on firing," in reply to which he was questioned as to how many shells he had, to which he promptly replied "three." He was told that would do, and ordered to lie down in the redoubt and protect himself, as it was an impossibility to work a gun with one man. This incident is given to show the indomitable spirit and determination of the men of the Crenshaw Battery under the most trying events.

Again, at the same place, on the 18th of May, 1864, the Crenshaw Battery was detached from the Pegram Battalion and ordered to report to Colonel Charles Richardson—commanding a battalion of artillery of five companies—who were to co-operate with General Harry Heth's Division and other troops, all acting under the command of General Jubal A. Early, to meet a flank movement of the Federals. The whole day was spent in driving the Federals back to their original position, each battery taking its turn in the fight as

they took place. The Crenshaw Battery, as Colonel Richardson afterwards said, was reserved for the last fight, because it was of the "Fighting Battalion" of the Army of Northern Virginia. Just before sundown the Crenshaw Battery moved to the front on the fighting line and took position on an elevation overlooking a large open field, at the further end of which the Federals had formed a line of battle supporting three Federal batteries; this was opposed by General Heth's Division in line of battle extending across the field on the line of a white house, about 400 to 500 yards from the main road. From the house to the main road, a straight white sandy road ran, declining gradually until it was covered from the line of fire by the elevation on which the white house stood. The Crenshaw Battery, as soon as it took position on the elevation on the main road, commenced firing on the Federal line, which was replied to by the three Federal batteries—just as it was getting quite warm an order came from General Heth for the Crenshaw Battery to come and take position on the line of battle occupied by his troops, which would necessitate a passage over that white sandy road. As soon as the order was received, a request was sent back immediately to Colonel Richardson for the whole of his battalion. While the Crenshaw Battery was limbering up preparatory to carrying out the order, General Early rode up, and said:

"Captain, what are you going to do?"

General Heth's order was repeated to him, when he said:

"If you attempt to carry your battery there it will be knocked all to pieces."

The captain then asked him what he should do, to which he replied:

"Hold on a while."

He then rode out on the elevation and examined carefully with his field-glasses, and riding back, said to the captain:

"Go on, sir."

The battery was then limbered up, and Lieutenant Hollis was ordered to take the battery on the main road, on which there was a hedge thick enough to conceal it, and move down the road until it got to the gate leading into the white sandy road, and there wait. The captain rode out over the field to General Heth's line of battle, to get special instructions and to inspect the ground over which the battery had to go. On his return to the battery at the gate the cannoneers were mounted on the guns and strict orders given to each driver to put whip to his horses as soon as he turned into the road,

and go down the road at full speed. The battery started as ordered, and as soon as it uncovered, the three Federal batteries opened on it, and at almost every jump of the horses you could feel the windage from the shot and shell. We kept on down the road until its declination put us under cover of the elevation on which the house stood. Seeing that the battery would suffer very much if an attempt was made to keep on the road directly up to the house, it was deemed best to turn it off to the right to work its way through the valley to the position desired, every piece and caisson turned out of the line of fire except the last caisson, when a shot struck the limber chest and exploded it, burning and wounding several men and horses, setting fire to some shelter tents strapped on the footboard of the caisson, which caused the rear chests to explode for several hours; the exploded limber chest was unlimbered immediately, which removed the men and horses from danger. The wheel-driver, J. C. Coleman, of the exploded caisson, deserves special mention for his coolness in managing his horses, for with fire all around them, their tails burnt, and badly scorched about the body and legs, and with the lead drivers blown off their horses, he still retained his seat and stopped the horses from running. The balance of the battery went into the position they were ordered to take, and held it.

As an instance of humor under disadvantageous circumstances, this is too good to be lost. It occurred at Spotsylvania when the battery was under a hot fire waiting orders. The men were lying around the guns in groups of three and four, and somebody was being wounded every few minutes. One of the groups happened to be near half a box of crackers that had been left by the enemy, and the party soon began munching them, when one of the men not far off cried, "Pitch me a cracker." At this moment a shell from the enemy's guns fell on the ground between the parties and exploded with a tremendous report, when the party addressed replied, "There's a 'cracker.' Catch that." It is needless to say a smile illumined the countenances of all who heard the request and response.

ROSTER.

The following roster gives the names, ranks, dates of enlistment, and remarks concerning the men who composed the battery. In some instances where no remarks occur, the men "served until surrender," but in many they were detailed for various reasons before the company left the city, and saw no service in the field, while a

few—probably three or four—stole away from their sleeping comrades in the dead hour of the night, and went over to the enemy:

OFFICERS.

Crenshaw, William G., Captain, March 14, 1862; resigned April 15, 1863; sent to England by Confederate States government.

Ellett, James, Senior 1st Lieut., March 14, 1862; killed December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg.

Hobson, Charles L., Junior 1st Lieut., March 14, 1862; resigned April 15, 1863; sent to England by Confederate States government; lost at sea 186-.

Johnson, A. B., Senior 2d Lieut., March 14, 1862; commissioned 1st Lieut. December 13, 1862; served until surrender, April 9, 1865.

Ellett, Thomas, Junior 2d Lieut., March 14, 1862; commissioned Captain April 15, 1863; served until surrender at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

Scott, William C., Orderly Sergeant, March 14, 1862; commissioned Captain Quartermaster's Department, June 23, 1862.

Hollis, E. G., Sergeant, March 14, 1862; commissioned 2d Lieut., November 5, 1863; captured at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.

Allen, William B., Corporal, March 14, 1862; commissioned 2d Lieut., November 17, 1863; wounded at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862; resigned March 9, 1865.

Allegre, William R., Sergeant and Corporal, March 14, 1862; served until surrender, April 9, 1865; wounded at Rixeyville, November 9, 1863, and Jericho Ford, May 23, 1864.

Adkisson, J. C., Corporal, March 14, 1862; served until surrender, April 9, 1865; died in Norfolk, Va., about 1880 or '81.

Arvin, George A., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.

Almarode, S., private, November 14, 1863; served until surrender.

Allen, R. E., private, March 14, 1862; discharged June 25, 1862.

Arrvil, H. D., private, November 16, 1863.

Burgess, William R., bugler, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.

Burroughs, T. H., private, March 14, 1862; badly wounded at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863.

Burgess, B. F., private, March 14, 1862; wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.

Britton, Samuel, private, March 14, 1862.

Ballowe, R. T., private, March 14, 1862; transferred to Company A, 25th Virginia Battalion, November 25, 1863.

- Barbary, Perry, private, March 31, 1863.
Barbary, James, private, March 31, 1863; dead.
Blevens, Samuel, private, April 1, 1863.
Coleman, James A., private, March 14, 1862.
Caldwell, M. A., private, March 14, 1862; wounded at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
Colquitt, Joseph H., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
Campbell, James H., private and corporal, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
Coleman, J. C., private, March 14, 1862; wounded at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 18, 1864.
Ienshaw, Joseph H., private, March 14, 1862; detailed on surgeon's certificate.
ry, A. R., sergeant, March 14, 1862.
ary, John S., private, April 5, 1864; promoted to sergeant-major of Pegram's Battalion.
Cary, Miles, private, October 1, 1864; served until surrender.
Coleman, G. F., private, March 1, 1864; badly wounded in front of Petersburg, March 25, 1865.
Cooper, J., private, October 3, 1863.
Coleman, W., private, August 6, 1863.
Carter, James M., private, March 16, 1863.
Coleman, L. L., corporal, March 14, 1862; returned to 15th Regiment Virginia Infantry, as his transfer was never perfected.
Coghill, George L., private, March 14, 1862; died March 6, 1863, near Bowling Green.
Catlett, Thomas J., private, March 14, 1862; died in hospital at Guinea's Station, June 24, 1863.
Caldwell, James J., private, March 14, 1862; killed May 23, 1864, at Jericho Ford, Virginia.
Casey, Bryan, private, March 14, 1862; transferred to Davidson's Artillery.
Chamberlayne, J. H., 1st lieutenant, ———; captured June 28, 1863, in Pennsylvania; died 1882.
Cary, D. H., private, June 11, 1863; died July 29, 1863.
Connor, J. E., private, January 8, 1865.
Davis, Hector, private, March 14, 1862.
Dunn, N. H., private, March 14, 1862.
Douglass, John L., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
Dillard, John R., private March 14, 1862; served until surrender.

- Duerson, S. K., private, November 14, 1863; served until surrender.
- Davies, H. L., private, November 17, 1863; lost leg at Burgess' Mill, October 27, 1864.
- Duncum, D. B., private, July 20, 1864.
- Dalton, W. C., private, July 22, 1864; served until surrender.
- Dillard, Isaiah J., private, December 30, 1864.
- Ellett, Robert, sergeant and 1st sergeant, March 14, 1862; September, 1864, promoted to 2d lieutenant in Chamberlayne's Battery; killed April 2, 1865, in front of Fort Gregg, Petersburg, Va.
- Emmett, T. A., private, March 14, 1862; killed August 18, 1864, at Archer's farm; buried on battle-field; remains, after the war, were taken up and removed to Winchester, Va.
- Farrell, John O., private, March 14, 1862; captured at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.
- Fleming, A., private, October 3, 1862; surrendered at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.
- Feltner, George W., farrier, October 3, 1862.
- Franklin, Benjamin, private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Fergusson, E. C., private, August 28, 1863.
- Ferneyhough, E. S., Jr., private and corporal, May 14, 1862; served until surrender; wounded at Mine Run, 1863.
- Goolsby, J. C., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender; slightly wounded at Chancellorsville May 3, 1863.
- Gray, John T., private, March 14, 1862; wounded at Sharpsburg September 17, 1862; dead.
- Gibson, John W., private, March 14, 1862.
- Gibson, D. W., private, March 14, 1862; captured at Five Forks April 1, 1865.
- Gibson, T. C., private and corporal, March 14, 1862.
- Graves, B. V., private, March 14, 1862; lost leg June 27, 1862, at Gaines Mill.
- Grooms, J. W., private, March 1, 1864.
- Graves, Thomas E., bugler, March 14, 1862; transferred to Fredericksburg Artillery.
- Gentry, W. H., private, March 14, 1862.
- Gibson, D. E., private, March 14, 1862.
- Gilbert, W., private, November 8, 1863; died.
- Greer, T. L., private, November 15, 1863.
- Hall, T. J., private, March 14, 1862.
- Herndon, J. C., private, March 14, 1862.

- Hargrove, William E., private, March 14, 1862; wounded at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862, and badly wounded in trenches at Petersburg, March 25, 1865, and died a few days after.
- Hackley, A. S., corporal and private, March 14, 1862.
- Hancock, E. A., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Hart, James M., private, March 14, 1862.
- Hogan, R. D., private, March 14, 1862.
- Hatcher, E. M., private, November 16, 1863; wounded at Spotsylvania, May 18, 1864; captured at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.
- Hicks, W. J., private, March 1, 1864; wounded at Hatcher's Run.
- Hilman, G. L., private, July 1, 1864.
- Holland, H. W., private, March 14, 1862; killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863, and buried on the battlefield.
- Herndon, R. S., private, March 14, 1862; died June 23, 1862.
- Hines, R. N., private, March 14, 1862; killed, June 27, 1862, at Gaines Mill.
- Hughes, P. S., private, November 16, 1863; discharged February 10, 1864.
- Hudson, John, private, November 16, 1863.
- Johnson, J. W., quartermaster sergeant, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Jones, William Ellis, private, March 14, 1862; wounded in foot at Spotsylvania Courthouse, May 10, 1864; was retired to the invalid corps, February, 1865, and served as clerk in Post Quartermaster's office until fall of Richmond.
- Jones, W. G., private, March 14, 1862.
- Jones, E. M., private, March 14, 1862.
- Johnson, R. J., private, March 14, 1862.
- Johnson, G. G., private, March 14, 1862.
- Johnson, W. R., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Jackson, John A., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Johnson, T. T., commissary sergeant, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Joiner, M. J., private, November 3, 1863.
- Jones, Thomas M., private, December 30, 1864.
- Johnson, John A., private, March 14, 1862.
- Johnson, Austin, private, March 14, 1862; died June 5, 1862.
- Knowles, Marion, private, March 14, 1862; wounded in knee at Gaines Mill, June 27, 1862; permanently disabled.
- Kendall, H. S., private, March 14, 1861; discharged November 15, 1862.

- Latham, R. G., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Lumsden, H. C., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Luck, Marcellus, private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Lee, Daniel E., private, November 17, 1863; sent forward for orders from Ford's Depot, April 2, 1865; never heard from afterwards.
- Lewis, John, private, April 17, 1864.
- Leary, Emile, private, April 10, 1864.
- Lewis, William T., private, December 30, 1864; badly wounded in front of Petersburg, March 25, 1865.
- Lumsden, G. G., private, March 14, 1862; died July 3, 1862.
- Lumsden, C. L., private, March 14, 1862.
- Lancaster, D. M., private, March 14, 1862; died July 3, 1862.
- Loving, Taliaferro P., private, March 14, 1862; discharged May 18, 1864.
- Langford, Thomas S., private, March 14, 1862.
- Lynham, Edward N., private, March 14, 1862; wounded at Sharpsburg, Md., September 17, 1862.
- Langley, James, private, April 1, 1863.
- Mallory, R. H., corporal and sergeant, March 14, 1862; captured, June 28, 1863, and never exchanged.
- Meyer, Frederick, private, March 14, 1862.
- Mayo, John A., private, March 14, 1862.
- Mallory, Thomas J., private, March 14, 1862.
- Morgan, William P., private, July 22, 1864.
- McLeod, Alex. O., private, December 1, 1864.
- Murray, Dan'l F., private, March 14, 1862.
- Moyers, A. J., private, March 14, 1862; lost his leg at Rixeyville, November 9, 1863.
- Mann, M. B., private, March 14, 1862; discharged by civil authority September 4, 1863.
- Moss, J. F., private, May 22, 1862; died August 14, 1862.
- McIntosh, William, private, April 6, 1863.
- Mitchell, J. G., private, November 16, 1863.
- Newman, James F., private and corporal, March 14, 1862; captured at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.
- Newman, A. G., private and sergeant, March 14, 1862; captured June 28, 1863; prisoner of war until December 31, 1864; returned to duty and again captured at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.
- Nuckols, L. B., artificer, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Nuckols, E. L., private, March 1, 1864; served until surrender.
- Nubie, E. C., private, November 17, 1863; served until surrender.

- O'Roark, G. W., private, November 14, 1863.
- Phillips, A., private and corporal, March 14, 1862; wounded at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, and badly wounded at Spotsylvania C. H., May 18, 1864; served until surrender.
- Parker, Wm. A., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Peacher, J. H., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Proctor, A., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Proffitt, W. W., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Pleasants, B. F., private, March 14, 1862; badly wounded at Bristow Station, October, 1863; also at Hatcher's Run, February 7, 1865.
- Purcell, O. G., private, March 14, 1862; dead.
- Pettitt, J. F., private, March 14, 1862.
- Perry, W. H., private, March 14, 1862.
- Parsil, Isaac, private, November 15, 1863; captured at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.
- Purnell, F., private, November 16, 1863.
- Payne, John A., March 14, 1862; killed at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862.
- Pemberton, Charles, private, March 14, 1862; died September 18, 1862, from wounds received at Sharpsburg, September 17, 1862; buried near hospital near the battle-field.
- Quisenberry, J. N., private, March 14, 1862.
- Ratcliffe, W. J., corporal and sergeant, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Redford, John R., commissary sergeant, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Ratcliffe, W. T., corporal, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Rider, M. T., artificer, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Ruffin, J. R., corporal, March 14, 1862; slightly wounded at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862; transferred to Rockbridge artillery November 25, 1863.
- Rowland, J. R., private, March 14, 1862.
- Roudenboush, S. D., private, March 14, 1862.
- Rawlings, B. C., private, August 12, 1862; sent to rear from Gettysburg shot through the breast, and died July 4, 1863; buried near field hospital.
- Smith, H. D., corporal and sergeant, March 14, 1862; captured June 28, 1863; exchanged March, 1865; returned to battery Apr 2, 1865; recommended for second lieutenant.
- Snead, Wm. D., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.

- Seeley, R. S., private, March 14, 1862; badly wounded in face at Spotsylvania; served until surrender.
- Smith, C. D., private, March 14, 1862; served until badly wounded March 25, 1865.
- Straughan, J. L., private, March 14, 1862.
- Smith, W. W., private and corporal, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Seaton, M. V., private, March 14, 1862.
- Self, Job, private, November 16, 1863.
- Sizer, J. Irving, private, April 29, 1864.
- Sewell, G. W., private, March 14, 1862; discharged December 7, 1864.
- Strother, R. Q., private, March 14, 1862; transferred to Company E, 1st Engineer Regiment, March 17, 1864.
- Sharp, Samuel, private, March 14, 1862; deserted and joined Yankee cavalry; came into Richmond with them at its evacuation.
- Strother, Sidney, sergeant, March 14, 1862; died June 28, 1862, from wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
- Straughan, J. J., private, December 11, 1862.
- Thomas, J. J., first sergeant and corporal, March 14, 1862; badly wounded at Spotsylvania C. H.; served until surrender.
- Thomasson, William, private, March 14, 1862; died August 9, 1863.
- Tankersly, C. W., private, March 14, 1862; deserted and came into Richmond after evacuation in the Yankee cavalry.
- Tyree, Andrew W., private, March 14, 1862; discharged at Fair Grounds early in 1862.
- Vass, H. J. C., corporal, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Vass, B. W., sergeant, March 14, 1862; wounded at Davis' farm, Petersburg, August 21, 1864; served until surrender.
- Vass, John W., private, March 14, 1862; wounded at Turkey Ridge, June 9, 1864; served until surrender.
- Venable, Thomas, private, April 30, 1863.
- White, M. J., corporal, March 14, 1862.
- Wheeler, John J., private, March 14, 1862; served until surrender.
- Walden, R. C., private and corporal, March 14, 1862; served until surrender; dead.
- Weisiger, Junius K., private, March 14, 1862.
- Walker, T. G., private, August 24, 1862; captured at Five Forks, April 1, 1865.
- Ware, G. E., private, March 1, 1864.
- Watkins, R. W., private, July 20, 1864.

Wood, Thomas, farrier, March 14, 1862; died November 18, 1863.

Weisiger, Powhatan, private, March 14, 1862; transferred to Captain Guigon's company.

White, C. M., private, March 14, 1862; discharged by order, June 6, 1862.

Warner, G. W., private, November 12, 1863.

Young, C. P., private, March 14, 1862; wounded at Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862, and at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; captured en route from Gettysburg but escaped; captured again at Appomattox, April 9, 1865, but escaped again.

Young, George S., private and corporal, March 14, 1862; wounded at Cold Harbor on the 27th June, 1862—shrapnel shot passed entirely through his neck—and at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863; died May 30, 1864, from wounds received at Jericho Ford, May 23, 1864.

Youell, Joshua, private, September 14, 1863.

THE LIGHT ARTILLERY.

(Anonymous.)

On the unstained sword of a gentle slope,
Full of valor, and nerved by hope,
The infantry sways like a coming sea;
Why lingers the light artillery ?

“ Action front !”

Whirling the Parrotts like children’s toys,
The horses strain to the rushing noise;
To right and to left, so fast and free,
They carry the light artillery.

“ Drive on !”

The gunner cries, with a tug and a jerk,
The limbers fly, and we bend to our work;
The handspike in, and the implements out—
We wait for the word, and it comes with a shout—

“ Load !”

The foes pour on their billowy line;
Can nothing check their bold design ?
With yells and oaths of fiendish glee,
They rush for the light artillery.

“ Commence firing !”

Hurrah! hurrah! our bulldogs bark,
And the enemy’s line is a glorious mark;
Hundreds fall like grain on the lea,
Mowed down by the light artillery.

“ Fire !” and “ Load !” are the only cries,
Thundered and rolled to the vaulted skies;
Aha! they falter, they halt, they flee,
From the hail of the light artillery.

“ Cease firing !”

The battle is over, the victory won,
Ere the dew is dried by the rising sun;
While the shout bursts out, like a full-voiced sea,
“ Hurrah, for the light artillery !”

[From the New Orleans, La., *Picayune*, Dec. 27, 1903, and Jan. 24, 1904.]

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH, APRIL 6, 1862.

By CAPTAIN JAMES DINKINS.

After the surrender of the Southern forces at Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, the Confederates abandoned Kentucky and mobilized at Corinth, Miss. The troops under General Bragg were also drawn from Pensacola, and such, also, as were at New Orleans.

This combined force, at the suggestion of General Beauregard, was reorganized into three army corps. The First, commanded by Major-General Polk, 10,000 strong, was made up of two divisions, under Major B. F. Cheatham and Brigadier-General Clarke, respectively, of two brigades each.

The Second, under Major-General Bragg, was arranged in two divisions also, commanded by Brigadier-General Withers and Rugles, with three brigades each, and numbered about fifteen thousand men.

The Third Corps, commanded by Major-General Hardee, was formed of three brigades not in division, and three brigades under Brigadier-General Breckinridge, and numbered about thirteen thousand men.

There was also a cavalry force, about four thousand strong, which had not been armed. The entire Confederate army was under the command of General Albert Sidney Johnston, with General Beauregard second in command. General Beauregard was specially charged with the duty of getting the organization perfected and in preparing the troops for an early campaign.

While the Confederates were thus occupied, the Federals were actively engaged also in preparations for the impending campaign.

General Grant, with the three divisions which had been engaged at Fort Donelson, was now at Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee river. Soon after his arrival he was followed by three other divisions, commanded by Sherman, Hurlbut, and Prentiss.

The Federal force at this time consisted of six large divisions, suitably armed and equipped, and eight regiments of cavalry; besides, a splendid corps of artillery, made up of the best batteries in use.

On April 2, 1862, these hostile armies camped within eighteen miles of each other without any barrier between them—that is, no river or impassable object.

It will be remembered that the Federal army was greatly elated over the success it achieved at Fort Donelson, while the Confederates, painfully reminded of that disaster, were anxious and impatient to efface it from the minds of our people.

It was on this day, the afternoon of April 2, that General Johnston decided to attack Grant before Buell, who was moving with all dispatch with five strong divisions, could effect a junction with him. General Johnston determined, if possible to take Grant by surprise and defeat him before Buell could arrive. General Beauregard coincided with General Johnston, and urged that the operation be attempted at once.

General Johnston must have felt the great responsibility which rested upon him, because it has been said that he deliberated over his plans until late in the night, weighing with great fairness the reasons in favor of the adventure, as well as considering the objections that were opposed. About midnight he decided to put the army in motion the following day, and trust its fortunes to the uncertainty of battle.

Orders were sent to the corps commanders soon after his decision to hold their troops in readiness to move at a moment's notice, with three days cooked rations and forty rounds of ammunition in the cartridge boxes.

Breckinridge, with his three brigades, was at a little place called Burnsville. He was ordered to move at once to join the main army at Monterey, a cross-roads store.

Forrest, with his regiment of cavalry, was to precede Breckinridge. The following morning the place of battle, the march and all the details were discussed and arranged between Generals Johnston and Beauregard.

The country intervening between the opposing forces was thickly wooded, and there were only three narrow roads upon which our army could move. It was a most difficult enterprise, fraught with unavoidable delays and extremely hazardous in any event. The greatest difficulty was in moving the artillery, and the success of the movement also depended upon keeping the enemy in ignorance. It was impossible to keep the men quiet; they were yelling and laughing night and day, and hourly firing off their guns. It must be un-

derstood that this was early in the war; the men were not soldiers, and therefore subject to little or no discipline.

General Johnston explained in person to Generals Polk, Bragg and Hardee his plans, and they were directed to put their forces in motion. Nothing could have been more inspiring than the spirit and enthusiasm with which the entire army entered upon the movement.

At noon of April 3 the whole army was ready to begin the march. From some cause, however, the First Corps, though ready and anxious, did not move at the hour appointed, and therefore did not bivouac that night as far in advance as General Johnston expected they would do.

During the night of April 3 it rained very heavily, and this greatly retarded the movements. Bragg did not advance the second day beyond Monterey, whereas it was expected that by the evening of the 4th the whole army would be near enough the enemy to attack on the morning of the 5th. It has never been satisfactorily explained why Polk's and Bragg's Corps were so long making the march over the short distance from Corinth to Monterey. A cavalry force was sent in advance to obtain information of the country. General Johnston had not been able to acquire the topographical information needed, and he therefore sought to learn all he could through this means.

The cavalry officers were charged to be very careful in their work lest the enemy learn of the movement, but the spirit of the officers and men was such they could not be restrained, and they injudicially ran into the enemy's camps.

This circumstance ought to have warned the Federal general of what was to follow, but, strange to relate, he remained indifferent to the evidences of the coming tempest.

General Johnston depended on being ready to attack on Saturday, and he did so with every show of reason, but Polk's Corps did not reach the point designated until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of April 5. Bragg's Corps was likewise slow in getting up, although Generals Johnston and Beauregard kept their staff officers busy the entire time urging the troops forward.

General Johnston was greatly annoyed that he had been balked in his plans and expectations, but it was too late for a decisive battle that day.

Thus situated, General Johnston called his corps commanders together and discussed with them, within less than two miles of Shiloh

Church, where Sherman had his headquarters, what his plans were for the following day.

The night of the 5th many of the men were without food; they had either consumed the three days' rations in two days or had thrown them away. This situation was critical, but General Bragg agreed to issue a fresh supply of rations during the night. General Beauregard thought it would be best to abandon the enterprise, and earnestly advised General Johnston to return to Corinth. He was satisfied that it was scarcely possible to surprise the Yankees after all the noise and demonstrations made. He thought the enemy would be found in trenches and awaiting the attack.

General Johnston had depended on the belief of being able to assail them unawares. He knew his success rested on that, because the Yankees were superior in numbers and equipments; furthermore, a large part of them had been under fire at Donelson and were veterans. On the other hand, the Confederates were raw recruits mostly; they had never been under fire, and few of them had any knowledge of discipline or of how to take care of themselves in camp. These things, and the opinions of his officers that it would not be possible to surprise the enemy, caused General Johnston serious thought. He gave attention to the views and opinions advanced, but said he still hoped the Yankees were not looking for offensive operations and that he would be able to surprise them.

He stated that, having put the army in motion, he would not retire. As soon as his decision was announced the officers in conference returned to their commands with hopeful spirits, although they had little expectation of accomplishing a surprise.

Before leaving Corinth General Johnston prepared an address, which was read to the troops, and, believing that all old soldiers will be glad to see a copy, we give it herewith.

“HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
“CORINTH, April 4, 1862.

“*Soldiers of the Army of the Mississippi*,—I have put you in motion to offer battle to the invaders of your country. With the resolution and discipline and valor becoming men fighting, as you are, for all worth living or dying for, you can but march to a decisive victory over the agrarian mercenaries sent to subjugate and despoil you of your liberties, your property, your honor.

“Remember the precious stake involved.

“Remember the dependence of your mothers, your wives, your

sisters and your children on the result. Remember the fair, broad, abounding land, the happy homes that will be desolated by your defeat. The eyes and hopes of eight millions of people rest upon you. You are expected to show yourselves worthy of your lineage, worthy of the women of the South, whose noble devotion in this war has never been exceeded in any time.

“With such incentives to brave deeds, and with the trust that God is with us, your generals will lead you confidently to the combat, assured of success.

“A. S. JOHNSTON,

“General Commanding.”

As has been stated, Colonel Forrest led the advance of Breckinridge's command to Monterey. There he was detached for picket duty along what is known as Lick creek. During Saturday he had several unimportant skirmishes and when night arrived, leaving his regiment under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, he rode to the headquarters of General Johnston to ascertain what was on foot for the next day and what he was expected to do.

Forrest was a great favorite with General Johnston. He appreciated his work at Fort Donelson and the service he performed at Nashville, in removing the army stores after the retreat from that place.

Greeting Forrest very cordially, General Johnston expressed his strong confidence in him and his regiment, after which he explained what was expected. They there parted, and never met again.

The two armies were in close proximity and, despite the precautions urged during the day, to avoid all noise calculated to divulge their presence, there was no effort or desire on the part of the men to be circumspect. Fully half of the Confederate army was composed of wholly raw and undisciplined men; they could not be called soldiers, although they were as gallant a band as ever faced an enemy.

Fires were built, drums beaten, guns discharged and in some regiments the greatest tumult was kept up nearly all night. Why the Federal commander did not understand the situation is surely a mystery.

Long before day Sunday morning everything was astir and after a hearty breakfast the lines were formed.

Hardee's Corps, composed of Hindman's, Cleburne's and Wood's Brigades, numbering 6,789 men, infantry and artillery, augmented by Gladden's Brigade, 2,200 strong—about 8,500 bayonets—formed

the first line. The line was formed on the ground where the men had bivouacked. The second line was some five hundred yards rearward, and was made up of Bragg's Corps, consisting of Anderson's, Gibson's and Pond's Brigades of Ruggle's Division, and Chalmer's and J. K. Jackson's Brigades of Wither's Division—some 10,000 bayonets. The First Corps, under General Polk, not over 8,500 bayonets, was formed in column of brigades, about a half mile to the rear of Bragg, and was composed of A. P. Stewart's, Cheatham's, B. R. Johnson's, Stevens' and Russell's Brigades. Breckinridge, with Trabue's, Bowen's and Stratham's Brigades—6,000 bayonets—constituted the reserve. The above figures are correct. They are taken from the reports made just before the movement began, and are authentic.

About sunrise Generals Johnston and Beauregard, with their staff officers, met near where General Johnston had camped and watched Hardee's line move forward.

Very soon afterward about 34,000 Confederate infantry and fifty cannon were moving, and with a bearing and confidence never surpassed.

They expected to find the enemy, but had no certain knowledge of his strength or his position. They knew, however, he was near at hand, in the fog and dense woods, with superior numbers and equipments, because they heard their numerous drums the evening before.

A heavy fog hung low in the woods, and as Hardee's men moved forward they expected to find the enemy at every step. Forward plunged those gallant fellows into the mist, not knowing nor caring what they found to resist their onset. To find the enemy as quickly as possible and overwhelm him was the purpose sought.

To better serve the reader, it may be well to explain that two small streams which rise near each other west of Monterey, one, Lick creek, empties eastward, while Owl creek flows westward; between them is an undulating ridge and numerous ravines. The recent heavy rains had filled all the creeks and branches, and made the ground very boggy, therefore the artillery was moved with difficulty. The few roads were narrow and the woods were cumbered with undergrowth. There were few fields, and they were of small area. Near the mouth of Lick creek is what was known as Pittsburg Landing, about which place and along the ridge described was camped the Federal Army.

Sherman had three brigades, supported by eighteen guns and a

regiment of cavalry, camped along the Pittsburg road, while his headquarters were in the Shiloh Church.

Immediately in his front was a deep ravine and creek. Sherman's force numbered 9,200 bayonets and eighteen guns. To the left of Sherman was Prentiss—6,000 bayonets and twelve guns. To the rear of, and in supporting distance of Sherman, was McClernand's Division, the heroes of Fort Donelson—7,300 bayonets and eighteen guns. Still further in the rear was Hurlbut's Division—7,500 bayonets and eighteen guns—and W. H. L. Wallace—7,000 bayonets and eighteen guns; total infantry, 37,000, and eighty-four guns.

In a letter written to the *Cincinnati Gazette* by its war correspondent at the time, which we have before us, it is stated that Grant had twenty-six batteries and 40,000 infantry engaged. While the Confederates were moving the Yankee soldiers lay sleeping in their cozy tents. There was no line of pickets around their camp outside of the ordinary camp sentinels. They were confident, or seemed to be, that no harm threatened and no disaster could befall them. A few of the enemy were up cooking breakfast, while yet a few were eating around their well-stocked mess chests. Their guns and accoutrements were scattered around in disorder, while the Confederates moved swiftly through the woods in search of them. The Confederates were inspired by hopes of victory, and surged onward until the white tents could be seen through the mist and trees.

Hilderbrand's Brigade of Sherman's Division was the first to receive the attack. His sentinels, taken by surprise, fired off their guns as they ran, closely pursued by the Confederates. There has never been a more complete surprise of an army in history. Officers and men were killed or wounded in their beds, while large numbers ran without taking time to pick up guns or anything else.

Hilderbrand's Brigade (Ohioans) were swept from the earth, almost, and so badly scattered that they were not formed during the battle. Those escaping had no heart to return.

Next Prentiss' Division was assailed and driven in great confusion. In the meantime three brigades of Sherman's Division, on the left, aroused by the din and uproar, had time to form, but were attacked by Ruggle's Division of Bragg's Corps. Sherman, as has been stated, occupied a formidable position, but he could not stand the impetuous movement of the Confederates, and fell back, leaving six guns on the field. Very soon McClernand came up, but both he and Sherman were swept from the field until they reached a road leading from Purdy to Hamburg. Along this road they formed,

and posted every battery they could find in a thick wood with a ravine in front. On dashed Ruggles and a part of Polk's Corps, with a fury and vim which could not be withstood, and the Yankees broke again, leaving twelve pieces of artillery on the field.

Hurlbut, who was camped in the rear, apprised of the trouble by the incessant roar of musketry and artillery, sent a brigade to support Sherman, and went with his two other brigades to help Prentiss. Prentiss' Division, however, had broken into fragments, which passed through Hurlbut's line in disorder. The victorious Confederates, led by General James R. Chalmers, with his brigade of Mississippians and Jackson's Brigade, speedily assailed Hurlbut with such vehemence that he was swept back like leaves before the wind. By this time the whole front of the Federal encampment was in possession of the Confederates. Everywhere, on every hand, could be seen supplies, baggage, and equipage. No Oriental army was ever encumbered by a more luxurious and abundant supply.

In the meantime, Cheatham's and Clark's Divisions of Polk's Corps were strenuously engaged on the left, where Sherman had gone to try and redeem his losses in the morning. He was driven from every position and sent toward the river, until, reaching a lot of ravines with timber-covered banks, he poured a desolating fire into the noble ranks of the Confederates. But, resuming the onset with great spirit, the Confederates drove their enemy nearer the river.

W. H. L. Wallace, with his Donelson soldiers, now came into action, and his men fought with desperation. The enemy by this time had been driven to within a mile of Pittsburg Landing, where they massed what remained of their artillery and infantry.

In the meantime, owing to the nature of the country, the ravines and creeks, interlaced with underbrush, and the broad scope of country, the Confederates had become greatly scattered and disordered. Brigades had become separated. Regiments had been dislocated, and troops from all three corps were mingling together. Notwithstanding the great victory, there was a lack of order and harmony, and, although confident of the final issue, there was no effort to push on. Numerous colonels and brigade commanders, who had led with distinguished courage, who had stimulated their men by their example, were separated from their divisions, uncertain what was best to do.

General Johnston, however, was actively at work getting the line in order, and, beaming with pride over the marvelous success of his

plans, determined to stimulate the charge by his personal presence where the battle was raging fiercest. He led two brigades which had faltered and wrested the position fought for.

It has been said that General Grant did not reach the field until after midday. He had gone to Savannah Saturday, where he slept that night, but the sound of the guns told him of the battle, and when he reached Pittsburg Landing he found the river bank alive with his men, fleeing from the danger which had swept them from their beds in the early morning.

His forces were routed and thousands of fugitives were crouching under the banks and in the ravines. They could not be rallied or incited to return to their commands. When he arrived, however, there were at least 60,000 muskets in the dreadful work. The continuous roll and roar and blaze of small arms, the shriek and crash of rifle shells through the trees, the explosion of shells and the reverberating of more than a hundred cannon, besides the yells of the Confederates, formed one of the bloodiest scenes of modern times.

Early in the morning General Gladden fell, mortally wounded. He was leading his brigade with great enthusiasm. General Gladden was a citizen of New Orleans, full of the instincts which have won renown for Southern soldiers, and was among the first to take up arms. His death was a great loss and a great misfortune. He had already distinguished himself, but had he lived no one can say to what eminence he would have risen. It has been said that when Gladden fell, half of his men ran toward him, and finally, under a desolating fire, began to falter.

Then Colonel Daniel W. Adams assumed command, and seizing a flag, dashed forward upon the Yankee lines. The men, animated by his gallant act, rushed to his standard, and drove the enemy pell mell and captured seven stand of colors from Prentiss' Division.

On another part of the field Brigadier-General Thomas Hindman, while pressing his brigade forward with undaunted nerve, constantly in front, drew down on him a concentrated fire of the enemy, under which he was severely wounded.

After noon the men were worn out, and notwithstanding the enemy was crowded back to the river, that is to say, scarcely a mile distant, there was no concentration which could give an effective last blow. As a consequence the enemy was strengthening its lines.

General Johnston, meanwhile, threw himself in the charge of a brigade and received a wound in the leg. A mortal wound it proved.

He died from loss of blood in the arms of his devoted brother-in-law, Colonel William Preston, of Kentucky. The scene of this unfortunate occurrence was in a hollow, which obscured him from the army, and the loss of the commander was not known until that night. General Johnston was among the great generals of the day. When war was declared he was in California, and General Fitz-John Porter, his former adjutant, was sent by the Washington government to offer him the command of the Federal armies. There is no question that had he signified the wish he would have been Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces.

About the time of General Johnston's death, General Bragg applied through his aide, Colonel Urquhart, for a diversion against some batteries, which were holding his line at bay, and Breckinridge, with the reserve, was thrown into action. His line was formed on the lower part of a sloping ledge, from which he gave the order to advance.

"Breckinridge," said an old soldier, a few days ago, speaking of this circumstance, "as he sat upon his horse, surrounded by his staff, looked more like an equestrian statue than a living man, except the fiery gleam in his eyes, when he received the order."

In front was a deserted camp, to all appearances, and as the noble Kentuckians moved forward everything was silent. Through the camp Breckinridge passed, and still there was silence, but not long; for a few steps beyond a stream of flame burst at their breasts, mowing them down fearfully, and heaping the ground with dead and wounded.

There was a momentary check, and they gave back to the woods, while the bullets rattled through the trees and reached far behind, killing a number of artillerists a mile distant. The Kentuckians receded, but only for a few moments, then closing their depleted ranks, they advanced again, animated by the gallant conduct of their officers, and forced the Yankees back. It was a desperate fight, and the ground was strewn with dead Federals and Confederates.

By this time Withers' Division of Bragg's Corps, with a portion of Hardee's Corps, which had become detached from his main force, massed on Breckinridge, whose position was the extreme right of the Confederate line. General Bragg then assumed command of the whole, and dashed at the Federal lines with a resistless weight, which forced them back beyond the camps of Wallace and Hurlbut. In this magnificent charge the Confederates captured two battalions and

nearly four thousand prisoners, most of them belonging to Prentiss' Division.

About the same time, General Polk, with his command, and Ruggles' Division of Bragg's Corps, made a strenuous effort to end the battle, and for some time it looked as if the enemy would all be killed or captured. They ran in great confusion, leaving behind everything which would impede their flight. The Federal officers made every effort to rally the fugitives, and succeeded in halting and forming a large number along the ridge which overhung Pittsburg Landing. A great many, however, could not be halted, and they tumbled over the bluff, where they joined those who ran from the field in the morning, forming a mass, or a dense mob, of frightened and panic-stricken people, whose conduct and condition were pitiable and contemptible.

These cowardly whelps, who had marched forth to plunder and destroy, now shivered in fear for their safety. This situation was the most auspicious one during the war to destroy the enemy.

The Confederates, however, did not take advantage of the opportunity to push on until too late.

General Grant has been given great credit for the final result at Shiloh, but the credit for saving his army from utter annihilation belongs to his chief of staff, Colonel Webster, who, observing the great peril of his people, began to plant upon the ridge every gun he could find—guns which had been saved from the stampede, and guns which had not been engaged. Federal writers state that there were sixty guns in position, including four 32-pounders, two batteries of 20-pounder parrots and a number of field batteries, before the Confederates essayed to move forward.

The position was naturally a strong one, besides being protected by timber and heavy undergrowth, which gave shelter to the enemy and impeded the advance of the Confederates. There was also a deep ravine separating the ridge from the approach in front.

The air was filled with shouts and cheers from the Confederates, who had won a great victory. They knew it, and impatiently waited for orders to make it complete and final.

General Beauregard, who was now in command, grasped the situation and sent his staff officers in all directions urging a forward movement of the whole force upon the shattered fragments of the enemy. General Beauregard has been severely and ignorantly criticised for this delay, but the facts are he did everything in his power to forward the line, so as to keep close on the heels of the fugitives

before they could rally. It will soon be forty-two years since that eventful day, and yet the mass of people believe that General Beauregard was at fault for not pushing on. The writer has also shared in that belief, but from a careful examination of every circumstance which I have been able to review, and from conversations with some of those who participated in the battle, I am thoroughly satisfied that the fault was with the company, regimental and brigade officers, who allowed the men to halt in the Federal camps and regale themselves with the tempting food and other spoil.

After the staff officers had succeeded in recalling the line officers to their duty, they immediately began to collect their men for an advance.

Howbeit, those tired and exhausted men had lost the inspiration of an hour before, and moved with less enthusiasm. The officers realized, however, that only an hour of daylight remained, and began to make amends for their inactivity while in the enemy's camp.

This came too late though, because Buell's Corps was arriving, which gave strength and force to the line which Colonel Webster had formed. The situation was desperate. The enemy had made a last stand, like a dog at bay in a corner of a fence, from which there was no escape but to fight with desperation. Finally the Confederate line moved forward in the terrible work, which failed, because of the impossibility of reaching the Federal line through the storm of shell and grape shot and bullets which filled the air and plowed up the ground. An example of the fruitless effort may give a better idea of the cause which made it impossible.

The 18th Louisiana Regiment, led by that gallant soldier, Colonel Mouton, moved forward to capture a battery some six hundred yards distant. The regiment advanced without support, and soon became exposed to a cross-fire from three batteries. Nevertheless, these superb Louisianians pressed on to within sixty yards of the Federal guns, but were then beaten back, leaving over two hundred of their members dead or wounded on the ground.

Another characteristic charge was made on the extreme Confederate right by General Chalmers, with his own and a part of J. K. Jackson's Brigade. General Bragg, who dubbed General Chalmers "The Little Game Cock," sent him an order to go into the enemy's lines. The order was received just before night, and his men, like all the others in that magnificent army, had been engaged for ten hours without respite; but when General Chalmers received the word, he placed himself in front of his troops and called on them to follow.

Forward rushed the Mississippians with an impetuosity rarely equaled; they passed over the ravine and up the slope, yelling at the top of their voices. The ridge bristled with cannon and bayonets, and the shot and shell from thirty cannon and ten thousand rifles tore and crashed through the noble ranks, leaving the field covered with their dead and wounded.

Onward they pressed, despite the impediments, until the line was within fifty yards of the Federal batteries. The scene was desperate. Nothing could have been superior to the conduct of the Mississippians; but men could not stand the storm which rained iron and lead from front and both flanks, and they fell back into the ravine.

These are only two of the stories of the closing scenes of Sunday. There were a series of disjointed attacks upon the battery of sixty-five guns and 30,000 infantry by fragments of brigades already worn out from fatigue and hunger.

Night coming on, General Beauregard directed that the troops be brought out of the battle and collected and restored to their commands. The encampments which the enemy had been driven from were occupied by the Confederates, who feasted on the numerous stores left behind.

General Beauregard has been unjustly blamed for withdrawing the troops on Sunday night. Some of his general officers took occasion to say:

“They were in the act of ending the day’s victory by an impetuous rush into the Federal lines which would have driven him into the river.”

This story has been told ever since the battle, and people have accepted the statement as true, and told to others as the gospel truth. I have heard these stories told by numerous men who participated in the battle. They believe them. Some said General So-and-so asserted it, therefore it was true. If anyone who desires to know the facts, and will read the reports of the different division, brigade, and regimental commanders, he will find that nearly every command had withdrawn from the fight before the order from General Beauregard reached them.

The true reason why this battle of Sunday, April 6, fell short of a complete victory is perfectly plain to anyone who will give the subject careful investigation. Certainly the facts should be stated and the responsibility placed where it belongs. The writer has, during all the intervening years, believed that General Beauregard displayed

bad judgment in withdrawing the troops. He has been under the impression that he did so in the midst of rushing columns and victorious yells; but this is not true.

To begin with, the Confederates opened the battle on empty stomachs. They were hotly engaged for ten hours, and were tired, hungry and battle-jaded, when they had driven the enemy from Hurlbut's encampment. Finding large quantities of commissary and quartermaster stores, feeling they had earned a rest, as well as dinner, they began a raid on the camp chests and officers' tents for spoils. The officers were just as hungry as the men, and nearly an hour was lost at a time when the fate of a nation depended upon prompt movements and vigorous actions.

But the men were exhausted from fatigue and hunger. During this inaction of the Confederates, Colonel Webster, of the Federal staff, was massing the Yankee artillery and infantry along the ridge in front of Lick creek. In the meantime, General Beauregard sent his staff officers along the line with orders to "forward" without delay. There was great difficulty in getting the men back in line, and when they had formed, much of the enthusiasm and excitement which characterized them before had given place to lassitude.

Again they moved with indomitable force, but night was coming on, and the enemy massed along a strong position, met the assault with concentrated batteries and massed infantry. Incidentally, the shot and shell trimmed the ranks of the noble Confederates, until the impetus of the attack slackened in the face of such odds and such destruction. During these last charges General Beauregard led in person, carrying the battle flag of the Crescent Regiment. Even such a noble example could not restore the lost forces of officers and men, and by common consent the battle ended.

From a careful study of the battle, the writer finds no hesitation in asserting that General Beauregard did everything in the power of a commander to push the battle to a final conclusion, and I seek this opportunity to record my humble opinion to that end. Had General Johnston lived, the result would have been the same, because the men were limp and distressed.

Meanwhile, night came on and shrouded the field in darkness, and thus ended the first day's battle. A deep silence settled upon the scene of such bloody carnage; but that was soon broken by the firing of the heavy guns from the Federal gunboats, whose shells exploded over the Confederate camps and scattered in shrieking fragments in every direction.

The Confederates, however, were too much fatigued to allow their rest disturbed. Thousands of dead and wounded, both Federal and Confederate, lay spread upon the battle-field. Their low wails and moans sent a thrill of deep sorrow to every heart, but there was no power to relieve them all.

During the night the prisoners were collected together at Shiloh Church, near General Beauregard's headquarters. Among them was the Federal General, Prentiss, who, together with his division, had been captured during one of the mighty rushes of the day. A member of the Crescent Regiment informed the writer that Prentiss was captured by that regiment, and he offered his sword to Colonel Marshall J. Smith, who magnanimously stated he would send for an officer of similar rank to Prentiss to receive it, which he did.

During the night it rained heavily, but the Confederates, under cover of the Yankee tents, slept, hopefully dreaming of a great victory to-morrow.

While they thus reposed, Buell, with four strong divisions, was landing at Pittsburg, and formed for the morrow. He had 25,000 fresh troops to aid the Federals, while on the Confederate side there was not a man who had not fought for the greater part of Sunday.

The Confederates had lost in killed and wounded 6,500 officers and men, to which must be added many stragglers incident to all battles, so that not over 20,000 Confederates could have been found for duty on Monday morning. Furthermore, they were scattered widely, here and there, among the Yankee encampments. Regiments of Bragg's Corps were mingled with those of Hardee's or Polk's and so on. They camped where they found subsistence and tents.

General Grant, it seems, directed that the offensive be assumed at dawn. He was anxious to efface the disaster of Sunday, and now that Buell was at hand, and realizing that the Confederates were worn out and could bring no fresh troops to their aid, he wisely took advantage of the opportunity.

Buell was an old army officer, an accomplished soldier, martial by nature, and acquainted with the theory of big operations. Grant knew this, and felt conscious of his advantage.

General Beauregard had not been able to use his cavalry to advantage, owing to the character of the country, but Forrest (who was a colonel), with his wonted impatience of the least delay, dismounted his men and led them in several desperate charges.

After nightfall, Forrest went into camp on the slope of a ravine, where he found forage and subsistence for his men.

Finding no superior officers at hand, he threw out a picket as near as possible to the enemy, and sent a trusted lieutenant into their lines to ascertain what they were doing. The lieutenant returned within three hours and reported he had seen heavy re-enforcements arrive by water, and gave it as his opinion that in the great disorder among them, that if an attack were made in force at once, the enemy might be pushed into the river.

Forrest mounted his horse to convey the intelligence to the corps commander. Reaching Generals Hardee and Breckinridge, he advised them what his scout had reported.

Forrest supplemented the information by his opinion that the Confederates should immediately resume the battle, or quit the field and avoid a conflict with overwhelming odds. Hardee directed him to see General Beauregard at once and communicate his information to him. After two hours' search through the woods, in the darkness, he was unable to find General Beauregard, and again sought General Hardee, whom he urged to make the attack, but was advised to return to his regiment and keep up a vigilant watch.

Could Forrest have carried out his idea, I verily believe the enemy would have plunged into the river.

About half past 5 o'clock Monday morning a swarm of skirmishers were sent forward by Buell, and soon the sound of so much musketry announced the opening of another day's battle, and the Confederates, though greatly fatigued, sprung into line to struggle for the fruits of yesterday's triumph. Notwithstanding they were tired, the reaction was immediate, and with the greatest alacrity the Confederates went to work, determined to hold what they had won.

Nelson's Division led the Federal line, and Chalmers, with his Brigade of Mississippians and a part of J. K. Jackson's, under Colonel Joe Wheeler, were the first Confederates to become engaged.

Nelson pushed forward with vigor, while the Confederates were ordered to retire slowly and concentrate their strength. About 8 o'clock General Hardee had massed his own corps and Withers' Division of Bragg's Corps, and the fighting began in good earnest.

Nelson's advance was checked, but he quickly pushed forward Hazen's Brigade of regulars, and the Confederates were driven from their position. General Hardee, however, concentrated his force and sent Hazen back, and then hurled Nelson headlong from the

field. It was 9 o'clock, and Nelson sent every available staff officer calling for aid.

In this brilliant affair the Confederate officers led their men most nobly.

Said General Hardee, "General Chalmers, seizing the colors of a regiment, as his brigade wavered, rode forward, waiving the flag above his head; the men rallied, and, resuming the offensive, carried the contested point.

"At the same time, Colonel Wheeler did the like with the flag of the 19th Alabama, and Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Rankin, of Mississippi, lost his life giving a conspicuous example of determined courage to his regiment."

Nelson was re-enforced by Crittenden's Division, and a desperate struggle for the mastery raged on that part of the field until about 1 o'clock. Neither side gained any material advantage. In the meantime, McClernand and McCook on the right, and Sherman and Lew Wallace were opposing Polk. The battle raged with fury, while fresh troops were sent to re-enforce the Federal lines.

The Yankees reeled and rushed rearward, then, caught by supporting columns, they returned to the fray. Sherman had been driven back a mile, where he was re-enforced and made a desperate struggle to hold his position.

Here Rousseau's Federal Brigade was pitted against Trabue's Kentuckians. Both fought with much determination to win, but the Yankees were repulsed, and then Wallace was so pressed it looked as if he must surrender.

McCook's two brigades rushed to his assistance, and Federal writers state there were 20,000 troops opposed to the Confederates at that point.

The impetuosity of the Confederate attacks had worn them out, and in the face of such odds there was no alternative but to withdraw. In every instance on the field of Shiloh the Confederate troops were animated by the greatest intrepidity on the part of their officers.

The battle had opened at daylight; had raged furiously from right to left for more than five hours; and, notwithstanding the odds and the fresh troops sent against them, despite their two days' engagement, the Confederates had not receded an inch from the ground upon which they had formed.

General Beauregard, seeing the unprofitable nature of the struggle,

decided not to prolong it, and gave orders to retire, but to turn and fight when it became necessary.

About 2 o'clock, accordingly, the movement began and was carried out with a steadiness never exceeded by veterans anywhere.

The enemy was so stunned and crippled they made no effort to pursue. General Beauregard planted his artillery on a favorable ridge which commanded the road and opened on the Federal position, but there was no response.

There was absolutely no desire on the part of the Federals to pursue. General Breckinridge, who was assigned to the duty of covering the retreat, camped at a point not over four miles from Pittsburg Landing.

Shiloh was one of the bloodiest battles in history. General Beauregard officially stated his loss at 1,720 killed, 8,012 wounded and 959 missing, an aggregate of 10,699.

Swinton places the Federal loss at 15,000, making the combined losses over 25,000.

Tuesday afternoon, Colonel Forrest, with two companies of his regiment, was acting as rear guard, when suddenly a force of the enemy advanced in three lines of battle. About this time Captain Isaac Harrison, with his company from Wirt Adams' Regiment, and two companies of the 8th Texas, and a company of Kentuckians, under Captain John Morgan, opportunely came up, making Forrest's force about 350 strong.

There was a favorable ridge just to the rear, and Forrest determined to hold it if possible until his regiment could be brought up.

He formed in line, and very quickly two regiments of cavalry and a regiment of infantry were thrown forward to attack him.

The infantry advanced at a charge bayonets. The line was well preserved, until it reached a branch, where there was some confusion. Forrest, with his characteristic quickness of sight and wonted hardihood, determined to charge the Federal infantry.

He called to the bugler to sound the charge, and forward dashed the Confederate cavalymen in superb order, yelling and shouting. They moved so quickly and unexpectedly, they were upon the enemy before they had time to anticipate it. At twenty paces, the boys gave a volley with their shotguns, then rushed on with their pistols.

So sudden was the onset that despite their numbers the Yankee cavalry broke in disorder, and rushing back through the woods, ran over their infantry, creating a scene of confusion unequaled proba-

bly, save at Brice's Crossroads, on January 10, 1864, when Forrest annihilated Sturges. Numbers of the Federal infantry were mowed down, while others used their bayonets against the horses, and they, falling, threw their riders, bruised, to the ground.

Before the infantry could recover, Forrest was upon them, and they broke as well as the cavalry.

It is said that men are merciless on some occasions. On this one, the Yankees, fleeing for their lives, were pursued by their eager, excited enemy for some hundred yards, and the loss was heavy in killed and wounded, besides about one hundred prisoners.

There was no further interference from the Federals.

CAUSES OF THE CONFEDERATE FAILURE.

There were so many causes and incidents connected with the battle of Shiloh which affected the final results that we are self-persuaded to set forth, as far as we are able, the mistakes of the Confederate forces.

Both sides have claimed the advantage. The Confederates do so upon the fact that they captured a large number of prisoners, artillery and colors, which they carried from the field, the complete rout of the Federals on Sunday, and also that they were able to hold the ground upon which the battle had been fought until 2 P. M. Monday, when General Beauregard withdrew from an unprofitable combat. He withdrew in the best order, taking with him all the captured cannon for which there was transportation. Furthermore, the enemy had been so completely battered and stunned, that even the 25,000 veterans which Buell launched the second day, were unable to pursue.

The Federals claim the victory upon the ground that on Monday evening they had recovered their encampments and possession of the field of battle, from which the Confederates had retired, leaving behind their dead and a number of wounded.

Now, then, we must remember that the Confederates uniformly took the offensive and were the assailants. The reports of the Federal officers show that they were ingloriously defeated during Sunday, and worsted on Monday from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M., after which time they were able to hold their own and check their antagonists. (See the reports of Generals Wallace, Nelson, Crittenden and others, *Rebellion Records*, Vol. 4.)

After 2 P. M. Monday, when General Beauregard withdrew, there

was a complete lull in the battle until about 4 P. M., at which time the Federals began to advance.

In order to present the causes and follow the events, let us begin with the time when the Confederate army was at Corinth.

Generals Johnston and Beauregard met at 11 o'clock on the night of April 2, and deliberated over the coming movement. At half-past 1 o'clock on the morning of the 3d the corps commanders were notified to be in readiness to move at a moment's notice. By noon of that day the whole Confederate army was under arms and ready to begin the march. Each corps commander received orders to move at a certain hour, and over specified roads. From some unexplained cause the First Corps did not cover the distance expected, and therefore did not meet General Johnston's expectations.

Moreover, it rained very heavily during the night of the 3d, and Bragg's Corps could not advance beyond Monterey on the second day, which was the 4th of April, whereas Generals Johnston and Beauregard confidently expected that by the night of the 4th the whole army would bivouac near enough to the enemy to be able to attack on the morning of the 5th.

General Polk's Corps did not reach the vicinity of the designated point until 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, April 5. Bragg's Corps was likewise inexplicably slow in arriving. It was known by the corps commanders that General Johnston desired to attack Saturday, the 5th. Instead of being able to attack Saturday, however, General Johnston was confronted with the loss of the greatest opportunity of the war. He well knew that Buell could not reach Pittsburg Landing before Monday evening, and to have attacked Grant, as he expected, on Saturday morning, meant the destruction of the Federal army.

General Johnston was supremely chagrined that he had been balked in his rightful expectations, and he was forced to see pass the opportunity which his plan made possible. His success had depended on the power to assail Grant unexpectedly. Grant's force was superior in numbers, and a large part of it had seen service and been under fire, while, on the other hand, the Confederates were too raw, and too recently enlisted to send them against breastworks with confidence. Success, therefore, as we have stated, depended on taking the Federals unawares, before they could fortify their position.

It is proper to state again (in some extenuation) that it began to rain very heavily during the night of the 3d, which softened the

roads and retarded the movement of the troops. It would seem, however, that the corps commanders, aware of the importance of surprising the enemy, would have used greater efforts to impel the men along. Will anyone believe that Jackson or Forrest would have failed to be there?

To explain very clearly how disappointed General Beauregard was over the failure to attack Saturday, we may say that he advised General Johnston to abandon the enterprise. He believed that the enemy was aware of the close proximity of the Confederates, and would, therefore, be found in breastworks.

General Johnston gave grave and earnest attention to his views, and doubtless coincided in them, but said he still hoped the enemy was not looking for them.

Lord Napier said: "That celerity in war depends as much on the experience of the troops as upon the energy of the general."

Forrest said: "Success depends on getting there first with the most men."

Stonewall Jackson said: "Attack as soon as you have come upon the enemy. Do not wait for stragglers to catch up, because it is very likely the enemy straggles also." There can be no doubt, had the Confederates attacked early Saturday morning, the Federal army would have been captured or destroyed. As a matter of fact, on Sunday evening Grant's army was a wrecked and shivering mass, and had Monday dawned upon them without the aid of Buell, the end would have been at hand.

One reason why the battle of Sunday fell short of a complete victory is, that after the battle was at its height, near noon, the corps and division officers, who should have been occupied with keeping their forces concentrated and in order, so as to be able to hurl them in masses against the shattered enemy, were in front of the lines leading regiments and brigades into action. They were inspired by the events of the moment, and, of course, did a great deal by their personal example; they led with great intrepidity, but their place was with the mass of their commands, and not leading the advance regiments.

Everything goes to prove that there was little or no concert of action; each brigade acted for itself, particularly after noon, when the attacks were piecemeal entirely. Had each corps been well in hand, to mass and press on, instead of sacrificing the regiments and brigades singly, who will doubt the result? The battle should have

ended by 4 o'clock, and would have done so but for the unfortunate absence of discipline and experience.

When the Confederates passed through the enemy's encampments and found such quantities of provisions and booty, they halted and began to help themselves. Good men left the ranks and returned to the rear with bundles of plunder, in some cases sufficient to stock a small store. Then it was the officers failed to do their duty. They should have checked the confusion and kept the men in ranks.

General Buell, in his report of his arrival at Pittsburg Landing, said:

"The banks swarmed with a confused mass of men of various regiments; these could not have been less than four or five thousand, and later in the day it became much greater. The throng of demoralized troops increased continually by fresh fugitives from the battle, which steadily closed nearer the landing, and these were intermingled with teams, striving to get as near the river as possible. With few exceptions, all efforts to form the troops and move them forward to the fight utterly failed."

Assuredly the Confederates were at fault for not pressing on, not that it was General Beauregard's fault, he who urged that movement, but his officers, who allowed the lines to halt in the Yankee camps.

In ending this criticism of Shiloh, and in closing the Confederate column, which we have endeavored to make as interesting to the old boys as we were able to do, we close our work with a reference to a subject not associated with Shiloh alone, but which has become a source of so much ill-feeling and contention on the part of our late enemies, that we deem it of use and as appropriate as a finale to these stories about the war, to place on record the following statement from a Federal newspaper correspondent at Shiloh to the *Cincinnati Commercial*.

Said he: "I am glad to be able to say something good of an army of traitors. * * * No instance came to my knowledge in which our dead or wounded were treated in so diabolical a manner as they were reported to be at Manassas and Pea Ridge. They were invariably, whenever practicable, kindly cared for. * * * A. Heckenlooper tells me that one of his corporals, who was wounded, received many attentions. An officer handed him a rubber blanket, saying that he needed it bad enough, but a wounded man needed it more.

Others brought him food and water, and wrapped him in woolen blankets. Such instances were common, and among the hundreds of dead and wounded not one showed signs of barbarity, of which the Rebels are accused." Certainly this easily refutes the outrageous slanders made about the treatment of prisoners by the Confederates.

In taking leave of the work in which I have sought to interest my comrades, I can not too warmly express my appreciation for the generous aid which the *Picayune* has given, and for the liberality in donating a page, and often more, to the stories of the war, which, doubtless, has no interest for a large class of its readers.

If we have contributed anything to the pleasure of the old boys, or stated any facts during the life of the Confederate column, which will give a fair and just conception of the distinctive traits of the Confederate soldier, we are happy to have done so.

"THE BATTLE OF THE HANDKERCHIEFS."

We are indebted to the Hon. W. H. Seymour for the following very interesting story:

"There was a great stir and intense excitement at one time during General Banks' administration. A number of 'Rebels' were to leave for the 'Confederacy.' Their friends, amounting to some 20,000 persons, women and children principally, wended their way down to the levee to see them off and to take their last farewell.

"Such a quantity of women frightened the officials; they were exasperated at their waving of handkerchiefs, their loud calling to their friends, and their going on to vessels in the vicinity.

"Order were given to 'Stand back,' but no heed was given; the bayonets were pointed at the ladies, but they were not to be scared. A lady ran across to get a nearer view. An officer seized her by the arm, but she escaped, leaving a scarf in his possession. At last the military received orders to do its duty.

"The affair was called the 'Pocket Handkerchief War,' and has been put in verse, which is quite comical."

THE GREATEST VICTORY OF THE WAR.

"LA BATAILLE DES MOUCHOIRS."

Fought Friday, February 20, 1863, at the head of Gravier street.

Of all the battles, modern or old,
By poet sung or historian told;

Of all the routs that ever was seen
From the days of Saladin to Marshall Tournenne,
Or all the victories later yet won,
From Waterloo's field to that of Bull Run;
All, all, must hide their fading light,
In the radiant glow of the handkerchief fight;
And a pæan of joy must thrill the land,
When they hear of the deeds of Banks' band.

'Twas on the levee, where the tide
Of "Father Mississippi" flows,
Our gallant lads, their country's pride,
Won this great vict'ry o'er her foes.
Four hundred Rebels were to leave
That morning for Secessia shades,
When down there came (you'd scarce believe),
A troop of children, wives and maids,
To wave farewells, to bid Godspeed,
To shed for them the parting tear,
To waft them kisses as the meed
Of praise to soldiers' hearts most dear,
They came in hundreds—thousands lined
The streets, the roofs, the shipping, too,
Their ribbons dancing in the wind,
Their bright eyes flashing love's adieu.
'Twas then to danger we awoke,
But nobly faced the unarmed throng,
And beat them back with hearty stroke,
'Till re-enforcements came along.
We waited long, our aching sight
Was strained in eager, anxious gaze.
At last we saw the bayonets bright
Flash in the sunlight's welcome blaze.
The cannon's dull and heavy roll,
Fell greeting on our gladdened ear,
Then fired each eye, then glowed each soul,
For well we knew the strife was near.
Charge! rang the cry, and on we dashed
Upon our female foes,
As seas in stormy fury lashed,
When'er the tempest blows.

Like chaff their parasols went down,
As our gallants rushed;
And many a bonnet, robe and gown
Was torn to shreds or crushed,
Though well we plied the bayonet,
Still some our efforts braved,
Defiant both of blow and threat,
Their handkerchiefs still waved.
Thick grew the fight, loud rolled the din,
When, charge! rang out again,
And then the cannon thundered in,
And scoured o'er the plain
Down, 'neath th' un pitying iron heels
Of horses children sank,
While through the crowd the cannon wheels
Mowed roads on either flank,
One startled shriek, one hollow groan,
One headlong rush, and then
Huzza! the field was all our own,
For we were Banks' men.

That night, released from all our toils,
Our dangers passed and gone;
We gladly gathered up the spoils
Our chivalry had won!
Five hundred 'kerchiefs we had snatched
From Rebel ladies' hands,
Ten parasols, two shoes (not matched)
Some ribbons, belts and bands,
And other things that I forgot;
But then you'll find them all
As trophies in that hallowed spot—
The cradle—Faneuil Hall!

And long on Massachusetts shore,
And on Green Mountains' side,
Or where Long Island's breakers roar,
And by the Hudson's tide,
In times to come, when lamps are lit,
And fires brightly blaze,
While round the knees of heroes sit
The young of happier days,

Who listen to their storied deeds,
To them sublimely grand—
Then glory shall award its meed
Of praise to Banks' band,
And fame proclaim that they alone
(In triumph's loudest note)
May wear henceforth, for valor shown,
A woman's petticoat!

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, February 14, 1904.]

CITY BATTALION, RICHMOND, VA.

Roster of Officers of the Twenty-fifth Battalion of Infantry.

Editor of the Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Will you kindly tell me what company Captain Cocke commanded during the latter part of the Confederate war? I think it was a city battalion, of Richmond. P. C. W.

See the roster following, which we give as a matter of general interest:

OFFICERS OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH BATTALION VIRGINIA INFANTRY.

Wyatt M. Elliott, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel.
Louis J. Bossieux, Major.
Thomas L. Bondurant, Assistant Surgeon and Surgeon.
Oscar R. Hough, Adjutant.
Jesse P. Hope, Surgeon.
Joseph A. Baden, Assistant Surgeon.
Henry C. Shent, Assistant Surgeon.
Thaddeus B. Starke, Assistant Quartermaster.
Benjamin F. Cocke, Acting Adjutant.
John E. Bradley, Ensign.

COMPANY "A."

John H. Greaner, Captain.
James T. Vaughan, First Lieutenant.
Oscar R. Hough, Second Lieutenant.
John Poe, Jr., Second Lieutenant.
George Bell, Second Lieutenant.
Robert E. Mills, Second Lieutenant.
James B. Newberry, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY "B."

Louis J. Bossieux, Captain.
John W. Fisher, First Lieutenant and Captain.
John La Touche, Second and First Lieutenant.
George P. Bondurant, Second and First Lieutenant.
John W. Beard, Second and First Lieutenant.
Robert P. Nixon, Second and First Lieutenant.

COMPANY "C."

William Wirt Harrison, Captain.
William H. Allison, First Lieutenant; promoted to Captain of
Company "H."
Charles D. Anderson, Second and First Lieutenant and Captain.
John Randolph, Second and First Lieutenant.
Robert A. Stephenson, Second and First Lieutenant.
Edward P. Sheppard, Second and First Lieutenant.

COMPANY "D."

John F. C. Potts, Captain.
William A. Jenkins, First Lieutenant.
Henry T. Miller, Second and First Lieutenant.
Rigdon McCoy McIntosh, Second and First Lieutenant.
N. R. Motley, Second and First Lieutenant.
Charles H. Erambert, Second and First Lieutenant.

COMPANY "E."

William L. Maule, Captain.
F. M. Boykin, First Lieutenant and Captain.
James L. Bray, Second and First Lieutenant.

William A. Garrett, Second Lieutenant.
Thomas H. Harris, Second Lieutenant.
William G. Herrington, Second Lieutenant.
R. L. Scott, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY "F."

Cyrus Bossieux, Captain.
John McCawley, First Lieutenant.
Peter C. Willis, Second and First Lieutenant.
Virginus Bossieux, Second Lieutenant.
Robert G. W. Dillard, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY "G."

William S. Reed, Captain.
R. G. Portlock, First Lieutenant and Captain.
Lucien L. Bass, Second and First Lieutenant and Captain.
William U. Bass, Second and First Lieutenant.
W. L. Moody, Second Lieutenant.
F. S. Dalton, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY "H" (organized June 4, 1863).

William H. Allison, Captain.
Benjamin F. Cocke, First Lieutenant.
Robert H. Gilliam, Second Lieutenant.
Samuel A. West, Second Lieutenant.

ARTILLERY COMPANY ATTACHED.

A. B. Guigon, Captain.
George P. Bondurant, First Lieutenant.

[From the Richmond, Va., *Times-Dispatch*, February 14, 20, 1904.]

**THE FIRST MARINE TORPEDOES WERE MADE
IN RICHMOND, VA., AND USED IN
JAMES RIVER.**

**Despite the Study of this Method of Warfare, More was
Accomplished by the Confederate States of America
than has been Accomplished for Many
Years Since.**

Colonel Richard L. Maury, a son of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, has written for the *Times-Dispatch* an extremely interesting article on the invention and use of torpedoes, in which his father was the pioneer, and to the perfection of which he, himself, and other brave naval officers of the Confederacy devoted themselves with all the abandon which a devotion to a cause for the cause's sake can evoke. The interest caused by the destruction of Russian vessels by means of torpedoes gives increased interest to the article which is printed in full below:

The wonderful achievements of Japan, with her ironclad rams and torpedoes, should be specially interesting to your readers, because of the fact that these mighty engines of modern war, as successful appliances, had their origin in Virginia, were designed in Richmond and were first successfully used in the waters of James river. With them continually developed and improved by the fertile brain of her many clever officers, and by them operated with a daring and self-sacrifice never equalled, the Confederate navy totally revolutionized naval warfare, and, though barren of resources, of shops, machinery and experienced mechanics fully to avail of the many improvements and inventions they made, yet with her novel system of torpedoes accomplished more in her several years than with all the great advancement of scientific knowledge, improvements in mechanical construction and familiarity with electrical force during subsequent years, other nations have been able since to do.

In 1865 the Secretary of the United States navy reported to Congress that the navy had lost more ships during the war from Confed-

erate torpedoes than from all other causes combined. Scharf's *History of the Confederate States Navy* gives as an incomplete list of forty, showing at one time ten were destroyed in less than three weeks, and General Rains, chief of the army torpedo department, says that the total number was fifty-eight, a number far in excess of what all other nations combined, with all their modern improvements and appliances, have effected, during the forty years since passed.

The first ironclad ram in actual conflict was the immortal *Virginia*, victoriously fought in Virginia waters, constructed in Virginia according to the design of Lieut. John M. Brooke, a Virginian, born near Fredericksburg, now an honored professor at the V. M. I. Her great achievement was her victory in Hampton Roads, especially her defeat of the Federal ironclad, an invention not of a naval officer or of an American, whereby the government at Washington was so alarmed, that preparation were made to close the channel of the Potomac. The *Monitor* was ordered to be careful of herself, which she was, twice refusing the Virginian's offered battle, or to leave the protections of the guns of the fort, and the Secretary of the Navy, ignoring the "first army on the planet," and a navy as powerful as any afloat, called frantically upon a civilian of New York for protection, asking him to name his own price to destroy this Confederate terror, designed by Brooke and fought by Buchanan. Tatnall, Catesby Jones, Robert D. Minor, J. Taylor Wood, Hunter Davidson, Charles Sims and many another gallant Confederate.

WERE MADE HERE.

Torpedoes as a successful weapon in actual war were introduced into the Confederate navy by Captain Mathews F. Maury, also of Fredericksburg, and first placed by him in James River.

Hardly had he arrived in Richmond in April, 1861, in response to Virginia's call to her sons to come to her assistance, that his thoughts were turned to the realization of this means for the defense of the exposed rivers and harbors of Virginia and the South. Penetrated as the country was by innumerable navigable waters, and absolutely without vessels to defend them, he urged that the most effective way to keep off the enemy was to mine the channelways, and blow up by means of electricity when he attempted the passage.

At this time there was nothing save a few shore batteries to prevent any ship bold enough to run past them and ascend the river, shelling Richmond or any other water-side town in the South.

There was much prejudice against, or lack of appreciation of, this undeveloped system of defense by many of the Confederate authorities, who considered it ineffectual and unlawful warfare, but Captain Maury, undeterred by the lack of official support and opposition of many friends, proceeded at once to demonstrate its sufficiency as best he could without the use of proper mechanical resources.

His trial experiments to explode under water were made with minute charges of powder and submerged in an ordinary washtub in his chamber at the house of his cousin, Robert H. Maury, on Clay street, and the tank for actual use, with their triggers for explosion and other mechanical appliances for service, were made by Talbott and Son, on Cary street, under their ready and intelligent direction.

In the early summer of 1861 the Secretary of the Navy and the chairman of the Naval Committee of Congress and others, were invited to witness an explosion in James river at Rocketts. The torpedo was a small keg of powder, weighted to sink, fitted with a trigger to explode by percussion, to be fired, when in place, by a lanyard. The *Patrick Henry* gig was borrowed; Captain Maury and the writer got aboard with the torpedo, and were rowed to the middle of the channel just opposite to where the wharf of the James River Steamboat Company now is, whereon the spectator stood; the torpedo was carefully lowered to the bottom, taking great care not to strain upon the trigger, which was at full cock; the lanyard loosely held on board. The boat pulled clear, and the writer pulled the lanyard. The explosion was instantaneous; up went a column of water fifteen or twenty feet; many stunned or dead fish floated around; the officials on the wharf applauded and were convinced, and shortly after a naval bureau of "coast harbor and river defense" was created, and Captain Maury placed at its head with abundant funds for the work, and the very best of intelligent, able and zealous younger naval officers for assistants.

MINED THE RIVER.

In a month or two he had mined the channel of the river just opposite Chaffin's Bluff, with fixed torpedoes to be exploded by contact, having then no insulated wire with which to explode by electricity, and during that summer and fall several attempts with floating torpedoes were made against the Federal squadron at Fortress Monroe, one of which he personally directed (July, 1861); another

(October, 1861), by one of his skillful associates, Lieutenant Robert D. Minor, also of Fredericksburg.

He thus describes them:

"These torpedoes were in pairs, connected together by a span 500 feet long."

The span was floated on the surface by corks, and the torpedo barrels, containing 200 pounds of powder, also floated at the depth of twenty feet, empty barregas, painted lead color, so as not really to be seen, serving for the purpose.

The span was connected with a trigger in the head of each barrel, so set and arranged that when the torpedo, being let go in a tide way under the bows and athwart the hawse had fouled, they would be drifted alongside, and in so drifting tauten the span, and so set off the fuse, which was driven precisely as a ten seconds shot fuse, only it was calculated to burn fifty-four seconds, because it could not be known exactly in which part of the sweep along tide the strain would be sufficient to set off the trigger. The torpedoes were launched at three fine frigates, the *Minnesota*, the *Roanoke* and the *Cumberland*.

Finding that they all missed, I attributed it to the fact that such a fuse could not burn under a pressure of twenty feet of water. The conjecture was confirmed by experiment. The fuse could burn very surely at the depth of fifteen feet, never at twenty feet.

Some time afterwards those torpedoes were discovered by the enemy. Spans, barrels and barregas were soon got up, and carried off as relics.

The enemy prevented any further attack in this way by dropping the end of his lower studding sail boom in the water "every night, anchoring boats or beams ahead."

GREW IN FAVOR.

To obtain insulated wire an agent was sent to New York in secret, but failed, and as there was neither wire factory or insulating material in the South, the difficulties of preparing electrical torpedoes to which he attached the greatest importance and greatly preferred, seemed insuperable, until by a remarkable coincidence, in the following spring, it happened that the enemy attempting to lay a cable across Chesapeake Bay to Fortress Monroe were forced to abandon the attempt and left the wire to the mercy of the waves, which cast

it up on the beach near Norfolk, where by the kindness of a friend, it was secured for Captain Maury's uses. With part of this he was enabled to mine James river below the obstruction with electrical torpedoes, which destroyed every Federal vessel that attempted to pass them, and kept their powerful fleet at bay during the entire war, and with part to enable other southern harbors to be similarly protected.

Meantime, torpedoes were rapidly growing in public favor, new designs and improvements, suggested by experience, were multiplied by the active brain of the many clever young naval officers, whose withdrawal from the United States navy left it paralyzed for years, and torpedoes of all kinds were left to be found in all our waters whenever Federal ships appeared.

Lieutenant Beverly Kennon, of Virginia, set them afloat in the Potomac, and later, was instrumental, he said, in procuring the first actual destruction of the *Cairo* in Yazoo river by Masters McDaniel and Ewing, with a ground torpedo—a demijohn filled with powder and fired with a trigger by a string leading to the operator hidden on the bank. General Rains, chief of the army torpedo bureau, adopted the beer keg, filled with powder, and fitted with a percussion primer at each end, as the best form, and set hundreds of them afloat, to be carried by current and tide against the enemy's vessels below. Captain Francis D. Lee, of General Beauregard's staff, recommended the star torpedo—*i. e.*, a torpedo set upon the end of a twenty-foot spar, rigged upon the bow of a boat, to be fired by impact upon the sides of the vessel attacked; and with Captain Maury designed and constructed, at his own expense, a semi-submarine torpedo, called a "David," rigged with a star torpedo, with which at Charleston, Lieutenant Glassell struck and permanently disabled the new ironside, the most powerful vessel then afloat. Shortly after, and with a submarine torpedo boat, the first ever used, designed and constructed with his private means by Mr. Horace L. Hundley, of New Orleans, but then living in Mobile, who was drowned in her, Lieutenant Dixon, of Mobile, of the army, with unsurpassable courage, attacked the Federal steamer *Housatonic*, and sunk her almost instantaneously; but Dixon and daring crew, and his pioneer submarine torpedo boat, all went to the bottom with their victim, where divers found them after the war lying side by side.

And John Maxwell, of Richmond, with matchless intrepidity,

with his own hands handed a clock torpedo aboard a vessel at City Point, which blew her to pieces in a few moments, killing many and spreading consternation all around.

WENT ABROAD.

By the fall of 1862 the importance of Captain Maury's work and its capabilities had become so highly appreciated that it was deemed best that he should go to England, that he might have every opportunity for the development and improvement afforded by the workshops and laboratories and facilities for experiment and construction. Accordingly he was ordered abroad in this service, where he remained, pursuing his researches, perfecting his valuable invention with great success, constantly reporting progress to the Navy Department at home for the instruction of the torpedo workers there, until just before the close of the war, which found him at sea, en route for home, with a most powerful, perfect and complete equipment of electrical torpedo material, perhaps never since equalled.

His valuable assistant in the James river defense was Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, who succeeded him in that charge, which he managed with unequaled skill until the end with electrical torpedoes, which, he says, he himself put down, Captain Maury's having been washed out by a severe freshet after he had gone. His operation crippled and destroyed two Federal vessels—the only ones, he says, destroyed by electrical torpedoes during the war. With a torpedo boat of his own construction and design, constructed here in Richmond, rigged with a spar torpedo, he most courageously ventured a hundred miles and more down the river, into the enemy's lines, and rammed the frigate *Minnesota*, lying off Newport News. He exploded the torpedo, but the charge was too small, and but little damage was done or suffered.

GALLANT ATTACKS.

Besides these, numerous gallant attacks were made with torpedoes everywhere, despite the danger and death which often accompanied their use, and many of the older officers, who at first regarded them with disfavor, as Captain Parker said he did, were now torpedo mad. "Commodore Tucker and I," he said, "had torpedo on the brain." The destruction of the enemy's vessels increased so rapidly—in the last three weeks of the war ten were destroyed—that they were

compelled to adopt our system, although at first denouncing it as barbarous and heathenish.

Captain Maury's experience and studies had now made him the chief authority upon the new weapon, so that when after the war he returned to Europe, he was requested by the Emperor Napoleon to explain to him its merits. He did so, and for the Emperor's benefit had an explosion in the Seine at St. Cloud, the Emperor himself firing the charge. Subsequently, by request of the several governments, he instructed and imparted his knowledge of torpedoes and their use to representatives of France, England, Russia, Holland and Germany, all of whom adopted his plan, and made the torpedo one of the chief branches of their armament. But, as yet with every advantage, with earnest desire and constant effort to excel, none have done as well with these Virginia weapons as did the Confederate States navy forty years ago.

[An editorial in the *Times-Dispatch*, February 20, 1904, elicited the following communication which definitely settles the question in issue.—ED.]

SIR,—Your answer this morning to a recent article in the New York *Tribune* (which I have not seen), concerning torpedoes, stating that they were "only successfully employed two or three times by the Confederates," suggests additional facts in further refutation of a statement utterly erroneous. Two or three citations to the veritable records of the time abundantly show, save to those so blind that they will not see, that the writer of the article in the *Tribune* is altogether mistaken.

No matter when or by whom the idea of using torpedoes as weapons of war first occurred, and undoubtedly it has occurred to many, in one form or another—all practical for actual use—ever since the "engineer was hoist with his own petard," it cannot be successfully denied now that their use was introduced with the Confederate navy here in Richmond by Captain Matthew F. Maury, of Virginia, and that through his efforts and with the hearty and skillful assistance of many of his younger brother officers, who had been the very flower and life of the old navy, and were the best of sailors and patriots in the Confederate service, torpedoes were first successfully utilized in actual war by the Confederate navy, whose example in this and other respects has been imitated by every maritime nation.

The writer of the *Tribune* article in stating torpedoes were "Suc-

cessfully employed but two or three times during the Confederate war" shows great ignorance.

They were successfully employed every hour of every day in every river and harbor in the South from the time Captain Maury first placed them in James River (1861) until the end of the war, in that their presence, successfully kept the Federal fleet from entering our many undefended rivers and harbors from Virginia to Texas. It suggested that a torpedo which successfully keeps away many ships is far more successfully used than if it had been successfully exploded and destroyed one.

But such was by no means the only successful use of Confederate torpedoes, for they were also successfully employed in the actual destruction of more (Federal) ships than all nations combined have since been able to effect in all the forty years since passed, and with all their improved modern facilities, knowledge and appliances.

Admiral Bradford, U. S. N., gives a list of thirty-four United States vessels destroyed or injured by Confederate torpedoes.

Lieutenant Scharf, C. S. N. gives a list of forty. General Rains, C. S. A., says that the number was fifty-eight. No matter which is correct, for the smallest number of the United States admiral is more than sufficient to refute the "two or three" of the *Tribune's* writer, and what will he say to the statement of the United States Secretary of the Navy in his report to Congress in 1865, "that the navy had lost more vessels from Confederate torpedoes than from all other causes combined?"

RICHARD L. MAURY,
Colonel 24 Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division.

[From the Raleigh Morning Post, January, 1902.]

OUR LAST CAPITAL.

Danville's Part in the Closing Hours of the Confederacy.

WHAT DAVIS DID WHILE THERE.

**Text of the Proclamation Issued by the President on April 5th,
Hopeful and Confident of the Ultimate Triumph of the
Lost Cause. The Last Full Cabinet Meeting.
The Sutherlin Mansion.**

(See *ante*, p. 80.)

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless course, 'twere cause to weep.—*Bryant.*

Since Homer first sang of the deeds of prowess performed by Hector, the godlike Achilles, and other Greek heroes before the walls of sacred Troy, and thus immortalized that place, in all nations the names of places at which notable events affecting the governments and institutions of those countries have occurred, have been carefully memorized and zealously guarded for their historical and patriotic value by the people of those countries. Runnymede has come down to us through the dim history of the Middle Ages to have a marked significance, since there it was that John, King of England, in the year 1215 A. D., signed that great instrument of human liberty guaranteeing some of the inalienable rights of man, the *Magna Charta*. The act of abdication, signed by the Emperor Napoleon, on April 6, 1814, at Fontainebleau, has made the name of that palace famous in French and European history. The surrender by Napoleon III of an army of 90,000 men in September, 1870, which event marked the retirement of the aforesaid Emperor as a factor in European politics, and by which event the empire founded by him of which he had been the head, ended tragically, made Sedan a name in history that will endure. Yorktown has justly become a memorable name in American history on account of its being the place, where, by the surrender of Lord Cornwallis' forces, American national liberty and independence were first definitely assured.

MARKS THE LAST STEP.

In the history of our country, then, Yorktown marks the first definite step in the progress of events upon which the foundation of our nation as an independent and self-governing country rests. Likewise, Danville should mark the final step in the solution of the greatest and most perilous national crisis which our nation has endured, and upon which our entire future welfare and wellbeing for all time depended, for it was there that the final scenes in the Civil war drama were by the Confederate government enacted. The end of the war, when the Confederate government left Richmond, its capital, and became a wanderer, having no place, seemingly, wherewithal it might become permanently established, was only partially assured. But during the occupation of, and subsequent retreat from, Danville, by the government, the end of the strife and bloodshed was definitely assured.

I shall not here in any way enter into a discussion in regard to the relative merits of the legal and constitutional, or moral, questions involved in the conflict between the Northern and Southern States. To do so would be outside of the scope of the subject dealt with in this article. However, I must here digress to the extent of saying that it is now by impartial historians conceded to be a well-established fact that the Confederate States had, undoubtedly, a well-defined constitutional right to secede from the Union, but every one admits that for them to have exercised this right, as they did, was, to say the least, extremely impractical and injudicious.

However much we may differ in our opinions in regard to these things, the fact remains that these events of which I have spoken constitute to all Americans a subject of supreme interest. And to our people it naturally follows that the end of the civil government in the Confederate States with the last wholly official act, a proclamation, by the highest executive authority, together with some of the particulars in regard to these things attendant upon those acts, is ever a subject of acute interest. Knowing these things, and also knowing that no definite and accurate detailed account of them, which is easily accessible to the public, has ever been prepared, and wishing to preserve for the benefit of posterity as well as of ourselves the actual facts, I have taken some pains to secure a recital of them at first hand from one who was intimately associated with Jefferson Davis and his cabinet during these closing scenes, which heralded and marked the fall of the Confederate government, and who is un-

doubtedly the best qualified living person to recount them. Any statement made by this person would require no corroborative proof, which, however, is not lacking, to substantiate it.

THE LAST CAPITAL.

Hon. Jefferson Davis, in his *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, says:

“Though the occupation of Danville was not expected to be permanent, immediately after arriving there rooms were obtained, and the different departments resumed their routine labors.”

Since this was the last place at which the departments carried on their routine labors, and since, while they did this, the capital was located here, therefore this place is entitled clearly to the distinction of being called “The Last Capital of the Confederacy.”

When it became evident to General Lee that it would be impossible for him to longer hold the defences guarding the capital, his main line of defences at Petersburg having been broken, which necessitated a withdrawal of his other forces, he advised President Davis, in a telegram received by him while attending divine services, that Richmond should be evacuated by the government simultaneously with the withdrawal of his army. The situation left no alternative. So, with his cabinet, and attended by his staff, President Davis left at once for Danville. This was on the 2d of April.

Upon arriving at Danville the Presidential party was met at the depot, taken to his residence, and entertained by Major W. T. Sutherlin, a wealthy and prominent citizen, who held the offices of commissioner and commandant at this place, and who had been a member of the Secession Convention of Virginia. Here the President and his cabinet remained until the 10th of April. Here also were the cabinet meetings held, the proclamation issued, and orders transmitted. During this time the Sutherlin mansion constituted *de facto* the capital of the Confederate States. A house on Wilson street was obtained by the government for the use of the President's staff and the offices of the various departments, and there all routine government business was transacted.

LAST FULL CABINET MEETING.

The last full cabinet meeting which was ever held by the President met with him in one of the sitting-rooms of the Sutherlin mansion. All of the members of the cabinet attended this meeting except the

Secretary of War, General J. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. There were present: Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State; Trenholm, Secretary of Treasury; S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; Davis, the Attorney-General; J. H. Reagan, Postmaster-General, and Mr. Memminger, formerly Secretary of the Treasury; also Mr. Harrison, the President's private secretary.

Mr. Davis, while in Danville, remained at his temporary home and capitol very little. He was very busily engaged in examining into the fortifications surrounding the place, which he reported as very faulty both in construction and design. He was also actively engaged in formulating plans relating to the design which he had formed of having Lee retreat to the Virginia State line, where he could be able to form a junction with Johnston, the army as thus combined making a final stand on the banks of and in the country contiguous to the Dan and Roanoke rivers. The execution of this design which he had in mind, had its accomplishment proved possible, would have enabled the leaders to have obtained much better terms than an unconditional surrender. However, as it happened, Grant was able to, and did by a flank movement, which his position aided him in making, prevent the contemplated move on Lee's part, forced the crippled army to retreat towards Lynchburg, where it was surrounded on all sides and compelled to capitulate. This surrender of Lee's army on April the 9th made the fall of the civil branch of the Confederate government inevitable.

HOPEFUL AND CONFIDENT.

Until the news of Lee's surrender reached him, President Davis was very hopeful and confident of the ultimate triumph of the Confederacy. In fact, the tone of the proclamation issued by him on the 5th, soon after his arrival in Danville, is, as he admits, "viewed by the light of subsequent events, it may be fairly said, was over-sanguine." The following is a copy of the proclamation referred to:

"The General-in-Chief found it necessary to make such movements of his troops as to uncover the capital. It would be unwise to conceal the moral and material injury to our cause resulting from its occupation by the enemy. It is equally unwise and unworthy of us to allow our energies to falter, and our efforts to become relaxed under reverses, however calamitous they may be. For many months the largest and finest army of the Confederacy, under a leader whose presence inspires equal confidence in the troops and the people, has been greatly trammelled by the necessity of keeping constant watch

over the approaches to the capital, and has thus been forced to forego more than one opportunity for promising enterprise. It is for us, my countrymen, to show by our bearing under reverses, how wretched has been the self-deception of those who have believed us less able to endure misfortune with fortitude than to encounter danger with courage.

"We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding a particular point, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it, and we are free.

DETERMINED TO THE LAST.

"Animated by that confidence in your spirit and fortitude which never yet failed me, I announce to you, fellow-countrymen, that it is my purpose to maintain your cause with my whole heart and soul; that I will never consent to abandon to the enemy one foot of the soil of any of the States of the Confederacy; that Virginia, noble State, whose ancient renown has been eclipsed by her still more glorious recent history; whose bosom has been bared to receive the main shock of this war; whose sons and daughters have exhibited heroism so sublime as to render her illustrious in all time to come—but Virginia, with the help of the people and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, and no peace ever made with the infamous invaders of her territory.

"If, by the stress of numbers, we should be compelled to a temporary withdrawal from her limits or those of any other border States, we will return until the baffled and exhausted enemy shall abandon in despair his endless and impossible task of making slaves of a people born to be free.

"Let us, then, not despond, my countrymen, but, relying on God, meet the foe with fresh defiance and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The forgoing, the last proclamation of the President of the Confederate States, is not often seen, therefore it is given in its entirety.

The Table on which this proclamation was written is now in the possession of Mrs. W. T. Southerlin, relict of Major Southerlin. It is of unusual design, with curved legs, being made of heavy mahogany. It has upon it a beautiful slab about two and one-half feet by five in size, of mottled Egyptian marble. This table, I was informed, has been repeatedly sought for by those having control of

the Confederate Museum at Richmond, but, naturally, the family are reluctant to relinquish possession of so valuable a souvenir.

Mr. Davis and the capital of the Confederacy were at the Sutherlin mansion for a week. On the morning of April the 10th, President Davis, accompanied by Major Sutherlin, went down-town. While there they were unofficially informed of Lee's surrender on the previous day. At first, although the probability of such an event taking place had been suggested to them by existing circumstances, the news seemed incredible. Several hours subsequently, however, official confirmation of the tidings was afforded them.

LEFT NONE TOO SOON.

Under the conditions then existing, the only possible course of action left for the consideration of the President was for him to immediately, without any delay whatsoever, proceed farther South. This course of action, the results of which were uncertain, was at once put into execution. Taking with him only a grip containing some important papers, he, with his cabinet and staff, boarded a train, which had been hastily made up, for Greensboro'. He left, as it happened, none too soon, as a party of Federal soldiers, who had been sent to cut the road, arrived at a trestle a few miles south of the city just after the train carrying the President had passed over.

After the President had gone to the depot, Mr. Memminger, who had been confined to his bed for several days with a severe attack of neuralgia, and from whom the bad news had been carefully kept, accidentally learning of what had happened, got up and dressed at once, and insisted upon going to the depot. There being no other conveyance available, the carriage being at the depot, he and his wife rode there in a farm wagon. The entire party left all of their heavier baggage in Danville, only taking those things that could be carried in grips and valises.

The last capital of the Confederacy had then been vacated by the government, and from thence "the bonny blue flag that bears a single star" ceased to represent a nation. Moreover, from this time the Confederate government was no longer a government, but only the scattered and broken head of a disorganized and demoralized resistance to the re-establishment in the Southern States of the authority of the United States government.

NORTH CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA.

Report of the History Committee of the Grand Camp
Confederate Veterans, of Virginia.*To the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans of Virginia :*

Your History Committee again returns its thanks to you, and the public, for the flattering and cordial way in which you have received its last report. It will be as gratifying to you, as it is to the Committee, to know, that we have heard of no attempt to controvert any statement contained in any report of this Committee up to this time. It will also be gratifying to you to learn, that at the late Re-union of the United Confederate Veterans held in New Orleans, the several reports of your Committee were not only incorporated as a part of the report of the History Committee of that great organization, but received its unanimous and unqualified endorsement.

We had expected in this report, to discuss a very different subject from that which now claims our attention. Indeed we deeply regret that the matter which demands our attention at this time, should have to be considered by us at all. But we conceive it to be our first duty to our Mother State to see that her record in the Confederate war is kept true, and not misunderstood or misrepresented by either friend or foe. We have always deprecated controversies between Confederates. We think, as General Early once said, there is glory enough attached to the Confederate struggle for all of us to have a share, *that we should stand together and see that the truth of that conflict is preserved; this is all we have a right to ask, and we should be content with nothing less.*

This being our position, we repeat our sincere regret that some recent publications from representatives of our sister State of North Carolina have come to us in such a way, and that these publications emanate from such sources, that they *demand* consideration and attention at the hands of your Committee. We again repeat our sorrow, that we feel compelled to notice these matters, and in doing so, we shall strive to say nothing which will even tend to detract from the fame won by the glorious "Old North State" in the Confederate war, except in so far as attempts have been made to augment that fame at the expense of Virginia.

We know the people of North Carolina, and greatly admire their

many virtues and noble characteristics. We knew the soldiers sent by her to the Army of Northern Virginia. We have seen their splendid bearing and frightful sacrifices on many a field of carnage, and we bear willing testimony to the fact, that no truer, better or braver soldiers ever stood on the "bloody front of battle." North Carolina is truly a great State, inhabited by a noble people, and with a record of which she has a right to be proud. We love State pride, and particularly that State pride and devotion to principle, which has made North Carolina do what she could to preserve the names and records of her soldiers in the Confederate armies. Every other Southern State should follow her example, *no matter what it may cost to do so.*

No truer patriots ever lived or died for their country, than those who fought in the Confederate armies. These men are as well satisfied now, as they ever were, that their cause was just. They enlisted at the command of their several States; they did their duty to the best of their ability; they are, and have a right to be, proud of their achievements, and they have a right to expect that their States will see to it that their names and the record of their deeds are preserved.

Conceding, as we cheerfully do, the great fame achieved by North Carolina in the Confederate war, it seems to us from reading the publications to which we have referred, that some of our friends from that State have not been either just or generous in some of their allusions to her Sister States, and have seemed both spiteful and boastful in some of their charges, claims and references to their "next-door neighbor," Virginia. What Virginia may have done to provoke this, we are not advised. If aught, we regret it. It is these charges, these claims and seeming reflections on Virginia alone, that we now propose to consider, as we feel in duty bound to do. In doing this we shall not imitate the course pursued by some of the writers to whom we have referred. Some of these have not hesitated to reflect on the people and soldiers of Virginia in the harshest, and, in our opinion, most unjust manner. We shall not imitate these writers, (1) Because we feel confident that they do not, in their criticisms on Virginia and her people, reflect the real feelings of North Carolinians towards Virginians; and (2) Because neither the people of Virginia, nor the soldiers sent by her to the Confederate armies need any defence at our hands. The presentation of the truth of what Virginia did and dared and suffered for the Confederate cause is her complete and perfect vindication, and it is a part of this task that we now filially, but cheerfully, assume.

FIRST. *The first and most serious claim made by North Carolina is that she furnished more troops to the Confederacy than any other Southern State.*

This claim has been made and published far and wide, and, as far as we know, no attempt has been made to controvert it. It generally assumes the form of a *boast*, but sometimes is made the basis of a *complaint*. We saw, not long since, in a North Carolina paper (the *Charlotte Observer* of May 17, 1903), a statement from the pen of a distinguished writer of that State, in which he complained that partiality had been shown to Virginia, and consequent injustice done to North Carolina, during the war, in the appointment of the general officers of the army, especially, he said, since Virginia had only furnished about seventy-six thousand (76,000) troops to the Confederacy, to North Carolina's one hundred and twenty-six thousand (126,000), *or fifty thousand more than Virginia.*

So far as the question of partiality is concerned, since President Davis, who made all these appointments, was not a Virginian, there was no reason why he should have been partial to Virginians unless their merits warranted it. And, in our opinion, no good reason is given by this writer for any such alleged misconduct on his part. We believe Mr. Davis was not only a true patriot, but a great and good man, and that it would have been almost impossible to have found anyone who could or would have discharged the delicate and difficult duties of his office more satisfactorily to all than he did.

But what concerns us far more is the claim made by this writer that North Carolina, with a smaller population than Virginia, *furnished fifty thousand more troops to the Confederacy.* This claim necessarily implies that North Carolina was more loyal to the Confederate cause than Virginia, or, in other words, discharged her duty in this, the greatest crisis in the history of these States, better than Virginia.

Let us examine the record on this point first, then, and see if this claim is sustained by it.

In Series IV, Vol. III, at page 95, of what are termed *The War of the Rebellion Official Records*, will be found a carefully prepared official report to the "Bureau of Conscription" of the Confederate War Department, giving in much detail the number and character of the troops furnished by the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, up to January 25, 1864. This report shows that the "total number of men" sent

to the field by Virginia, up to that time, was (page 102) one hundred and fifty-three thousand, eight hundred and seventy-six (153,876), whilst the total number sent by North Carolina, up to that time, was only eighty-eight thousand, four hundred and fifty-seven (88,457), or sixty-five thousand, four hundred and nineteen less than Virginia.

This report further shows that, according to the then last census, there were then remaining in Virginia, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, thirteen thousand, two hundred and forty-eight men to be accounted for as soldiers; and in North Carolina twelve thousand, eight hundred and seventy-seven. So that, if *every man* of those unaccounted for in North Carolina had been subsequently sent to the field, and *not one* of those from Virginia, still, according to this report, Virginia would have furnished *fifty-two thousand, five hundred and forty-three more than North Carolina*.

At page 99 of this report, in referring to North Carolina, the following statement is made:

“The Adjutant General of the State has estimated, that the State has put into the service one hundred thousand men, but his calculations contain an apparent error, in which he has accounted for fourteen thousand men, twice. His estimate should therefore be less than mine.”

We do not quote this, for the purpose of intimating that North Carolina may (unintentionally, of course,) still be counting “twice,” in making up the number she now claims; but only to show, that her own Adjutant-General did not then claim that North Carolina had furnished more than one hundred thousand men, when Virginia had then sent to the field, as shown by this report, one hundred and fifty-three thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and rather more than double the number with which she is credited by the distinguished writer to whom we have just referred.

At page 100, this same report, in accounting for the troops furnished by *South Carolina*, occurs this item and statement, viz :

“Without passing through camps 13,953.”

“A large part of this number (13,953) will be found to have volunteered in *North Carolina* regiments, having been drawn into that State by the inducements of double bounty, which was at one time offered to volunteers.”

These troops from South Carolina are, doubtless, counted by

North Carolina in the number she now claims, and may, to some extent, account for how she furnished ten thousand more soldiers to the Confederacy than her voting population, as shown in a then recent election, of which fact she now so justly boasts.

As showing that the report from which we have quoted is substantially correct, the largest number of troops we have seen anywhere claimed to have been furnished by North Carolina is that contained in the report from the present Adjutant-General's office, and this number is put at about one hundred and twenty-seven thousand, and, of course, this includes the "total of all men disposed of" from the State—all in the field, and all exemptions, from whatever cause. The report from which we have quoted above (page 103) gives North Carolina one hundred and twenty-six thousand and six hundred and twenty-three, and to Virginia (counting in the same way) one hundred and seventy-eight thousand, nine hundred and thirty-three, or fifty two thousand, three hundred and sixteen more than North Carolina.

Whilst this report gives the number of regiments, battalions and batteries furnished by Virginia, it does not give the number of those furnished by North Carolina; but we are enabled to supply this apparent omission from another source, to be found in the same volume at page 722. As late as October 11, 1864, Governor Vance wrote to General Bragg (a native of North Carolina), then stationed in Richmond, asking Bragg to furnish him with the number of troops furnished by North Carolina to the Confederacy, and saying he wished this information in order to "know what North Carolina had done in comparison with the other States," in view of a proposed meeting of the Governors of the South, then about to assemble at Augusta, Ga. On this letter of enquiry there is an endorsement stating, that whilst the number of troops furnished by North Carolina could not be given, without laborious research, there was then in the Confederate service from that State sixty-seven regiments, five battalions, twelve unattached companies, two State regiments doing service for the Confederacy, and nine battalions of reserves then organized. The report of January 25, 1864, above referred to, shows that Virginia had then sent to the field sixty-three regiments of infantry, forty battalions of infantry, twenty regiments of cavalry, forty battalions of cavalry, and one hundred and twenty-five batteries of artillery (p. 96).

A comparison of these organizations of the two States gives this result, viz : that where North Carolina had furnished the Confed-

eracy, in all arms of the service, *sixty-nine* regiments, Virginia had furnished *eighty-three*; where North Carolina had furnished *fourteen* battalions, Virginia had furnished *eighty*; and that where North Carolina had furnished *twelve* unattached companies (presumably batteries), Virginia had furnished *one hundred and twenty-five* batteries; and, it is worthy of remark, that the report showing the number of these Virginia organizations is dated eight months in advance of that showing the number of the North Carolina organizations.

SECOND. *Another charge made by another distinguished North Carolina writer (Cap. W. R. Bond in his pamphlet entitled "Pickett or Pettigrew") is, that "citizens of Virginia were filling nearly one-half of the positions of honor and trust, civil and military," in the Confederacy.*

So far as the appointment of the general officers of the army is involved in this charge, we have already said that we believe they were made by Mr. Davis solely on the merits of the appointees; and we think it will be addmitted by *all* that some of these appointments could not have been improved upon, or perhaps made at all from any other State.

As to the charge, so far as it applies to the other *military* officers, this was made by Governor Vance during the war, and, if any one wishes to see a complete refutation of it, they have only to refer to the letter from General Lee to the Confederate Secretary of war, dated September 9th, 1863, *Reb. Rec.*, Series I, Vol. XXIX, Part II, p. 723.

As to the *civil* positions of honor and trust, of which this writer says, *one-half* were filled by Virginians, and that Richmond thought "*all* should be thus filled:?" If he means by this to charge that Virginia had a larger number of men exempted from military duty to fill these places than any other State (as would have been reasonable, since she had the largest number in the field, and was the seat of the capital, with all the departments of the government), then the report, from which we have just quoted, shows that, in this he is greatly mistaken. This report, at page 103, shows that the "total exempts" in Virginia at that time, was *twenty five thousand and sixty-three*; whilst those in North Carolina numbered *thirty-eight thousand one hundred and sixty-six*. And in the same volume in which this report is found, at page 851, will be seen this remarkable exhibit, under the heading "Number of State Officers" in each Southern State exempted on certificates of their Governors. This last report shows that whilst the number of these officers exempted

in Virginia was *fourteen hundred and twenty-two*, the number exempted in North Carolina was *fourteen thousand six hundred and seventy-five*; more than ten times as many as in any other Southern State.

THIRD. *A third claim made by another distinguished North Carolina writer is, that one of the effects of the fight made by the "Bethel Regiment" at Bethel, was the "possibly holding Virginia in the Confederacy."* (See article by Major Edward J. Hale, 1st N. C. Regt, '61 to '65, p. 123).

The only theory on which we can account for this uncalled for suggestion is, that the writer wished to attribute to this regiment the greatest possible achievement the fecundity of his imagination could conceive of, and hence this "unkindest cut of all" made at our old Mother. Virginia joined the Confederacy before North Carolina, and we will show later on, by the testimony of *all* the representatives of *all* the Southern States, that no State in the Confederacy showed more devotion to the cause, and that none was ready to make, or made greater sacrifices in its behalf.

We have no intention or desire to magnify either the services rendered by Virginia to the Confederacy, or the sufferings and sacrifices of her people for the Confederate cause. Indeed, from what we know of these, we think it would be difficult to do this. But, since some North Carolina writers have laid so much stress on the part performed by their State in these directions (a claim we have no disposition to contest), it seems to us both pertinent and proper, to call attention to two things, which apply to Virginia but do not apply to North Carolina, or to any other Southern State. These are—

(1) *Virginia was a "battle-ground" from the beginning to the close of the war.* No people who have not had this experience can form any conception of what it means, and this was literally true of Virginia, "from her mountains to her seashore." Every day and every hour, for four long years, the tramp or the camp, the bivouac of the battle of *both armies*, were upon Virginia's soil; six hundred of the two thousand battles fought were fought in Virginia, and the fenceless fields, the houseless chimneys, the charred ruins and the myriad graves left all over Virginia at the close of the war, marked and measured the extent to which her material resources had contributed to that struggle, and the devotion of her people to the Confederate cause. These things also shewed in the utter desolation

produced by the war, and in the difficulties and disadvantages the State and her people have labored under ever since.

(2) *Virginia was the only State dismembered by the war.* One-third of her territory (the richest in many respects) and one-third of her people, were actually torn from her, by the mailed hand of war, not only without her consent, *but contrary to an express provision of the Federal Constitution.* The true history of this "political rape," as it was termed by General Wise, is one of the blackest political crimes in the annals of history.

FOURTH. *The fourth claim or claims (and the last to which we can refer), preferred by North Carolina, is set forth in these very striking terms, viz: That she was—*

"FIRST AT BETHEL; FARTHEST TO THE FRONT AT GETTYSBURG AND CHICKAMAUGA; LAST AT APPOMATTOX."

This legend in this form is inscribed on the cover of each of the five volumes published by the State, entitled "*North Carolina Regiments, 1861-'65*," to be thus perpetuated throughout all time.

Of course, such claims, thus asserted, and conveying to the world what these necessarily do, should be above and beyond all criticism or cavil. Let us see if these will stand this test? Before instituting this inquiry, let us first ask, respectfully, why these claims are made at all? The learned editor of the volume to which we have just referred disclaims that they are intended as a *boast*; but, we again respectfully ask, Can they mean anything else than that North Carolina means by them to proclaim the fact, that the troops furnished by her *were better, and therefore did better, at the important points named, than those from any other State?* It is worthy of note, too, that our friends are getting more aggressive in their claiming with the passing of time. The first form assumed by this legend, and inscribed on the Confederate monument at Raleigh, was only—

"FIRST AT BETHEL; LAST AT APPOMATTOX."

We next hear of it, as inscribed on her memorial room in Richmond, as—

"FIRST AT BETHEL; FARTHEST TO THE FRONT AT GETTYSBURG; LAST AT APPOMATTOX."

And now, Chickamauga's "bloody front" is also included. One of her writers had already claimed that "Chancellorsville" was a

"North Carolina fight," and that Gettysburg ought to be so denominated, too; and so our friends go on claiming from step to step, just as during the war,

"From rank to rank their volleyed thunders flew."

As before stated, we have no intention or desire to detract one iota from the fame of North Carolina, except where attempts have been made to augment her fame at the expense of Virginia. Keeping this purpose steadily before us, we now propose to inquire whether, or not, some of the claims set up by North Carolina, in this legend, do injustice to Virginia? And first, as to the claim that she was "First at Bethel."

In Volume IV, of the *Confederate Military History*, at page 19, will be found a carefully prepared account of the battle of Bethel, written by D. H. Hill, Jr., son of the intrepid soldier of that name, who commanded the 1st North Carolina in that fight, and, therefore, one with every natural incentive to say all that could be said truthfully, both on behalf of his father and his regiment. He says:

"About nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th (June), the Federals appeared on the field in front of the Southern works, and Greble's battery took position. *A shot from a parrott gun in the Confederate works ushered in the great civil war on the land.*"

This *first* shot was fired from the battery of the Richmond (Va.) Howitzers, which had already fired the "first shot" fired on Virginia's soil nearly a month before at Gloucester Point. We are not claiming, however, any special credit for having fired this conceded *first shot*, the firing of which was only fortuitous. But Virginia was at Bethel, along with North Carolina, not only represented by the Commanding-General, himself a Virginian, but by all three arms of the service—infantry, artillery, and cavalry; and these troops are mentioned by him, along with those from North Carolina, not only in *his* report of the battle, but also, and in complimentary terms, in the report of General (then Colonel) D. H. Hill, commanding the only North Carolina troops there. Was not Virginia at Bethel then, standing side by side with North Carolina? Did she not do her duty there as well? If she did, why the invidious claim that North Carolina was *First at Bethel*? Is this just to Virginia? We think not, in all kindness and courtesy.

Bethel is in Virginia, and to claim that the troops of any other State were more prompt in defending her soil, than those from Virginia, necessarily reflects on Virginia.

AS TO GETTYSBURG.

We were there, and by reason of our position on the field, we saw that battle, as we never saw any other. We saw the charges of Pickett's, Pettigrew's and Pender's Divisions. We saw some of Pickett's men go over the enemy's works, and into their lines. We did not think then, and do not think now, that Pettigrew's and Pender's went so far, and we know this was the *consensus* of opinion of those around us at the time.

But be this as it may; the world's verdict is, that Pickett's men went as far as men could go, and did all that men could do. Mr. Charles Francis Adams has recently written of them, that the vaunted charge of Napoleon's "Old Guard" at Waterloo did not compare with that of Pickett's men, and was "as boys' play beside it."

General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, perhaps the most distinguished Confederate officer now living, who was at Gettysburg, has very recently written, that the "point where Pickett's Virginians, under Kemper, Garnett and Armistead, in their immortal charge, swept over the rock wall, has been appropriately designated by the government as *the high water mark of the rebellion*." And we believe this will be the verdict of history for all time.

Since there has been so much discussion on this point, and some of it, we think, both unfortunate and intemperate, we propose to consider this claim calmly and dispassionately, not from what we saw, or what we and others may have thought at the time of the battle, or may think now, but from the *official reports of the commanding officers*, written only a few days after the battle. These reports are the *best evidence*, and must, and will be accepted, as conclusive of what then occurred. We have read so much of all these reports, Confederate and Federal, as we could find published, and as would throw light on this question, and we propose to make such extracts from the most important as we think should settle this controversy for all time. It is proper to say in this connection, that the statements contained in these reports were accepted as true at the time, and remained so for thirty years. History, both at the North and at the South, has been based on them, and it seems to us remarkable, that this controversy should have arisen so long after the happening of the events as thus established. But the controversy has now arisen, and hence the necessity for appealing to the record to settle it. The question is, which troops went "farthest to the front," *i. e.*, penetrated the enemy's works farthest, on the 3rd day of July,

1863, at Gettysburg, in the famous charge of that day, Pickett's, Pettigrew's or Pender's? We say Pickett's; North Carolinians say Pettigrew's. In order to understand the situation, and the quotations we shall make from the reports, it is necessary to state what forces constituted the "charging column," and the disposition and alignment of these forces. This column was composed of Pickett's Virginia Division on the *right*, and a part of Heth's Division (commanded by Pettigrew) on the *left*, with a part of Anderson's Division to guard the left flank of Pettigrew, and Willcox and Perry's Brigades of Anderson's Division the right flank of Pickett. Pickett's Division was called the "directing division," and was composed of Kemper's, Garnett's and Armistead's Brigades—Kemper's on the right, Garnett's on the left, supported by Armistead in the rear and centre. Pettigrew's Division was composed of Archer's, Pettigrew's, Davis' and Brockenbrough's Brigades, supported by Scales' and Lane's Brigades of Pender's Division, then commanded by General Trimble, Scale's Brigade (commanded by Colonel Lawrence) being in rear of Archer's (commanded by Colonel Frye), and Lane's being on the left of Scales, supporting Pettigrew's Brigade (then commanded by Colonel Marshall). All of the reports refer to the magnificent way in which all of these troops advanced to the charge, and we shall institute no comparison between them; they were all gallant and glorious Confederate soldiers, and we believe, the "best the world ever saw," as they have been pronounced by the present chief Magistrate of this country.

We come now to the reports. We quote first from that of General Lee, written after he had received those of his subordinates, and based upon what was contained in them, as well as what he saw on the field; and his position on the field was such, that he could see the whole movement with distinctness. He says this in his official report:

"General Longstreet ordered forward the column of attack, consisting of Pickett's and Heth's Divisions, in two lines, Pickett on the right. Wilcox's Brigade marched in rear of Pickett's right, to guard that flank, and Heth's (commanded by Pettigrew), was supported by Lane's and Scale's Brigades, under General Trimble. The troops moved steadily on, under a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, the main attack being directed against the enemy's left-centre. His batteries opened as soon as they appeared. Our own having nearly exhausted their ammunition in the protracted cannonade that preceded the advance of the infantry, were unable to reply,

or render the necessary support to the attacking party. Owing to this fact, which was unknown to me when the assault took place, the enemy was enabled to throw a strong force of infantry against our *left, already wavering* (italics ours) under a concentrated fire of artillery from the ridge in front and from cemetery hill on the left. It (the left), *finally gave way*, and the *right, after penetrating the enemy's lines, entering his advance works*, and capturing some of his artillery, was attacked simultaneously in front and on both flanks, and driven back with heavy loss."

We have only to remember that Pettigrew's Division was on the *left* and Pickett's on the *right* to understand clearly what General Lee here says. We next quote from General Longstreet's report, who was standing not very far from General Lee, and saw the whole movement. He says:

"The advance was made in very handsome style, all the troops keeping their lines accurately, and taking the fire of the batteries with coolness and deliberation. About half-way between our position and that of the enemy, a ravine partially sheltered our troops from the enemy's fire, where a short halt was made for rest. The advance was resumed after a moment's pause, all still in good order. The enemy's batteries soon opened on our lines with canister, and our *left* seemed to stagger under it, but the advance was resumed, and with the same degree of steadiness. Pickett's troops did not appear to be checked by the batteries, and only halted to deliver a fire when close under musket range. Major-General Anderson's Division was ordered forward to support and assist the *wavering columns of Pettigrew and Trimble*. *Pickett's troops, after delivering fire, advanced to the charge, and entered the enemy's lines, capturing some of his batteries, and gained his works*. About the same moment, the troops that had before hesitated, broke their ranks and fell back in great disorder (italics ours), many more falling under the enemy's fire in retiring than while they were attacking. *This gave the enemy time to throw his entire force upon Pickett* (italics ours), with a strong prospect of being able to break up his lines or destroy him before Anderson's Division could reach him, which would in its turn have greatly exposed Anderson. He was, therefore, ordered to halt. In a few moments the enemy, marching against both flanks and the front of Pickett's Division, overpowered it and drove it back, capturing about half of those of it who were not killed or wounded."

Surely, comment here is unnecessary, and no one who has read Longstreet's book will accuse him of partiality to Virginians.

We next quote from the report of that gallant soldier and splendid gentleman, General James H. Lane, who was at first in command of Pender's Division, but having been relieved of that by General Trimble, then commanded his own North Carolina brigade. He says:

"General Longstreet ordered me to form in the rear of the right of Heth's Division, commanded by General Pettigrew. Soon after I had executed this order, putting Lowrence (commanding Scale's Brigade) on the right, I was relieved of the command of the division by General Trimble, who acted under the same orders that I received. Heth's Division was much larger than Lowrance's Brigade and my own, which was its only support, and there was, consequently, no second line in rear of its left. Now in command of my own brigade, I moved forward to the support of Pettigrew's right, through the woods in which our batteries were planted, and through an open field about a mile, in full view of the enemy's fortified position, and under a murderous artillery and infantry fire. As soon as *Pettigrew's command gave back* (italics ours), Lowrence's Brigade and my own, without ever having halted, took position on the left of the troops, *which were still contesting the ground with the enemy* (italics ours). My command never moved forward more handsomely. The men reserved their fire, in accordance with orders, until within good range of the enemy, and then opened with telling effect, repeatedly driving the cannoneers from their pieces, completely silencing the guns in our immediate front, and breaking the line of infantry which was formed on the crest of the hill. We advanced *to within a few yards of the stone wall* (italics ours), exposed all the while to a raking artillery fire from the right. My left was here very much exposed, and a column of the enemy's infantry was thrown forward from that direction, which enfiladed my whole line. This forced me to withdraw my brigade, the troops on my right having already done so."

The troops directly on Lane's right were those of Lowrence. But if he refers to Pickett's too, then he does not pretend that his own men entered the enemy's works as Pickett's did, which, as we shall see, is the real point at issue.

Scarcely a more striking illustration of the frailty of human memory, and the unsatisfactory nature of the *post bellum* statements;

relied on entirely, it would seem, by the advocates of North Carolina's claims, can be found than by contrasting General Lane's report with what is said by Captain Louis G. Young (now of Savannah, Ga., a gallant and gifted Confederate, who was in the charge as an aide on General Pettigrew's staff), in an address recently delivered by him on Gettysburg, a copy of which he has kindly furnished us. Captain Young says:

"General Trimble and his brigade (division) were not, and had not been in supporting distance; they must also have been delayed, as was Davis' Brigade, in the woods on Seminary ridge. Be this as it may, they were too late to give any assistance to the assaulting column. When I delivered my message, I knew it was too late, and I recall my sad reflection, 'What a pity that these brave men should be sacrificed!' Already had the remnant of Pickett's and Heth's Divisions broken. *They broke simultaneously.* They had together struck the stone fence, driven back the enemy posted behind it, looked down on the multitude beyond, and, in the words of General McLaws, who was watching the attack, 'rebounded like an India rubber ball.' The lodgment effected was only for an instant. Not twenty minutes elapsed, as claimed by some, before the handful of braves were driven back by overwhelming numbers. Then Trimble's command should have been ordered to the rear. It continued its useless advance alone, only to return *before it had gone as far as we had.*" (Italics ours.)

It will be seen that this statement is (unintentionally, we know) not only at variance with the report of General Lane, but also with those of Generals Lee and Longstreet, both of whom confirm General Lane in the statement that Pettigrew's men gave way *before those of Pickett did.*

But let us quote again from the official reports, and this time from that of Colonel Lawrence, who, it will be remembered, commanded Scale's North Carolina Brigade, which was supporting Pettigrew. He says:

"We advanced upon the enemy's line, which was in full view, at a distance of a mile. Now their whole line of artillery was playing upon us, which was on an eminence in front, strongly fortified and supported by infantry." * * * "All went forward with a cool and steady step; but ere we had advanced over two-thirds of the way, *troops from the front came tearing through our ranks* (italics ours) which caused many of our men to break, but with the remain-

ing few we went forward until the right of the brigade *touched the enemy's line of breastworks* as we marched in rather an oblique line. Now the pieces in our front were silenced. Here many were shot down, being then exposed to a heavy fire of grape and musketry upon our right flank. Now all, apparently, had forsaken us."

Now the troops in front of Lowrence were those of Pettigrew, and he says they gave way a third of a mile before they got to the enemy's works. But be this as it may, he no where says *that any of his men entered the enemy's works*; and none of the reports, that we have seen, say that any North Carolina troops did this, which, as we have seen, is the real point at issue. We have already shown, and will do so more conclusively later, that Pickett's men (or some of them) *certainly did this*. The report of Major Joseph A. Englehard, Assistant Adjutant-General of Pender's Division, then commanded by Trimble, is to the same effect, as those of General Lane and Colonel Lowrence, and for that reason we do not quote what he says. That of Colonel Shephard, of Archer's Brigade, says, after describing the charge, and saying our lines, both right and left, gave way:

"Archer's Brigade remained at the works fighting as long as any other troops either on their right or left, so far as I could observe. Every flag in the brigade, excepting one, was captured *at or within the works of the enemy*."

This is the only *official* statement we have found which claims that any other troops than those of Pickett entered the enemy's works. But since Archer's Brigade, who, General Heth says, were the "heroes of Chancellorsville," was composed entirely of Tennesseans and Alabamians, we hardly think our North Carolina friends can mean their claim to be mistaken for what this brigade did.

The report of Major J. Jones, of the 26th North Carolina, who commanded Pettigrew's Brigade after Colonel Marshall was wounded, says:

* * * "When within about 250 or 300 yards of the stone wall, behind which the enemy was posted, we were met with a perfect hailstorm of lead from their small arms. The brigade dashed on, *and many had reached the wall*, when we received a deadly volley from the left. The whole line on the *left* had given away, and we were being rapidly flanked. With our thinned ranks and in such a position, it would have been folly to stand and fight against such

odds. We therefore fell back to our original position in rear of the batteries."

It will be seen that this officer does not claim that any of his men entered the works, or that the troops on his *right* (Pickett's and Archer's) gave way first; but those on his *left*, the other two brigades of Pettigrew's Division. The reports of Generals A. P. Hill, Heth and Davis throw no light on the question, and we have been unable to find any report from General Pickett, or from any officer of his division, except that of Major Charles S. Peyton, of Garnett's Brigade, which would throw any light on this question. Major Peyton says this:

"Our line, much shattered, still kept up the advance until within about twenty paces of the wall, when, for a moment, it recoiled under the terrific fire that poured into our ranks both from their batteries and from their sheltered infantry. At this moment General Kemper came up on the right and General Armistead in rear, when the three lines, joining in concert, rushed forward with unyielding determination and an apparent spirit of laudable rivalry to plant the Southern banner on the walls of the enemy. His strongest and last line was instantly gained; the Confederate battle-flag waved over his defences, and the fighting over the wall became hand to hand, and of the most desperate character; but more than half having already fallen, our line was found too weak to rout the enemy. *We hoped for a support on the left* (which had started simultaneously with ourselves), *but hoped in vain* (italics ours). Yet a small remnant remained in desperate struggle, receiving a fire in front, on the right, and on the left, many even climbing over the wall and fighting the enemy in his own trenches until entirely surrounded, and those who were not killed or wounded were captured, with the exception of about 300 who came off slowly, but greatly scattered, the identity of every regiment being entirely lost, and every regimental commander killed or wounded."

Colonel Walter H. Taylor, of General Lee's staff, who was on the field standing by General Lee and saw the movement, says:

"It is needless to say a word here of the heroic conduct of Pickett's Division, that charge has already passed into history as 'one of the world's great deeds of arms.' While doubtless many brave men

of other commands reached the crest of the heights, this was the only *organized* body which entered the works of the enemy.”*

General Long, who was also on General Lee's staff, after describing the order in which the charge was made, says:

“But the tempest of fire which burst upon the devoted column quickly reduced its strength. The troops of Heth's Division (Pet-tigrew's), decimated by the storm of deadly hail which tore through their ranks, faltered and fell back in disorder before the withering volleys of the Federal musketry. This compelled Pender's (Trimble's) Division, which had marched out to support the movement, to fall back, while Wilcox, on perceiving that the attack had grown hopeless, failed to advance, leaving Pickett's men to continue the charge alone. The other supports, Hood's and McLaws' Divisions, which had been expected to advance in support of the charging column, did not move, and were too remote to offer any assistance. The consequence was that Pickett was left entirely unsupported.

“Yet the gallant Virginians marched steadily forward, through the storm of shot and shell that burst upon their devoted ranks, with a gallantry that has never been surpassed. As they approached the ridge their lines were torn by incessant volleys of musketry as by a deadly hail. Yet with unfaltering courage the brave fellows broke into the double-quick, and with an irresistible charge burst into the Federal lines and drove everything before them toward the crest of Cemetery Hill, leaping the breastworks and planting their standards on the captured guns with shouts of victory.”

Whilst nearly all of the Federal reports which refer to this charge do so in almost as enthusiastic terms as the Confederate, yet only two or three of them designate, by name, the troops who were in advance and who actually entered their works. These few, however, leave no doubt on this point. General Hancock says:

* Further, as to what Pickett's Division did or accomplished at Gettysburg, reference may be made to the communication of Thos. R. Friend in the *Times-Dispatch* of November 24, 1903, both as to the action of the division and the presence in the assault of General Pickett himself “in the front.” Mr. Friend states implicitly that he was with General Pickett throughout the same.

See also the testimony of Captain Robert A. Bright, of his staff, *ante*, p. 228. Some years since there also appeared in an issue of the same paper the emphatic testimony of a number of Confederate States officers as to these points in issue, corroborating what is stated herein.—ED.

"When the enemy's line had nearly reached the stone wall, *led by General Armistead*," &c. (Italics ours.) General Webb, who commanded the brigade immediately in front of Pickett, says:

"The enemy advanced steadily to the fence, driving out a portion of the 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers. *General Armistead passed over the fence with probably over a hundred of his command*, and with several battle flags," &c. (Italics ours.)

General Henry J. Hunt, who commanded the Federal Artillery, says:

"The enemy advanced magnificently, unshaken by the shot and shell which tore through his ranks from the front and from our left.
* * * * * When our canister fire and musketry were opened upon them, it occasioned disorder, but still they advanced gallantly until they reached the stone wall behind which our troops lay. Here ensued a desperate conflict, *the enemy succeeding in passing the wall and entering our lines*, causing great destruction of life, especially among the batteries."

The other reports show what "enemy" is here meant.

It will thus be seen that *every one of the official reports*, both Federal and Confederate (with the exception of that of Colonel Shephard, of Archer's Brigade, not composed of Carolinians), which refer to the troops who entered the enemy's works, *point unmistakably to those of Pickett's Virginians*. This is the *positive* testimony on this point, and the *negative* is almost as strong; which is, that *none of the official reports from the officers commanding the North Carolina troops make any such claim for their troops*—a claim that would certainly have been made if the facts had warranted it. Not only is this true, but General Lane, in his letter published long after the war in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, whilst complaining (and perhaps justly) of the little credit given the North Carolina troops for their conduct in this charge, *makes no such claim for them*. Indeed, Captain S. A. Ashe, of North Carolina, late Adjutant-General Pender's Division, who was in the charge, in his address published in Vol. V, *North Carolina Regiments*, '61-'65, whilst claiming at the close that North Carolina troops "advanced the farthest and remained the longest," says at page 152:

"Some of Pettigrew's North Carolinians *advanced to the wall itself* (italics ours), doing all that splendid valor and heroic endurance could do, *to dislodge the enemy, but their heroism was in vain*."

And only a very few of the many *post bellum* witnesses quoted from by him, claim any more than the official reports show. As to the value of these *post bellum* statements as compared with the "official reports," prepared at the time, we cannot do better than to quote from what General Lane said in the article in the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, before referred to. He says, speaking of his own report of the battle of Gettysburg:

"I am sure the public will consider this official paper, written about a month after the battle, a more valuable historical document than the many recent articles written from memory, which is at all times treacherous, and as every Confederate soldier knows, particularly so as regards the incidents, &c., of our heroic struggle for independence."

And then goes on to give instances of the unreliability of these statements from memory.

We have heretofore said we could find no official report of this battle from General Pickett. The following letter explains why this report was not published. It will be found in Series I, Volume XXVII, Part III, page 1075, *Reb. Rec.*, and is as follows:

"Gen'l George E. Pickett, Commanding, &c.:

GENERAL,—You and your men have crowned yourselves with glory; but we have the enemy to fight, and must carefully, at this critical moment, guard against dissensions which the reflections in your report would create. I will therefore suggest that you destroy both copy and original, substituting one confined to casualties merely. I hope all will yet be well.

I am with respect, your ob't servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*"

We make no comments on this letter, and when read in the light of the official reports, it would seem to need none.

We do not intend to be misunderstood. We have not done so, and we do not intend to reflect in any way on any of the North Carolina troops. On the contrary, we think, considering the fact that they were engaged and sustained heavy losses in the first day's battle, and were thus deprived of many of their brigade, regimental and company officers, *they behaved with signal gallantry*; but our contention, and our only point is, that the present claim set up by North Carolina, that her troops were "farthest to the front" at Gettysburg, *is not sustained by the record.*

We have recently learned, that whilst our friends from North Carolina do not now claim that their men entered the enemy's works, as some of Pickett's did, yet they say that as the point where Pickett's men struck these works they were further advanced to the front than where Pettigrew's men struck them, and as "Captain Satterfield and other North Carolinians of the 55th North Carolina fell within nine yards of the wall, this settles it that the men from this State (North Carolina), fairly earned the title 'Farthest at Gettysburg.'" Note by the editor *North Carolina Regiments*, '61-'65, Vol. V, p. 101.

We remark in the first place that the 55th North Carolina was in Davis' Brigade, the furthest brigade to the left (save one) in the "charging column," and being without any support, as explained by General Lane, we thought it was conceded that this brigade and Brockenbrough's were *the first troops to give way*.

But surely our friends are not basing their claim on any such narrow and technical ground as is here indicated, and as surely this is not the meaning they intended to convey by this claim. We might as well claim that the picket on the flank of Meade's army or captured within his lines, was "farthest to the front." Every soldier knows that the "*front*" of an army is wherever its line of battle is (whether that line is zigzag or straight), and the opposing troops which penetrate that line are farther to the front, than those which do not.

We have shown, we think, conclusively, that the Virginians under Pickett did penetrate the enemy's line on the 3d of July, 1863, in the famous charge at Gettysburg, and that the North Carolinians, under Pettigrew and Trimble, did not.

Another ground on which, we understand, North Carolina bases this claim is, that the losses in Pettigrew's and Trimble's Divisions in this battle were greater than those of Pickett. All the statistics of losses, we have seen, of the battle of Gettysburg include those in the different commands in *all three days* combined. Since, therefore, Pettigrew's and Trimble's men were engaged in the battles of the *first* day, as well as those of the *third*, and as Pickett's were only engaged on the *third* day, of course, the losses of the first two divisions in the *two days'* battles were greater than those of the last named in the *one day's* battle.

If our friends from North Carolina would adopt the language of her gallant son, Captain Ashe, from whom we have already quoted, and say of Gettysburg:

“It was indeed a field of honor, as well as a field of blood, and the sister States of Virginia and North Carolina have equal cause to weave chaplets of laurel and cypress” there, no one in Virginia would have just cause of complaint, and certainly none would ever have come from this committee on this point. But when her claim is set forth in the invidious (and, we think, unjust) form it is, *we think it not only our right, but our duty to appeal to the record, and to set Virginia right from that record; and this is all we have tried to do.*

AS TO CHICKAMAUGA.

We have already protracted this report too far to warrant us in investigating the grounds on which this claim is based by North Carolina. Virginia was at Chickamauga, too, along with North Carolina. We have always understood that these troops did their duty on this field as well as those from any other State. This is all we claim for Virginia, and all that was claimed for North Carolina, until very recently. We will only remark, as to this belated claim, that we have read the full and detailed report of this great battle, written by the Commanding General, a native of North Carolina, and in it he nowhere refers to any specially meritorious services rendered by the few North Carolina regiments there.

AS TO APPOMATTOX.

The writer had been permanently disabled by wounds before Appomattox, and therefore cannot speak, personally, of what occurred there, and there are no official reports to appeal to. From what we have heard of the surroundings there—the scattered condition of the different commands, the desultory firing, and the confusion incident to that event—we should think it difficult, if not impossible, to decide, with any degree of certainty, what troops were really entitled to the honor claimed here by North Carolina.

We do know, however, that this honor is claimed by troops from several of the Southern States; and we have heard it asserted, with great plausibility, that the last fighting was done by troops from Virginia. We cannot prolong this report to discuss the merits of these several claims, a discussion which would, in our opinion, be both fruitless and unsatisfactory.

In the Army of Northern Virginia nearly every Southern State was represented. The Confederate Secretary of War said of that army in his report of November 3, 1864, that it was one “in which every virtue of an army and the genius of consummate generalship

had been displayed." And this again, we believe, is the world's verdict. Is this not glory enough to give us all a share? Let us, then, not be envious and jealous of each other, where all did their part so well.

Virginia makes no boast of the part borne by her in that the greatest crisis of her history. She only claims that *she did her duty to the best of her ability*. She has, therefore, no apologies to make either for what she did or may have failed to do. It is true that she was somewhat reluctant to join the Confederacy; not because she had any doubt of the right of secession, or of the justice of the Confederate cause; but only because of her devotion to the Union of our fathers, which she had done so much to form and to maintain from its foundation. But when she did cast her lot with her Southern sisters, she bore her part with a courage and devotion never surpassed; *and the record shows this in no uncertain way*. In the address issued and signed by every member of the Confederate Congress in February, 1864, *not written by a Virginian*, she is thus referred to:

"In Virginia, the model of all that illustrates human heroism and self-denying patriotism, although the tempest of desolation has swept over her fair domain, no sign of repentance for her separation from the North can be found. Her old homesteads dismantled; her ancestral relics destroyed; her people impoverished; her territory made the battle-ground for the rude shocks of contending hosts, and then divided with hireling parasites mockingly claiming jurisdiction and authority, the Old Dominion still stands with proud crest and defiant mien, ready to trample beneath her heel every usurper and tyrant, and to illustrate afresh her *Sic Semper Tyrannis*, the proudest motto that ever blazed on a nation's shield or a warrior's arms."

On such testimony as this, Virginia can safely rest her title to share equally with her Southern sisters in the "wealth of glory" produced by the war, and this *equality* is all she asks or would have. She disdains to pluck one laurel from a sister's brow.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

We have but little to add since our last report about the books used in our schools, as there has been no change in these, so far as we know. We have received from the publishers, the "American Book Company," a copy of the *School History of the United States*, by Philip A. Bruce, Esq. This work is well written; accurate in its

statements, as far as we are capable of judging; well gotten up by the publishers, and is a very good school history. Mr. Bruce is a Virginian, and his book is, therefore, written from a Southern point of view. But we think he fails to state the South's position in reference to the late war as strongly as it can or should be stated to our children; *e. g.*, at Section 418, he says:

"The Southern people *maintained*, that the constitution was simply a compact or agreement between sovereign and independent States," &c.—

without saying whether they were right or wrong in so maintaining. Again at Section 419, he says: "the South thought," &c. We think we know what the opinions of the author are on these important questions, and that our children should have the benefit of these opinions wherever they are based on such well ascertained facts as are here referred to.

STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE.

The volumes with this title have been brought to our attention by Captain Carter R. Bishop, of Petersburg, a member of the committee, and at our request he has prepared the following, it would seem, well merited criticism, which we respectfully commend to the serious consideration of the Board of Education of the State.

Captain Bishop's paper is as follows:

"This Committee has hitherto confined its attention entirely to matters of history proper, but the lamented Dr. Hunter McGuire, in outlining our work, included among the subjects of our criticism, any text book of our schools which failed to do justice to the South.

"We have recently examined critically the series of readers in most common use and find them far from what they should be. An intelligent child soon learns that authors may dogmatize in the statement of facts about which there may be a difference of opinion. This puts him on his guard, and he accepts the teachings of his history as truths subject to such future correction as may be justified by a wider knowledge of the matter.

"But the most ineradicable opinions are those formed by inference, without assertion or contradiction, during the formative period of a child's mind. The error thus implanted is never suspected 'till it is unalterably fixed. There are poisons whose only manifestation is the inexplicable death of the victim. An antidote would have saved him, but its need was not indicated 'till death made it useless.

“Did the South during the last century and a half have no orators, poets nor writers whose work might be of service in the literary development of the child? Were the Southerners so enervated by the luxury of slavery as to produce nothing worthy of a place among the selections from the best writers and speakers of the language?

“The average child using the *Stepping Stones to Literature*, would be forced so to conclude. For, mark you, this series of readers consists of seven grades; the majority of children in our schools never reach the last of the seven, and in this one only is there a word from a Southern lip or pen. The selections were made or approved by a Boston lady naturally from the literature with which she was most familiar. The New England school of authors fully represented, and biographical notes make sure that the child shall know the section to which they belong and the loving reverence in which they are held; but the information of this kind about the Southern authors is marked in its meagerness. Its extent is as follows: Patrick Henry ‘lived in Virginia during the Revolutionary War.’ Mrs. Preston ‘was born in Philadelphia, and lived in Lexington, Virginia,’ ‘General Gordon was a Confederate Officer,’ and ‘Sidney Lanier was a Southern poet.’ For the man who does not want his child to know more than this of the home and nativity of Southern authors, these books are good enough. But if there is such a man in our land, his only plea for such a wish would have to be his own unbounded ignorance.

“The South has produced orators whose impetuous eloquence has made men rush with a glad cheer into the very jaws of death; statesmen, whose wise counsel has restrained the fierce heat of a hot-blooded people; preachers, whose words have convinced the sinner, cheered the saint and comforted the bereaved; writers, whose sentiments have placed the wreath of undying glory on the tomb of heroes and inspired a people of desolated homes to rehabilitate their land made sacred by the graves of such heroes; poets, whose graceful fancy has gilded the mountain tops with the lights of other days and caused those in the gloom of despair to look up and resolve to lead lives worthy of such hallowed associations.

“Must the children of the South grow up in ignorance of these authors? Such is the unconscious intent of our Board of Public Education as evinced by their adoption of these Readers for the schools.

“The seventy-eighth Psalm contains a long category of God’s dealings with his chosen people. It was appointed to be sung in

the temple service. Was it that the Elders might warm their hearts afresh and restrain their evil inclinations as they recited again and again God's mercies and His wrath? Possibly this was one result of its use, but that it was not its main object we learn from the introduction of this Psalm of instruction, where we read: 'For He established a testimony in Jacob and appointed a law in Israel, which He commanded our fathers that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children.' There you have it. The Divine plan was to lodge that which we wish to remain in the mind of the *child*. Can we improve upon His plan?

"If we wish the authors so dear to us, of whom we are so justly proud, to be loved in the future, or even known outside of a mere handful of dry and bloodless book-worms, we must to-day make them known to our children. .

"All the criticisms so far made on the *Stepping Stones to Literature* are negative. We have pointed out things that are wanting. But there is one selection to which we will call special attention. It is, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' by Julia Ward Howe, in the Sixth Reader, which represents the invading Northern army as the coming of the Lord in vengeance. Comment on such blasphemy is unnecessary. Surely no Southerner could have taken the trouble to advise himself of the existence of such an outrage on our children."

GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, *Chairman*,

R. T. BARTON,

R. A. BROCK,

JOHN W. DANIEL,

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JAMES MANN,

T. H. EDWARDS,

JOHN W. FULTON,

THOMAS ELLETT, *Secretary*.

[From the New Orleans *Picayune*, September 6, 1903.]

THE ARMY NEGRO.

Captain George Baylor, in Writing the Story of "The Baylor Light Horse," Pays the Following Tribute to "The Army Negro."

When the witness is called to the box his entrance is usually solemnized with the oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Having undertaken to recall and record the actions and doings of the Baylor Light Horse, I feel that I would be guilty of dereliction of duty if I failed to chronicle the part played by our colored comrades.

When Company B (12th Virginia Cavalry) was first organized, the company wagon, a pair of mules and a trusted colored driver were furnished by the captain. Among the young negroes at my home were three boys—Carter Robinson, Phil Williams, and Tom Langford—near the ages of my brother Richard and myself, playmates in our boyhood, whose presence with us was deemed essential to our comfort and welfare.

These boys were eager to accompany us, and their wish was duly gratified. Uncle John Sorrell, an aged man, was the wagon-driver, Carter our mess cook, Phil and Tom our hostlers.

With such a retinue we felt thoroughly equipped for the war. It may surprise our opponents, but the Confederate officer had no orderly or the like, but officers and men ranked as social equals.

The Timberlakes also brought with them into camp as part and parcel of their contingent a negro boy by the name of Overton, who cooked for them and looked after their wants and necessities. The quartette formed a social group of their own, and seemed happy and contented.

They shared with us our hardships, and at times even our dangers, entered into our sports and jests, and never were more joyous than when taking part with us in our horse races.

Uncle John had rendered himself very obnoxious to the Yankees by taking an active part in tolling them over the Potomac river at Harper's Ferry and into a trap laid for them by a posse of our men, and ever after stood in great awe and dread of capture by them.

In 1862, when General Ashby and his men were camped just south of Newton, on the valley turnpike, we were surprised one morning by a part of Bank's cavalry driving our pickets rapidly into camp.

There was much consternation and confusion. "Boots and saddles" was speedily sounded, and each hurriedly prepared for the expected onset. Before our men had bridled and saddled, Uncle John was discovered driving out his team on the turnpike and heading towards Winchester. A portion of our men on barebacks, with no headgear on their horses but the halter, were ignominiously retreating to the rear. The captain, discovering Uncle John heading towards the foe, hastily overtook him, and in language not overpolite and refined, inquired why he was going in that direction. Uncle John quickly replied: "I seed them soldiers, sah, charging up dat way, and spose de Yankees must be comin' down thar." Being apprised of the true situation he quickly wheeled about his mules and was soon at a safe distance from the enemy.

At the battle of Brandy Station, Tom and Overton, who had on the Banks retreat well supplied themselves with arms, joined in the company charges and succeeded in capturing a Yankee dorky who had ventured too far in front of the Yankee column, and brought him safely into camp. They were highly delighted with their trophy, and retained him a prisoner for several months, compelling him to rub down their horses, bring water and wood and do other chores about camp. At night he was required to sleep with them, and threatened with instant death if he attempted to escape.

Sorrow was felt for the unfortunate prisoner, but his captors so much enjoyed his discomforture that we would not interfere with their pleasure. After several months' captivity, however, one night the poor wretch made a rush for liberty and safely escaped. Tom and Overton, not only good soldiers, but excellent foragers, also scoured the country adjacent to our camps and supplied their respective messes with the best the neighborhood could afford.

The mode and manner of their acquisitions was not always strictly ethical, but as few inquiries were made of them, their consciences were as well satisfied as our stomachs. I remember on one occasion being invited by several of the Timberlakes to accompany them a short distance from camp to the home of one of their lady acquaintances, and I'll here remark, by way of parenthesis, that Company B never camped anywhere in Virginia where the Timberlakes failed to have a cousin or dear friend close by. It is needless to mention

that the invitation was accepted, and I accompanied them. Proven-der in abundance was found for our horses; we supped at full board, and retired that night on downy couches and dreamed of Elysian fields. In the morning we arose refreshed, dressed, and whetted our appetites for buckwheat cakes and butter, of which we had been partially advised. But how great was our chagrin and disappointment when seated at the table our lady hostess informed us she was sorry she had no butter for our breakfast, as someone had robbed her spring-house during the past night and stolen all she had, adding very significantly that she did not mean to accuse us, but it was very strange it had never happened before.

Great was our indignation, and vengeance was determined on for the offender, should we be able to ferret him out.

The meal was eaten without relish, and we speedily repaired to the barn, when each man was put on oath and the guilty party not found. We returned to camp wounded and deeply mortified, and the matter was frequently the subject of conversation on the march and around the camp fire, when Overton revealed the secret, that he had followed us to our snug quarters that night, and while we were sleeping, had robbed the spring-house. Even at that late day our anger was not appeased, and Overton was severely upbraided, not for violation of the Biblical law so much as for not using more circumspection and discrimination than to violate the laws of hospitality.

All of our colored contingent survived the war and returned after the surrender to their old homes. In the late fall of 1864, while the company was scouting and raiding in the lower valley, Phil was sent with the company wagon and extra horses to a quiet retreat east of Harrisonburg, near the Massanutton mountain, where he remained oblivious of our defeat, the cessation of hostilities and how it affected his fortunes, until some time in May, 1865, when I appeared at his quiet resting place and informed him he was now free and at liberty to go where he pleased.

In great solicitude he inquired if he could not live at his old home, and when assured he could, if he wished, a great burden seemed lifted from his heart, and he moved on cheerfully.

Shortly after we were under way, homeward-bound, he imparted the information that an old colored woman had told his fortune several days before, and she had seen him struggling in the waters.

I ridiculed the old woman's dream, but when Milford, in the Luray Valley, was reached, and my horse swam over a swollen branch of the Shenandoah river, Phil, in attempting to follow with wagon and

mules, had been left in the middle of the current with the body and hind axle of the wagon, the mules and front gear having made the opposite shore in safety, I realized the old woman's tale had at least a sprinkling of truth and warning in it.

Detaching the lines, however, from the mules, and succeeding in casting one end to Phil, I drew him and the floating wagon safely to shore.

On the remainder of the journey, however, I could not induce him to cross a swollen stream. Uncle John remained at the old home and was kindly cared for by the family until April, 1884, when death claimed him for his own, he having survived my father about one year.

Phil, after a long sickness, died on October 1, 1899, and is buried near-by the spot that witnessed his boyhood sports. Overton returned home with the Timberlakes and met death by an accident, while Tom married and moved West.

Carter, however, still lives in the vicinity. After the war he married at his home, but his wife died many years ago, and he has since lived a widower.

About two years ago he came to my office and informed me he was going to be married again, and wished me to accompany him to the clerk's office to get a license. I called with him, and while the clerk was preparing the license I returned to my office. Some ten days after he again called, and as I was about extending congratulations he informed me that the license was "no good," and the minister refused to tie the knot, and now the girl had gone back on him.

I examined the license and found the clerk had neglected to affix his signature or seal.

He wished to know if he could not recover damages of the clerk. I dissuaded him from such a course, thinking there was about as much benefit accruing from the clerk's omission, and the matter was finally adjusted by the clerk returning the fee. Having concluded his settlement, he went on his way rejoicing more in the recovery of his fee than sorrowing at the loss of a wife.

Slavery had its evil and its good. The master and the slave "were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

The emancipation proclamation has been sounded. The carpet-bagger-scalawag and Northern missionary has come, have done their worst and departed.

Above the wreck, ruin and desolation produced, the unity and

good feeling of the old slave habitation remains unbroken, a sacred relic of those times the "Northern fanatic is wont to term a barbarous age."

While slavery in the abstract is repugnant to every conception of liberty and equality, and its restoration would meet the earnest opposition of its former advocates, I nevertheless feel there are bright spots in its past upon which the memory will ever love to linger with pride, pleasure and affection.

RANK, RESPECTIVELY, IN THE UNITED STATES AND CONFEDERATE STATES ARMIES.

The following succinct retrospect will be of interest to some. But, for definite information as to who were "full Generals" C. S. A., and who "Lieutenant-Generals," see *ante*, p. 190.

The *Nashville Banner* of February, 1904, says:

The Confederacy was lavish in the bestowal of military commissions of high rank. It had more than twice as many full generals as the United States army has ever had in its entire existence. Only three men have held that rank in the United States service. Even Washington never held it. The Continental Congress commissioned him General and Commander-in-Chief of "the army of the United colonies." He was commissioned Lieutenant-General, July 4, 1798, and never held a higher rank. An act of Congress, March 3, 1799, created the office of "General of the armies of the United States," but it was never filled. Knox, St. Clair, Hamilton, Wayne, Dearborn, Brown, Macomb, McClelland, and Halleck held only the rank of Major-General, although each of them commanded the army of the United States.

James Wilkinson, who commanded it from 1800 to 1812, was only a Brigadier-General; Josiah Harmer, who was in command from 1784 to 1791, was only a Lieutenant-Colonel and a Brigadier by brevet. The first full general in the history of the United States army was U. S. Grant. He was first given the rank in 1864, and was succeeded by Sherman in 1869, who was succeeded by Sheridan in 1883. These three are the only officers who ever attained the rank of General. Schofield, who succeeded Sheridan in 1883, was given the rank of Lieutenant-General by Congress previous to his

retirement. Nelson A. Miles also retired as a Lieutenant-General, and so did S. B. M. Young a few days ago, when Major-General Chaffee succeeded to that rank. The number of generals in the Confederate service was eight. This equals the number of lieutenant-generals in the United States army from Washington to Chaffee. The Confederacy had nineteen Lieutenant-Generals. Grant was the only Federal officer who attained this rank during the war, though at the beginning of the war General Wingfield Scott held this rank by brevet.

In the Confederate service the pay of officers was as follows—when they could get it—general, per month, \$500; lieutenant-general, \$450; major-general, \$350; brigadier-general, \$300; colonel, infantry, \$195; lieutenant-colonel, \$170; major, \$150; captain, \$130; lieutenant, \$90 and \$80. In the cavalry, artillery and engineer corps the pay of colonel was \$210 per month, and other officers in proportion. In the cavalry privates were supposed to receive \$12 a month, and in the artillery and infantry \$11. But the pay was not what they were fighting for.

[From the *Times-Dispatch*, February 28, 1904.]

FORT GREGG AGAIN.

A Surgeon's Defense of the Garrison.

From the description of the battle at Fort Gregg, April 2, 1865, by Captain A. K. Jones, of Mississippi, it would appear that the battle was fought exclusively by Mississippians (see *Ante*, p. 60.) I was surgeon at Fort Gregg all the preceding winter and early spring. I was with my command in Fort Gregg from start to finish, and know by whom it was defended. Captain Chew, of Maryland, with about twenty artillerymen, with two guns, was part of the force. Chew's other two guns had been taken out of the fort to check the advance of the enemy in our front, but to no purpose; the lean horses could not pull the pieces through the numerous pine stumps in our immediate front, and had to be abandoned.

All this took place before we were reinforced by the men from Hatcher's Run, on the right. Besides Chew's men, there were some-

thing less than one hundred supernumerary artillerymen from all the Southern States. They were armed with rifles for the time being, with the understanding that they would resume their respective commands when the campaign opened in the spring. Thus we had one hundred and twenty men, and they were the men that Captain Jones found on his arrival at Fort Gregg. They had been placed there by General Lee. They had never made their escape from any place. Jones' statement is that they had escaped from the right and begged to go to the rear, and after hesitating to comply with their request he at last concluded to let them go, provided they would leave their guns with him; and to that they readily consented.

Surely Captain Chew and others who, I hope, are living, will sustain me in saying that no man left Fort Gregg out of Chew's command that day. We were reinforced by men who had been defeated on our right. There were no organized regiments or companies entering Fort Gregg. They came in singly or in squads, every man to his liking. Much of Captain Jones' report is correct in part, and I regret that he has the actual facts mixed in regard to the men garrisoned in Fort Gregg by order of General Lee months before the battle on the 2d of April, 1865.

After being recruited by about one hundred and fifty men, who came from the lines on the right of Fort Gregg, the defenders numbered two hundred and fifty men. With that small number we were opposed by the Twenty-fourth Army Corps of nine thousand strong. What other forces assailed us that day, if any, I don't know.

As Captain Jones says, we repulsed several determined charges with great slaughter to the enemy. The New York *Herald* acknowledged a loss of two thousand and four hundred killed and crippled.

When the Federals were forming for their final charge, I suggested to Captain Chew, of Maryland, to surrender, as there was no chance of ultimate success by holding out any longer. My advice was not accepted, as the captain said he had been superseded by some infantry officers, who had come to his help. There were so many Federals coming over the parapet in the last charge we could not shoot them all; they swarmed in and showed us no quarter. It was not so much their officers who caused them to desist from shooting us.

General Lee was looking at us, and when he saw what was going on he dispatched his courier, William Callerton, to Colonel Poague's artillery, ordering him to open fire on Fort Gregg with all his guns, which he at once did. The first shell fell close in front of me. Four

or five Federals were killed. Then one shot after another in rapid succession drove all the enemy on the opposite side of the fort for shelter. Had it not been for Colonel Poague's guns I believe they would have killed every one of us. Captain W. Gordon McCabe's *History of General Lee's Campaigns*, on page 500, reports thirty coming out of Fort Gregg alive. As for myself, I counted twenty-seven only, when giving their names to a Federal officer. I could say much more, but enough! What I have said is only in defense of the plucky men that garrisoned Ford Gregg.

GEORGE W. RICHARDS,
Surgeon A. P. Hill Corps, A. N. Va.

THE HYPODERMIC SYRINGE.

First Used in the Confederate States Army.

The *Chattanooga News* of February 10, 1904, says: "The subject of the first use of the hypodermic syringe was discussed at the last meeting of the army surgeons in New Orleans last spring," said Dr. R. D. Jackson, "and one surgeon stated that the first time it was used he thought was in the Army of the Tennessee. While in the Tennessee army I wrote to a friend in Augusta, J. P. K. Walker, to try to get me a hypodermic syringe and send it to me. I never had seen one, but thought from what I had heard about it that it would be very useful in relieving the wounded soldiers of pain.

"My friend was fortunate enough to secure one from a physician and sent it to me while I was on duty at the hospital at Ringgold, Ga. I exhibited it to my friends—the surgeons there, eighteen in number—none of them had ever seen one before. At that time I was treating a severe case of dysentery, the patient being a chaplain from Texas and one of General Bragg's most reliable scouts. One of the surgeons suggested that we try the hypodermic syringe on the patient, which was done by inserting a quarter of a grain of morphine in the back. It is possible that the army surgeon at the New Orleans convention, who referred to the first use of the syringe in the Tennessee army, was one of the eighteen I have referred to."

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